

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXII. — OCTOBER, 1888. — No. CCCLXXII.

PASSE ROSE.

V.

To keep her dagger company, Passe Rose carried a key, which gave her infinite trouble; for the former was slender and admirably concealed under the fold of her garment, whereas the latter — although it opened only the small door into the garden, under which Jeanne herself, who was both short and fat, stooped in passing — was of extraordinary size, and hidden with difficulty. Having locked this door behind her, on her return from the abbey, and entered the kitchen softly, she hung the key on the peg, that the boy who drove the geese to the fields might find it in the morning. She even looked into the adjoining apartment, a sort of shed filled with straw and hay, where the lad slept with the donkeys, to see that he slept well, and, being satisfied of this by his breathing, closed the door carefully and went to her own chamber.

Jeanne's garden lay to the south, and was separated from the street by a wall nearly hidden within by the plum-trees, which, trained against its surface, seemed all to be vying with each other as to which should first peep over the top to discover what was without. At the farther extremity the wall was pierced by a large gate, with double doors, leading to the market-place in front of the church of St. Sebastian, whose tower threw its shadow into the garden, and thus furnished Jeanne an excellent clock for nearly half the day. "It is time to

put the soup on the fire, — the cabbages have got the sun," she would say; by which she meant it was nearly ten, and that the hour when all good citizens had their dinner was near at hand. The remaining side of the garden was bordered by houses whose windows overlooked the entire inclosure, much to Jeanne's discomfort; for though she not infrequently gossiped with her neighbors, she liked not to be under their observance; so that to escape this she had caused to be planted on this side a row of wild carnelian cherry-trees, which, in time, not only yielded excellent fruit, but also interrupted her neighbors' view, while in no way intercepting their gossip.

It must be admitted that both Werdric and Jeanne made good all observance of Lent and holy-days by plenary indulgence the rest of the year. "Of what use are fine garments," said Jeanne, "except it be for the priest who serves God at the altar? They neither warm the body better than coarse ones, nor preserve the health; neither can they be taken into the other world. But God hath provided all manner of food to nourish his creatures." Passe Rose, who, in the course of the many vicissitudes of her fortune, had often eaten bread of millet and even of beech-nuts with relish, did not fail to appreciate the unending supply of soft loaves, kneaded with milk and butter, which came from Jeanne's oven; for the latter not only made those pasties with yeast which could not be

had of the public baker, but also baked her loaves over the embers of her own hearth, having an oven expressly for this purpose, in addition to the iron tripod over the fire on the earthen floor of her kitchen. Indeed, it was the pleasantest thing in the world to sit in the morning sun, as *Passe Rose* was doing the day after her adventure in the abbey, and watch the good dame as she went about her *matin* duties. The kitchen projected into the yard, and, the wooden partition between the posts supporting the roof being removed during the summer, there was no lack of fragrant air from the garden. The cherries shone among the dark leaves, and the plums made a purple mist against the wall. Little birds hopped boldly up the path leading from the gate, on one side of which stretched lines of cabbage and shallot, beet-root and parsley, while on the other was a pleasure of grass growing luxuriously in the shade of the cherry-trees. Under the eaves hung branches of sweet herbs; within, on the shelves, were apples and plums dried in the oven for winter use; on the walls shone vessels of iron and copper; and from the pot on the tripod, or the spit attached to its legs, came always some smell so savory that the pigs in the street without paused to sniff the air.

Jeanne, intent upon the contents of her stew-pan, would certainly have been astonished could she have known the projects which filled the small head of *Passe Rose*. Nothing is so easily forgotten as that gay pageant of dreams which troop like an army with music and banners through the mind of the young. When the music is hushed and the banners no longer flutter, it is almost in vain that any one tries to recall the display; its figures are scarce more than dumb, colorless ghosts, so that one doubts if ever they were anything else. If once they had witched the mind of Jeanne, in the growth of her girdle she

had clean forgotten them. *Passe Rose*, on the contrary, at the very instant Jeanne seasoned the stew, was listening intently to the dream music and watching the dream banners. Neither assisting Jeanne nor busying herself with spinning, as was her wont, she sat idly clasping her knees with her hands and gazing at the church tower. So still was she that the little birds hopped nearer and nearer, and, after inspecting her from all sides, and concluding that she was no more to be feared than the statue over the church portal, would certainly have flown to her knee or shoulder, had not a wooden shutter in an adjoining house opened suddenly, and a voice, which caused *Passe Rose* to turn her head, cried, —

“Neighbor Jeanne, hast thou heard the news from the abbey?”

Jeanne, seeing that it was *Maréthruda*, the wife of the notary, ran to the wall beneath the window, her spoon in her hand, while *Passe Rose* listened.

“Nay, what has happened?” said Jeanne.

“The abbot has recovered” — replied *Maréthruda*.

“Praise be to God and the blessed martyr!” interrupted Jeanne. “When did the fever leave him?”

“It was no fever at all,” rejoined the other. “Have patience,” for Jeanne was on the point of interrupting her again. “As thou knowest, the blessed saint came not at once to his aid; so that after the relics were brought from below and mass was said, all withdrew except two who watched beside him, praying. Towards midnight one of these perceived that the abbot moved his lips whenever, in his prayer, he repeated the name of Christ our Lord, and, thinking he would speak, laid his ear to the abbot’s mouth. No sooner had he done this than he heard a most horrible hissing, as of fat on the coals” —

“Mercy of God!” ejaculated Jeanne.

“Amazed at this, he asked the abbot

what he desired, and the brother with him came also, asking the same question. Then a voice, very harsh and not at all like to the abbot's replied, 'Abbot I am none, but a satellite of Satan, who has given me orders to torment the souls of all who love justice and pity the poor. To this end have I power to enter their bodies, or take upon me any form of man or of woman.' Then they ordered the demon, in the name of the saint, to come out, and he replied, 'I will, not because of your authority, but because of the power of the martyr.' This the demon said, shuddering and breathing rage, through the mouth of the abbot. Immediately afterwards he came out, and the abbot, speaking in his natural voice, bade them seek the serf who keeps the gate, that he should carry him to his own house, — for thou knowest the abbot is heavy. So he who came last went to the room which is by the gate," — here Maréthruda paused to recover her breath, and Passe Rose, unclasping her hands from her knees, leaned forward her head to listen, — "and, opening the door, what thinkest thou he saw?"

Jeanne, long since lost in wonder, was ready to believe it was Satan himself, but fear had reduced her to such a state she could offer no conjecture.

"A girl of surpassing beauty, who was none other than the demon himself."

Passe Rose laughed softly. "How knowest thou certainly it was he?" she asked gravely, approaching the window.

"Because," rejoined Maréthruda sharply, not liking that any one should doubt the power of the blessed martyrs, "for many reasons. First, there was about the neck a circle of fire; and secondly, no sooner did the fiend perceive the monk making the sign of the cross, than it uttered a piercing shriek and fell upon the floor. And, indeed, that it was no young girl is plain, for immediately the doors of the room were closed and

barred, and when morning came the prior went in person to see whether it were so, finding no trace of any one but the serf. Can a young girl of flesh and blood like thyself pass through walls of stone?" asked Maréthruda triumphantly.

"True," replied Passe Rose.

"Moreover," added Jeanne, "devils often take the form of beautiful girls to tempt the saints; that is well known."

"God forbid!" said Passe Rose thoughtfully.

"Do thou go and buy a wax candle of four deniers," said Jeanne fervently, as she returned to her soup, "and light it at the altar of St. Servais in the church of St. Sebastian, and after dinner is over we will go to implore his succor, lest this devil enter one of us."

Whereupon, with a trembling hand, her thoughts flying hither and thither in her brain, like a swarm of bees which have lost their hive, Jeanne stirred the soup, and Passe Rose went down the path to the gate, driving the birds before her, and smiling at their noisy chatter.

It was indeed strange that Passe Rose, who was on her way to consult the pytho-ness in all sincerity, should at the same time find such cause for laughter in the fact of the abbot's possession by a demon. Yet so it was. So complex is the mind of man, and so various are the aspects of all which surround him, that in every age he is seen to deride the powers in whose fear he lives, to seek what he despises and condemn what he desires, to slight what he loves and caress what he loathes; and thus Passe Rose, on the way to the sorceress, made all manner of merriment of monkish superstitions, just as Jeanne, while powdering her cakes with coriander and adding the saffron to her soup, said to herself that only by resisting all carnal appetites could one be sure to escape the power of devils.

Having purchased the candle, 'Passe

Rose approached the church portal slowly, looking for an opportunity when she might address the woman without being observed; for although the latter lived altogether upon the alms she received from those who sought her counsel, there was not one in all Maestricht who did not agree with the abbot that every such practice was contrary to the word of God and altogether unlawful. So Passe Rose lingered on the way, and, coming into the porch, began to admire the carvings over the door, although she had seen them often enough, and indeed much finer elsewhere; and when no one was by she pressed her sou into the old woman's hand, and, stooping to her ear, whispered:—

"I seek a Saxon maiden whose name is Rothilde. Tell me quickly where she is to be found."

One might well think that God had forgotten the work of his hand at the sight of this creature, whose body was so curved by the rickets that her knees were close to her chin.

"Hasten," said Passe Rose, her rosy cheek next the yellow skin.

"Come again at the vesper service," replied the sorceress, "and I will tell thee all thou desirest to know."

Passe Rose was disappointed at this delay, but, restraining her impatience as best she might, went in and lighted the candle at the altar of St. Servais, where already others were burning, and before which were many people praying; for the rumor of what had transpired was spread abroad through the whole city. Thither also she returned with Jeanne in the afternoon, and again after the vesper office, when the sorceress told her that if she would compass her quest she must pass that night in fast and prayer in the oratory, and at vigils open the gospels which were on the altar, and it would be told her what she was to do.

Now it was no hardship for Passe Rose to fast only one evening and night,

for she had often fasted perforce longer than that; neither did she fear to watch by night in the oratory. But it troubled her sorely to open the gospels, for she could not read. However, she made known to Jeanne her intention of passing the night in fast and prayer,—a resolve which Jeanne applauded heartily, it being easier for her to commend the abstinence of another than to practice it herself. So when night was come Passe Rose entered the church again, and prostrated herself before the altar in the oratory set apart for St. Servais.

There were others also with her: a woman who was a serf, belonging to the royal domain called Estinnes, suffering from a grievous paralysis, so that she could lift her hand neither to clothe nor feed herself; a young man having a malady called by the Greeks spasm, whereby his hand shook continually; and others tormented by various judgments of God, or having sins to expiate by prayer and fasting. Presently the sacristan closed the doors, and the sound of his footsteps on the stone flags having ceased, Passe Rose knew that he had retired. Then she raised her head and looked about her.

The feeble lights around the altar were unable to penetrate the darkness, and the shadows behind her seemed momentarily to advance and retreat, as if contending with them. Occasionally a groan or an invocation from some one of those near her rose like a spirit into the dome, beating back and forth from side to side, as a bird seeking to escape its place of confinement. Truly it did not occur to Passe Rose, as it might have to the learned abbot, that the altar, with its precious vessels and struggling tapers, before which these unfortunates were kneeling, surrounded by the darkness and overarched by the dome which flung back their supplications, represented in some manner the Church of God, so feeble amid the suffering, crime, and ignorance of the world, yet calm with

patience and an invincible faith in its own destiny. Surely, of all this *Passe Rose* understood as little as she understood the characters on the pages of the gospels. Yet she knew well that there was here something too vast for understanding, in whose mysterious presence kings bowed and her own spirit trembled; and for a while she remained on the cold floor, repeating her prayers in good earnest without lifting her eyes. But being in vigorous health and of active mind, soon her thoughts began to wander, so that even with pinching herself she could scarce keep from dozing. At last her head fell to one side, and, anxious lest through sleep she should miss the hour, she rose softly, walking to and fro in the darkness, behind the others.

There was yet some time before the monastery bell would announce the hour of vigils; there was nothing for her hand to do nor anything to divert her attention; so she gave herself over to her thoughts, following wherever fancy led her, as when one who is half asleep abandons himself to conscious dreaming. At first she debated with herself whether it were necessary to open the gospels at the hour which the woman had indicated; for although this manner of divination had been practiced by kings and was yet much esteemed by the people, it was under the ban of the Church, and expressly forbidden in the articles which *Karle* had caused to be written in his councils. This thought disturbed her, for there were many others present, and she wondered whether it would not answer her purpose to open the book on the reading-desk near the high altar. But aside from the fact that she had been particularly enjoined to consult the gospels in the oratory of *St. Servais*, there was only a single lamp burning before the high altar, and its light was so feeble that she could distinguish nothing.

Perhaps her strange adventures in the

wood and the abbey recalled to mind somewhat of her former manner of life; or perhaps, being alone in the darkness and solitude, apart from the others, a sense of freedom possessed her which it was not possible to feel in the garden of *Jeanne*; or it may have been the influence of the night hours, which often set free thoughts and imaginings that, like many winged and creeping creatures, lie hidden during the day, — at all events, whether for these reasons or not, *Passe Rose* began to dream and indulge her fancy in visions wherein neither *Jeanne*, nor *Werdric*, nor the boy who tended the geese, nor any familiar objects had part; not even *Passe Rose* herself in her simple dress and sandals, but *Passe Rose* in silken shoon and a pearl girdle, *Passe Rose* on a white mare, with a page at the bridle rein. Now she traveled with *Friedgis* in a great wood, seeking the Saxon maiden, and now she sat with *Gui of Tours* at banquet; now *Friedgis* defended her from some wild beast whose covert they disturbed in passing, and now she rode in the train of the king's daughters — when suddenly the monastery bell sounded faintly from the hill, all these things vanished, and she saw only the altar surrounded by the candles and the gospels lying upon it. Yet on the background of her sight the dream lingered, so that she was conscious both of it and what she was doing as, going boldly forward, she opened the gospels, noting well the miniature which adorned the page, and making a mark with her nail against the passage she selected.

In the early morning came one of the clerks who had charge of the church, to prepare for the morning office.

"Sir," said *Passe Rose*, pointing to the gospels, "is that the Scriptures which the king gave at the feast of *Noël* to the church of *St. Sebastian*?"

"No," he replied; "the book of which thou speakest is used only on holidays."

"I have heard it said that it is ornamented with most wonderful pictures."

"That is true," answered the clerk, "painted in gold and vermillion upon purple vellum."

"In gold and vermillion," repeated Passe Rose; "that were indeed wonderful."

"Moreover," said the clerk, "it is written in new characters, very easy to read" —

"Like those of the notary, which Maréthruda has shown me," suggested Passe Rose.

"Nay," replied the clerk, "that is an ordinary manner of writing very different" —

"Show me, I pray thee, in thy misal," said Passe Rose.

"I have it not with me," he replied, "but come hither. Seest thou these characters?" — opening the gospels, — "how long and thin is the stroke of the pen? Those in the king's parchment are round, and" —

"What astonishes me," interrupted Passe Rose, turning over the leaves, "is that any one should find meaning in such marks."

"It is very easy," said the clerk complacently.

"Tell me, now," asked Passe Rose, putting her finger on the page, "canst thou read this?"

"Certainly. That is the Gospel of Saint Matthew, who is here relating what the blessed Christ said to the multitude, and there where thou hast thy finger it is written: *'Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses.'*"

"Aïe, Aïe," ejaculated Passe Rose, lost in wonder, and repeating the words under her breath.

Recalled at this moment to his duties by those who came to the morning service, the clerk closed the book, while Passe Rose, whose interest in the art of the copyist seemed to have been satisfied, went slowly away, saying to herself, "In kings' houses — in kings' houses."

VI.

A rise of three degrees in the temperature of the blood is fatal to ceremony, and so trifling a change often discovers a secret one might otherwise seek in vain to know — whether the bond which attaches others to us be one of interest or affection. Thus it was that the abbot, though his chaplain and servants neither asked permission to be seated in his presence nor received his wishes kneeling, as they did when he was in health, perceived from his sick-bed the evidence of a solicitude on his behalf which imparted to the thought of returning life a satisfying pleasure.

This was no more than he might rightfully have expected. His rule had been firm but mild, and setting forth doctrines strange to his times, namely, that power was for the protection of the weak, and not for their oppression, and that no man or woman, however unfit for labor or war, might not become useful to God, if only by exhibiting virtues of meekness and patience. Yet the abbot was always surprised as well as pleased that men should either love or praise him; for it was a noteworthy fact that of all who knew him none held him in less esteem than did he himself. Whereas in later times Pascal said, "I cannot forgive Montaigne," Rainal, abbot of St. Servais, used continually to say, "I cannot forgive Rainal."

Wearing ordinarily the common dress of a monk, except that all rose and bowed when he came into the refectory or chapter-house, none who saw him would have suspected that one of so modest a manner had been first chaplain to the great Karle, and loved by him above other counselors. Not only had he frequently served the king among the *missi dominici*, determining pleas and judging causes of every kind, but he had also been sent upon distant missions both of church and state, — to the

pope at Rome, and to the dukes of Bavaria and Spoleto. How he had discharged these duties was recorded over the king's own signature in the grant of his benefice, wherein it was written that "by faithful service and a devoted obedience he worthily deserves the favor of our generosity." And it cost the king more to part with his person than with the gifts whereby he honored him; for not only in his palaces of Aix and Ingelheim, when, resting from war, he refreshed his mind with learning and the arts of peace, but also in the wastes of Saxony, when he launched his *leudes* against the rebels, at the siege of Pavia, and in the grievous retreat from Spain, Rainal, no less sturdy and tireless in the saddle than his royal master, had shared his triumphs and reverses.

From these scenes he withdrew at his own request. "For the child the hour of death may be near at hand," he said to the king; "for the old man it must be. Suffer me, then, to retire from the affairs of this world, that when that hour comes it may not surprise me occupied with passing things, but applied to prayer and meditation on the divine word." Upon this entreaty, oft repeated, the king released him from daily attendance upon his person, as also from visiting the court yearly as others were required to do; and having thus given him control over himself, following the custom of his predecessors, was pleased further to make him abbot of St. Servais, with jurisdiction over the neighboring convent of Eieka and all its dependencies and granges, besides granting him certain villas with their adjacent forests and fields, pastures and meadows, formerly belonging to the royal domain, together with all servants and serfs attached thereto, to have and to hold in quietness, and to leave by will to whomsoever he wished.

It is not to be wondered at that the king, loving the abbot so well, should desire to be informed of his health; and

to this end he sent frequently from the castle of Immaburg, near to Aix, where he was then passing the autumn hunting-time, inquiring how the abbot fared; and on the evening of the second day following the invocation of the relics came Gui of Tours on the king's errand.

Jeanne and Passe Rose were returning from afternoon mass, and were leaving the open space before the church of St. Sebastian, near the corner of the garden wall, when the troop entered at the opposite angle, and at the sound of the horses' feet they turned to see what was approaching. Perceiving that the horsemen were riding furiously and directing their course to the street where she was, Jeanne seized the hand of Passe Rose, who would fain have loitered, and hurried her towards the garden gate, for the street was narrow, and she feared to be caught between the walls. So fast did the troop approach that the clatter of hoofs resounded in the street before the gate was reached, so that Jeanne was forced to run, and had well-nigh exhausted her strength when she reached the door. Here, although perfectly safe, she fumbled the key in her haste, and thrust it awry in the lock, while Passe Rose, there being room for but one under the arch, stood without, her hands and back pressed against the wall. The passing of the troop was the affair of a moment; but when Jeanne had succeeded in opening the door, and, though all danger was over, had excitedly pulled Passe Rose into the garden after her, the girl carried in with her a picture as distinct as if she had seen it quietly in her own chamber, and not for a moment only, through a cloud of dust and amid a tumult of arms and horses' feet. This picture was none other than that of Gui of Tours at the head of the horsemen, a picture complete from the short-sleeved tunic which left bare the knees, the fur-lined jacket, and the baldric from which hung the sword, even to the shoes fastened about the legs by leather thongs.

On his part, although swept on by the impetus of those who came after him, Gui of Tours saw plainly his collar of gold about a neck of equal lustre, and two brown eyes, which, without any effort, or perhaps knowledge, on the part of their possessor, shot a glance of recognition sharper than an arrow's point through the dusty cloud.

"The world is not over-wide after all," said Gui to himself, smiling as he galloped on.

Beyond the city the cavalcade left the Roman road leading southward for that up the monastery hill. The way was steep, but the jaded horses climbed it eagerly, their ears pricked forward as if anticipating already the abbot's oats. The slope on either side was covered with vineyards, whose fruit was beginning to ripen, and the full clusters, shaded with golden-yellow or purple, might plainly be seen between the bright green leaves tinged with autumn bronze. Vine-dressers were tying the bending branches to the stakes with willow withes, or spreading ashes about the roots to hasten the work of the sun; and on reaching the brow of the hill, fields sweet with odors of drying grass, interspersed with patches of wheat and rye, flax and hemp, appeared on the plain. The sun was low in his arc as the abbey towers came in view, overtopping the trees which shaded the fish-ponds, and the sound of the wooden hammer on the bell was heard calling the laborers home. From the vines and the fields, the vegetable gardens about the ponds, and the blue line of forest to the west, they came in groups, laughing and chatting together, their tools in their hands; others were laden with baskets of provisions, while across the pastures, between the lowing of loitering cattle, might be heard the song of the goatherds and shepherds, and the wood-cutters chanting hymns and prayers as they emerged from the forest with their bundles of fagots and poles.

The vast court within the outer wall, extending on this side the length of the abbey close, with its small wooden houses, its workshops, granaries, and sheds, swarmed at this hour with a motley population. Wagons loaded with grain were drawn up within the gate, their unyoked oxen gazing stupidly around; donkeys, almost hidden by their burdens, waited patiently before the stalls; herdsmen carried milk-pails, whose white froth gave forth a pleasant odor, to the bakehouse, or filled the cribs in the cattle-sheds; workmen were preparing the wine-presses for the vintage, and rows of casks banded with iron stood ready for the coating of pitch and soap heating in caldrons over the fire. In the middle of the court was a small wooden basilica, in front of whose portico, under the shade of a few trees festooned by vines, a table was spread with loaves and dressed meats for the poor seeking food and shelter at the abbot's hands.

Through this throng Gui and his company made their way slowly, saluting the almoner at the table under the trees, and the monks in the doors of the workshops along the way; and coming to the high wall dividing the court from the monastery close, Gui struck with his sword-hilt upon the oaken gate.

Having given his horse to his servant, he, with two of his companions, entered, and were conducted to the hall reserved for the abbot's guests.

An atmosphere of peace and quietude, in striking contrast to the activity without, pervaded the inner enclosure. The very language was different, for the vulgar tongue was prohibited within the abbey proper.

Learning that the abbot was mending fast, Gui retired to the chamber assigned him, and after a bath, which he found already prepared in the large tank of warm water, returned to the hall into which his chamber opened. There Sergius the prior, dispensing the hospitality

of the house in the abbot's absence, awaited him, as also a goodly smell of cooking which came from the adjoining room, through whose doorway might be seen figures hurrying to and fro in the flaring firelight and smoke.

The Prior Sergius was very agreeable in conversation, though he said little. Those whom he addressed were at first charmed by a certain Roman elegance of manner consorting strangely with his robe. Afterwards, whether because of his small white hands, or a fire which slumbered in his eyes, one began to entertain all manner of absurd conjectures; as that, if he had not been a monk, the love of luxury and pomp, or the greed of power and gain — but no, that were impossible, and while putting away the suspicions, the soft reserve of his speech gave to them so fresh a force that one looked askance at his pale, thin face, saying, "God keep him the monk, else the Devil will possess the man."

If young Gui of Tours did not observe this, it was either because he was hungry and the table well served, or because his thoughts were on other things. He listened to the account of the interposition of the saint in the abbot's behalf, and he in turn told the prior the news of the outside world, — of the ambassadors from the newly elected pope, who brought the keys and standard of the city of Rome; of the end of the war against the Avars, the destruction of their fortified camp, and the fabulous treasures found in the royal residence of the Kan; of the expected coming of Pepin, the king's son, to Aix; and then, suddenly turning to Sergius, —

"Prior," he asked, "tell me who it is that dwells in the house by the square of St. Sebastian, at the corner of the street leading thence upon the road to Liege."

"It must be Werdric the goldsmith," replied the prior, after a moment's reflection.

Now the prior had one habit which,

when it overcame him, greatly marred his Roman manner. This was to fix his eyes upon those who conversed with him. A straightforward gaze which follows the motion of the heart troubles no one, but to be watched and, as it were, studied like a book is far from agreeable. For this reason, while the prior was telling who Werdric was, — that he was born a royal serf attached to one of the granges which the king had given the abbot; that the latter had released him from the yoke of servitude for his skill in gold-working, and given him the house where he lived with ample freedom to use it and all he might thereafter make in his trade, according to the canons and his own will, like other Roman citizens; how he lived in peace with his wife and four others, one being a serf of the abbey, also very skillful in the setting of gold, one a boy who tended the geese in the meadow on which the abbot had granted Werdric the right of pasturage, and two women, also serfs, spinning and weaving exceeding well; and that there was, moreover, he believed, a young maiden in the household who passed for Werdric's daughter, an idle girl received out of charity, whether freeborn or not he could not tell, — while, as was said, Gui listened to this information, he felt the espial of the prior's eye like the pry of a lever under a stone; so that although learning exactly what he wished to know, he nevertheless muttered to himself, "May God wither such eyes!" and again, "This monk is both shrewd and audacious;" and at last, when the prior came to the young girl, as if weary of the whole matter, he flung down his cup on the board, saying that if it pleased the abbot to receive him that night he was ready, and if not he would go to bed. Upon this the prior, who studied to live in perfect understanding with all, and knew how to preside at a table though partaking of nothing himself, filled the young man's cup and said he

would ascertain what was the abbot's pleasure.

Gui's two companions, their faces hid in their arms and their arms on the table, were already asleep; for the ride had been long and the abbey wine was heavy. Indeed, young Gui himself, when he looked into his cup, could see nothing but a golden collar and two brown eyes which laughed and vanished when the wine was stirred, and reappeared when it was still again. He rose from the bench, walking to and fro, deploring the necessity which forbade his remaining in Maestricht, and endeavoring to devise some plan by which he might accomplish his mission without returning at once to Innaburg. Often he abandoned the thought as impossible to realize, being the king's messenger; and then, when he lifted the cup to his lips, the eyes in the wine shone and laughed again, and such perfumes rose from it as filled his brain with new devices, — in the midst of which he walked through the archway into the kitchen, nor knew where he was till the smoke lingering in the rafters and the shining of vessels in the firelight recalled him to his senses. While thus debating what he should do, a servant came, saying that the abbot had just awakened from refreshing slumber and would receive the king's message.

The effect produced upon the abbot by the relation of the events which occurred the night *Passe Rose* visited the monastery had been little short of stupefaction. He was not free from the naive credulousness which tintured the piety of his day, a piety which if thus sometimes degraded to superstition was also often elevated to the heroism of faith. He had not the slightest doubt that the traces made by the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh on the Red Sea bottom were still visible, as affirmed by travelers who visited the spot, and that if effaced by the violence of the waves they reappeared by the will of God

when the sea became calm again. But it perplexed him to believe that God had given over his body to be the abode of devils. That such should assume the form of a beautiful woman was credible enough, but that they should find shelter in the temporary dwelling in the soul of an abbot was unheard of and contrary to reason. Reflecting upon this matter as he lay on his bed, he endeavored to put away the temptings of spiritual pride. How should he justify the ways of God? When he looked about him did he not see bishops seeking honors rather than to honor God, magistrates loving presents more than justice, nobles glutted with spoils, — everywhere war, the war of the vulture upon the defenseless, the war of the kite upon the dove? How should he reconcile these things to the providence of God? Abbot though he was, he understood them as little as did *Passe Rose* what she saw when repeating her prayers before the shrine of St. Servais. Yet he knew, as she did, the presence of something mightier than he, — the spirit brooding above the waters. When perplexed by such thoughts the abbot instantly addressed himself to prayer. He knew very well that the tendency to think was one of his besetting sins. His mind, vigorous as had been his body, loved to try its wings. He longed for the upper space in the presence of whose sun no cloud can form. A demon was thus ever opening the window of his soul and tempting his thoughts to flight; but like the dove loosed by Noah on the waste of waters, the thought of the abbot always returned to the ark of God.

Following his conductor, Gui traversed the shady walk between the church and the school to the abbot's lodging, and when the door was opened perceived the prior with two others standing at the foot of the bed. Gui had seen the abbot about the king's person and knew his face well; for even after Rainal's retirement from the court he

had accompanied his master upon the expedition to Saxony, and this the more willingly in the hope of moderating the treatment of the captives. Yet Gui was astonished to see the ravages of the fever. Approaching the bed, he knelt by its side; whereupon the abbot laid his hand on his head and blessed him.

Then said Gui, "Our sovereign master, the very glorious Karle, to Rainal, his faithful servitor and friend, sends greeting. He desires me, his messenger, to say to you that your health is his joy, and your joy his happiness, and may you continue in the grace of Jesus Christ and of all his saints."

It was more from emotion than from weakness that the abbot's voice trembled in reply.

"Say to the king in my name that the assurance of his friendship is consolation to the mind and medicine to the body, being after the grace of Heaven the support of failing years; and that if God deigns to give me life and health I shall speak in person those things which weakness of body now forbids the tongue to utter."

As Gui, rising from his knees, waited a sign that he might retire, the abbot, regarding him intently, as if searching his memory, asked his name.

"Gui, son of Robert, Count of Tours," replied the youth.

A shadow passed over the abbot's face as he heard the count's name. "Christ preserve you," he said, lifting his hand in sign of dismissal.

Now the abbot had caused to be written an account of the interposition of the saint in his behalf, duly signed by witnesses, and this document, together with a portion of the silken cloth which covered the reliquary, he desired to transmit to the king; so that when the morning was come, and Gui, preparing to leave the abbey, was about to mount his horse, he received a message from the abbot to the effect that he sent by a faithful brother, by name Dominic, cer-

tain papers to the king; and in order that the said brother should suffer no inconvenience on the way, he committed him to the safe conduct of the captain. Immediately after, riding a gray mule, appeared Brother Dominic himself, a fitting witness to all in the abbot's letter, having watched at night beside his litter and seen the shape taken by the demon in Friedgis's cell.

Young Gui of Tours was hot of temper and could scarce restrain his wrath; for his mind had but one thought, — to discharge the king's mission as speedily as possible, and return to Maestricht. But with a monk riding a mule, there was little chance to use the spur, and the day would scarce answer to compass the distance. Help for it there was none, however, and saluting the monk with scant grace, he rode slowly through the courtyard and out of the gate upon the road between the vineyards.

Never before was a man in so fit a temper to bear with discourtesy as was Brother Dominic, ambling along on his gray mule. Not since the day he came with letters from the convent of St. Bavon to the abbot of St. Servais, commending him as very dextrous in every art of the scribe, had his heart overflowed with such contentment. For he had in his pouch, besides the manuscript for the king, the epistles for every day in the year, done by his own hand and destined for the queen. The long months spent at his desk and the cramp in his right thumb were forgotten in the thought of the allegorical figures, the gigantic capitals, whose admirable drawing and soft coloring had cost so many hours, and which were now to be examined by a queen. Though the missal was safely enclosed in the silken altar-cloth and thrice enveloped in thick parchment, this did not prevent him from turning over in his mind every page and examining with pride every well-known stroke of the pen. Then again, like the apostles of old who had witnessed miracles and

cast out devils, he also had seen the power of God, and it pleased him mightily to think that a poor monk should have been concerned in such weighty matters; so that between the praise he put into the queen's mouth and the wonder he foresaw on the king's face, the recollection of his gold-dotted miniatures and the rehearsal of the story of the demon, he had little time to complain that Gui of Tours rode moodily before him in silence. Without his window, almost within reach of his hand as he sat at his copying-desk, a bird had her nest in a vine, and the view opening before him from the brow of the hill was to be seen also from the orchard within the abbey walls. Yet, riding to Immaburg on the high-road was a very different thing from sitting at his copying-desk; and the boundless plain, the river smoking in the morning sun, the scent of dew-covered hay, the thrill of the air when a bird sang, all seemed new to him. The very motion of the mule was agreeable, although Brother Dominic was neither well-knit like the abbot, nor graceful like the prior, and the mule staggered at times on a rolling stone.

A temper quick to rise is soon appeased, and Gui of Tours had not reached the foot of the hill before his mood began to change. "By Heaven," he said half aloud, "the monk is not to blame, and I do him wrong." At the same instant came the thought to give the mule to one of the servants, and seat the monk on the servant's horse. "God willing, he may hold fast at a gentle pace, and compass a gallop before the day is over," thought he. Full of this thought, he reined in his steed, for the horses were fresh, and, stretching their necks to loosen the rein, had gained at every step on the mule.

At this place the road dipped to cross a running brook, and rising in both directions, was visible but a short distance. Thinking that the brawling of the stream drowned the sound of the mule's feet,

and expecting every moment to see its ears over the top of the rise, Gui waited awhile, ashamed of his discourtesy, then rode backward to greet the monk with a pleasant word. But before reaching the brow of the hill he saw, to his astonishment, that the mule and the monk had parted company, whether in wrath or peace were hard to tell; for the mule was returning leisurely to the abbey, while Brother Dominic, the signs of terror on his face, ran in the opposite direction with such speed as his habit of body and dress would permit.

VII.

Was there ever any one who once in his life did not feel happiness, not flowing in from without, but welling up, as it were, from an unsealed spring within? The world and all about are the same; the springs are not there, but in ourselves. The eye sees and the ear hears what never were seen nor heard before; for once soul and sense minister to each other and agree.

It was not because of the sun struggling through her window of horn that *Passe Rose*, the morning on which Gui of Tours set out from Maestricht for Immaburg, rose so blithe from her dreams, — for this it did every fair day in the year, — nor could she honestly have told what had unsealed her heart's spring. Yet never had grating of shutter as *Werdric* opened his shop below, nor knocking at panel slide as some passer-by stopped at the window in the wall of the tavern across the way for his morning beer, nor braying of loaded mule passing down the street sounded as they did that morn. There was nothing so common or so trivial that her happiness could not give it value, just as every vulgar pebble twinkles, or blade of common grass revives, when the spring water overflows them. It was nothing to her that *Jeanne's* cakes were underdone; that

the bees in the garden were making less honey than last year ; that the boy who tended the geese was sick from over-eating of green plums. She ate the cakes with a laugh, vowing that if the honey was less in quantity, the quality was better than ever before, and seeing Jeanne anxious for the geese, offered to drive them herself to pasture in the boy's stead.

Clustered about the garden gate, alarm and wonder reigned among the flock. The oldest could not remember such a delay, and nothing so disturbs the mind as the invasion of habit. The citizens of Maestricht themselves could not have felt more alarm at seeing the sun delay his rising than did the geese to see the garden gate still closed ; and if the moon had appeared in the sun's stead, they would not have lifted their hands in greater astonishment than that with which the geese craned their necks to see *Passe Rose* behind them with the boy's staff. There was now no loitering to converse with their fellows by the way. The leader no longer regulated the march and its halts ; for *Passe Rose* was quick of step, and many a joint ached, and many a throat was hoarse with remonstrance before the pasture was gained.

Beyond the town the way skirted the abbey hill to where the brook from the fish-ponds gained the plain ; thence it followed the brook upward to an intervalle hollowed out of the slope, like a man's hand. Here the stream lost all unity, running in separate noiseless rills about tufted islands of grass, or spreading itself to rest about all manner of water plants, such as the geese loved. *Passe Rose*, well acquainted with the place, knew that by ascending higher to where the brook crossed the road she might watch at her ease in the oak shade the flock on the meadow below. Thither, therefore, she went, and after washing her feet in the cool water and laying her sandals, which had been wet in pass-

ing through the meadow, on a stone in the sun, sat down near by under the trees.

Before her the narrow cleft where the brook ran widened out into the pasture, its water shimmering between the grasses and dotted with the bluish gray of the feeding flock. Farther on, where the stream gathered again to fall out of sight over the mead's edge, the plain covered with forest stretched into the dim distance, where we are fain to think lies all that is lacking in what is near. *Passe Rose* sat motionless under the oak, her chin on her knee ; but no bird soaring over the plain roamed so fast or so free as her thought. It was now the third day, and she could scarcely wait for the night in order to tell to *Freidgis* the answer she had read in the gospels ; for notwithstanding the consequences of her previous visit she was resolved at least to sing, as she had promised, the cuckoo's song without the wall. Then the recollection of her being mistaken for an evil spirit brought a smile to her lips, and — but why repeat the idle thoughts of an idle maid ? Only be it said that behind them all was the image of the king's captain, riding through the forest, over the plain, among the geese, — in fact, wherever *Passe Rose* turned her eyes ; while up from her heart welled the unsealed spring, filling her veins with an unknown pleasure. Thus rises sometimes the fragrance of a flower whose roots we cannot discover.

So distinct was the captain's image that at the sound of horses *Passe Rose* sprang to her feet without a thought for her sandals, and ran barefooted to the fringe of shrubs and young shoots which screened the road. The horse-men had disappeared in the gully, and parting the sweet-brier stems, *Passe Rose* made her way through to watch for their reappearance on the farther side.

It was then that Brother Dominic was passing on his gray mule. Unaccustomed

to such violent motion, drops of perspiration shone on his round face; but this he bore bravely, his dilated nostrils drinking in the odors of field and wood, and his hands clinging fast to the saddle-pouch, both to insure his own safety and that of its precious contents. From thinking how he should bear himself at court, pleased also at his good success in bestriding the mule, self-esteem had gotten the upper-hand of humility; and, like many who perceive what they should have said or done only after the occasion is past, he devised imaginary perils wherein to exercise his superfluous courage. "Fiend of hell!" thought he, "another time thou shalt not escape so easily;" and fortified by the bright sun and pleasant air, he saw himself in Friedgis's cell, advancing boldly on the demon, which trembled at his approach. At this very moment, while letting go his hold to wipe away the drops which trickled from his forehead into his eyes, the gray mule thrust forward its ears at the noise of crackling stems, and Brother Dominic saw the demon itself peering through the copse beside the road.

No sooner did *Passe Rose* perceive the monk than she sought to retreat, thinking her secret would be discovered. But in a thorn thicket advance is easier than retreat. Moreover, it was clear from Brother Dominic's face and movements that he still labored under his former misapprehension. His hand was raised with a show of courage, and his lips moved valiantly, but terror was gaining upon him fast, and the mule was apparently imbibing this emotion from its master. It is possible that it shook only because the latter was shaking, but Brother Dominic had heard marvelous stories of animal sagacity, and made no doubt that his mule smelt the fumes of hell. *Passe Rose* would willingly have sunk out of sight in the ground. It was no more to her purpose to be mistaken for a demon than to be recognized as honest flesh and blood. But the

sight of the monk's countenance was too much for her prudence; laughter rose to her lips like the spring sap in a young tree; and at its sound, rolling from his mule, which he abandoned with the precious pouch to the protection of the saints, Brother Dominic fled with all his speed, in search of more substantial succor.

Neither *Passe Rose* nor the mule waited his return. The latter retraced complacently its steps, while the former struggled back with less deliberation through the thicket. If she thought to regain her flock unnoticed, it were better to have risked her sandals on the stone; for Gui of Tours, to whom the monk had related with such breath as was left him what had occurred, and who, next to seeing *Passe Rose*, was fain to see a demon in a shape so pleasing as that the monk described, having given Brother Dominic into the care of his followers, and dispatched one of the latter after the mule, forced his way through the copse and came upon *Passe Rose* herself, tying her sandals and still struggling with suppressed laughter.

Passe Rose blushed neither for her short dress nor her bare legs, but for pleasure and surprise, and at the same time the laughter she could no longer restrain burst again from her lips; for Gui of Tours, his head still full of the monk's story, could not utter a word, and the confusion of his thought was plainly to be seen in his blue eyes. He stood like a statue, looking at the girl sitting among the oak leaves, tying her sandal and laughing, he was sure, at him; and if for a moment he himself doubted whether he had to do with flesh or spirit, *Passe Rose* might well have forgiven him in view of the merriment he afforded her, and the certainty she felt of her ability to set him right. But the sound of voices in the road brought her thought to the matter in hand.

"Come thou with me," she said,

springing to her feet and laying hold of his fur-lined cloak. "I have much to tell thee."

The captain was surprised enough to see *Passe Rose*, but to be pulled by the sleeve was wholly beyond expectation. Gone was all thought of the king's service; horses, followers, and monk were as if they never had been. He saw nothing but the hand which had pushed his away in the wood of *Hesbaye*, now leading him on, and the eyes, then brimming with mischief, now divided between pleasure and fear, as they glanced hurriedly from his to the place whence the sounds came. Down the slope beside the tumbling brook, between alder and hazel, he went in a sort of daze, recovering his wits but slowly, while those of *Passe Rose*, trained by early experience not to scatter at every emergency, were busy in her service. Knowing nothing of the captain's errand, she had to think only of herself, and every glance at his face settled her first impulse into resolve; for she saw there something hard to define, but which warrants confidence without other credentials than a manner of speech or expression of feature.

"Hark!" she whispered, as they reached a shelter of black mulberry, where the stream dallied before spreading into the meadow. "Hark!" she repeated, her hand on his arm, her finger at her red lips, and her ear turned to the road.

Meanwhile Brother Dominic, firmly persuaded that the captain had been carried off by the Evil One, having recovered his mule, argued it were better to proceed on their way. One, bolder than the others, a swaggering fellow from *Wasconia*, but faithful of heart and daring of arm, swore he would spit the Devil himself on his sword rather than return to *Imnaburg* without the captain, and drove his horse through the bushes, sword in hand. But devil there was none to spit, nor any trace of

the captain save his horse browsing by the roadside; so that after beating about in vain, reluctantly and but half convinced, he was forced to agree with the others that if the captain were alive he was well able to take care of himself; and if not, it were a bootless search and far better to fulfill the king's service than to waste the king's time. Therefore at last they resumed their journey, leading their master's horse, Brother Dominic being well satisfied that he, a poor monk, had come out whole of soul and skin from a matter which had cost the king a captain.

The sound of voices had ceased, and from the click of retreating hoofs on the road, *Passe Rose* knew that all danger of pursuit was over. If she had ventured alone at midnight into the cell of the Saxon slave who had treated her so roughly, certainly she had no reason in broad noonday to fear one who had fastened her collar with such trembling fingers; yet no sooner was all risk of interruption past than she withdrew her hand quickly from the sleeve where it rested, and the warm blood under her skin rose without leave, till her eyes swam and her ears were filled with its murmur; and under pretense of making sure the others had indeed gone, she ran out to drown her heart-beats in the brook's prattle, and steady her thought in the fresh sunlight; angry with herself, yet not forgetting to look in the water mirror to see, not what was her outward appearance, but what secrets her rebel face was betraying.

Satisfied with what she saw, yet she commenced to be afraid, exactly why, she knew not, — only it seemed to her as if some stronger spirit, having suddenly got lodgment in her heart and driven her true self out, danced and sang in its new abode, though too timid to show itself. "What ails thee?" she said, struggling to get possession of her own self, and forcing her feet forward as the juggler moved those of the puppets at *St. Denis's*

fair. Gui was just on the point of following her to see where she had gone, when the mulberry branches parted and there she stood among their down-covered leaves.

"What did the monk say to thee?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"That a demon appeared to him in the thicket as he passed by," replied Gui.

"Hast thou no fear of evil spirits?" said Passe Rose provokingly, and seeking to break the force of his gaze.

So serious was his gesture of scornful protest that she laughed aloud, and with her laugh came back her courage.

"Sit down here, on this moss. Didst thou hear aught of this demon at the abbey?"

"Aye, indeed," said the captain, obeying her; and he began to relate what had been told him of the abbot's recovery and of the demon's presence in Friedgis's lodging.

Standing above him as he sat on the moss before her, Passe Rose imagined that she had her enemy, as it were, under her feet, but so great was her interest in what she heard that before he had finished she was sitting beside him, tying her loose sandal and listening intently to every word.

"It is true," she said, when he had finished. "I was there myself, but as for issuing from the abbot's body, that is impossible. I went in by the small gate that is north of the great court; then, looking into his face, 'of all this thou art the cause and no other.'"

"I!" exclaimed Gui of Tours.

"Thou," said Passe Rose, "because of the collar thou gavest me. I lost it in the press on the day of the elevation of the relics, but as I went out,"—here Passe Rose frowned, remembering the manner of her exit,— "I saw it in the hand of the porter. Give it me he would not, except I came at night ready to tell him whence I had it"—

"Dog of a slave!" interrupted the captain.

"Wait," said Passe Rose. "Not that I cared for the collar," she continued, blushing, "but was vexed at the manner of losing it. So at midnight I knocked at the gate as the porter bade me, thinking to be gone before vigils."

"Alone?" asked the astonished captain.

"Nay, my dagger was with me," pursued Passe Rose gravely. "The rest is as thou knowest. I had but entered when the monk opened the door. Dieu! we frightened each other well."

"But afterwards—the doors were barred."

"The Saxon hath a hole in the wall: I scraped my elbow in passing through," said Passe Rose, showing her arm.

"The like of this was never heard before," murmured Gui, overcome with admiration for her courage, and pleased at the value she attached to the jewel.

Passe Rose, continuing her tale, related her consultation with the sorceress, her vigil in the chapel of St. Servais, and how she had gotten the clerk to read the verse in the gospels on the altar.

"Tell me now," she said in conclusion, "whence thou hadst the collar; for I have sworn to the Saxon, and will not fail in my promise."

"It came to me fairly by right of spoil in the division of Ehresberg," replied Gui. "More than this I know not."

"Then the Saxon spoke truly," said Passe Rose eagerly, her thought reverting to the verse the clerk had read her. "Is there no Saxon maiden in the king's household? The gospels said 'In kings' houses.'"

Now Gui, who had been watching Passe Rose intently, although he heard her question, was thinking of other things.

"By Saint Martin!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet, "I have a mind to go and see."

The captain might well have laughed

at this startling proposition, had not jealousy pictured consequences the mere thought of which pierced his heart.

"The king's house is no place for thee," he replied softly, although at that moment *Passe Rose* looked to him worthy to sit in the queen's seat.

"Why not?" said *Passe Rose*, turning quickly and fixing her eyes on his.

"Because" — stammered *Gui*, "because," — his eyes returned her gaze; she wished now she had not sought them, but withdraw her own she would not, — "because — the king's house is no place for maiden feet."

"I fear no height!" she exclaimed impetuously, suddenly conscious that what she said was of no importance and that her eyes, like his, were speaking mightier words.

"There are many who fain would never have climbed, and whom it were wiser to pity than to envy," said *Gui*.

"I pity no mountain top for the storms about its summit," retorted *Passe Rose* hotly, endeavoring in vain now to avert what she knew his eyes could no longer contain.

"And I swear if thou goest," cried the youth passionately, leaping to his feet as a sword flashes from the scabbard, "thou goest with me only."

They stood for a moment face to face, trembling, each afraid to take a step in the new world God had suddenly created. *Passe Rose* struggled hard to repress the flush of pleasure which rose to her cheeks, — pleasure, however, which the captain did not discover, for the girl frowned, and, fool that he was, he thought her vexed. So at this frown he hesitated, and in an instant that new world disappeared like the sun behind a passing cloud. One would say both were vexed now in earnest, for *Passe Rose* turned, saying she would go her own way and do her own errand. *Gui* followed her moodily out from under the mulberries into the meadow, finding no word to utter.

"What is thy business in *Maestricht*?" she said carelessly.

"My faith," answered the captain, faltering like a boy caught in wrongdoing, "I came on the king's business."

"On the king's business!" exclaimed *Passe Rose*.

"To inquire after the abbot's health."

"On the king's business!" repeated *Passe Rose* angrily, "and thou loiterest here with a flock of geese in a meadow!"

"Ah," — began the captain reproachfully, seizing her hand.

"Nay, nay, nay," cried *Passe Rose*, disengaging her hand, — for love will show itself unawares at the window of solicitude when it will not pass the door of its own pleasure, — "get thee gone — thy men are off — what will the king say?" Her alarm was unfeigned, and though it transformed the lover into the captain in a twinkling, the cloud was passed off from the sun. "Fire and blood! where were thy wits?" she exclaimed, as they scrambled up the slope together.

"If they have but left me my horse," said he, outrunning her.

But on breaking through the hedge-row they found the road deserted. *Passe Rose* was breathing hard, the slope being steep, and she made no effort to conceal either her anxiety or her vexation. But *Gui* had recovered the wits she taxed him with losing; for it was easier far to face the king in displeasure than a laughing maid who teased him.

"There is nothing to fret over," he said, as they hurried along the road to *Maestricht*. "A horse is always to be had in the king's name, and I will catch the monk's mule before it reaches the wood of *Hesbaye*. But listen," — stopping short at the thought which flashed upon him, — "the monk goes to the king with the tale of the demon in parchment."

"In parchment!" gasped *Passe Rose*.

"Aye, so the prior told me. Shall I stuff the scroll down his throat?" asked Gui eagerly.

"Nay," said Passe Rose, reflecting, "that will avail nothing, — he hath it by heart;" then laughing aloud, "let the bird fly till it suits us to cast the lure."

"I will tell him I slew the fiend," suggested the captain, whose ideas multiplied.

"Aye," cried Passe Rose, clapping her hands, "and for a token show him the collar," and unfastening it from her neck she began to clasp it on his arm. It was loose enough at her throat, but it fitted the captain's arm closely, — so closely that she was forced to press the skin from between the clasps to adjust it firmly. "If thou art free to go among the queen's household," she said, bending her head over her task, "watch the eyes of her women, for the eye which recognizes this will answer its sparkle. Ask also among them for a Saxon maid whose name is Rothilde, and when thou hast aught to tell me, come this way again."

There was something so promising in these words that Gui was not only sure to come, but unable to go at all.

"Where shall I find thee?" he whispered.

"At the church of St. Sebastian, at vespers. Farewell, and hasten."

He was loath to part so abruptly, but Passe Rose shook both her hands forbiddingly, and seeing him hesitate, stamped her foot so imperatively that he was fain to obey. Halfway down the hill, where the road curved, he turned to see her still standing watching him, and to catch her hand's signal, "Farewell, and hasten."

Thus it was that Passe Rose, in spite of the fay's injunction, parted voluntarily with her collar. As for the captain, it was not until after rejoining his companions in the wood of Hesbaye, as the towers of Immaburg appeared among the oak-trees, that in rehearsing for the twentieth time his interview with the demon he recollected there was any other maid in the world beside Passe Rose, or that he had been bidden to seek a Saxon whose name was Rothilde.

"Nay, that is impossible," he said to himself, thinking of Rothilde, the queen's favorite, whom the king had refused his father, Robert of Tours, in marriage. "Nay, that is impossible."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

THE TUTOR OF A GREAT PRINCE.

IN the midwinter of 138 A. D., tidings reached the already bedridden Emperor Hadrian of the death of his adopted son, Lucius Ælius Verus; and, conscious that his own end was near, the master of the world was fain to turn his thoughts to the choice of a successor. The only son of the man who had just died, another Lucius Verus, was a child of seven years. Too young, also, for the complicated and crushing cares of the Roman state was Hadrian's latest favorite, a grave and handsome youth of seventeen,

who had attracted the Emperor's notice some years before, and who was destined to grow up, in the shadow of that reeking throne, into the man whom, of all pagans, the Christian world has most revered. "One may live well *even in a palace*," he wrote simply, at the summit of his power.

Hadrian soon made his choice, and is said even to have provided for the contingency in question during the lifetime of Ælius Verus. Convoking the Senate at his bedside, he presented to that

august body, as the man whom he had selected, one Arrius Antoninus; stipulating at the same time that the latter should adopt the two fatherless boys of whom Hadrian was so fond, — Marcus Annius Verus, who now became Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and the little Lucius Verus.

Two years earlier, Marcus had been betrothed to the only sister of Lucius, and now a marriage was arranged between the latter and Faustina, the younger daughter of Antoninus. When Hadrian died, in the following July, these matrimonial schemes were considerably modified. Antoninus Pius, who deserved his later surname so well, may possibly have been prejudiced in favor of Marcus by their near relationship, his wife being the boy's aunt, but more likely he discerned even then the moral superiority of the elder lad. At all events, it soon became evident that he intended Lucius to have no share in the imperial honors beyond such as would naturally fall to a younger son. He accordingly broke off the proposed marriage of his daughter Faustina, and offered her hand to Marcus, who, after some hesitation, agreed to relinquish for her sake his first betrothed. These two, Marcus and Faustina, were married a few years later, and Fabia, the jilted, sinks into obscurity until Faustina's death, after which, we learn from Julius Capitolinus, she tried her best to induce Marcus Aurelius to make her his second wife. Had she carried her point, the family relationships would have become more wildly complicated even than now, for Lucius Verus ultimately married Lucilla, the daughter of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina; but partly, it may be, out of compassion for posterity, the philosophic and far-seeing Emperor declined the lady's offer.

Hadrian had himself superintended the education of Marcus, giving the utmost care to the selection of his numerous masters. A list of sixteen of these

has come down to us, about the same number being provided for Lucius Verus; and among the names of those who were common to the two we find that of Marcus Cornelius Fronto, instructor in Latin rhetoric.

It is a rather striking sign of the times that the best available master in this very essential branch of Roman culture should have been a native of Cirta, in Africa. Fronto had, however, been many years in Rome, and was in high repute there for his eloquence and varied literary accomplishments even before Marcus became his pupil. A great affection grew up between them, and he is one of those guardians whose names Marcus reverentially enumerates in one of the most affecting chapters of the *Thoughts*, and for whose influence over his early years he gives thanks to the unknown gods.

The interesting discovery was reserved for our own century of certain portions of the correspondence of teacher and pupil, which, upon the whole, go far to corroborate the justice of this noble tribute. In Milan, in the year 1814, the indefatigable Cardinal Mai descried beneath a thick black script, consisting of minutes of the Council of Chalcedon, the fainter characters of an ancient copy of the Letters of Fronto, long believed to have perished; and he addressed himself, with infinite patience and skill, to the task of deciphering and arranging them. Ten years later, he made a similar discovery in the Vatican library at Rome, and the consequence is that we have now, in a more or less mutilated condition, twelve books of Fronto's letters, of which seven are devoted to the correspondence with Marcus Aurelius.

The earliest epistle of all consists merely of three exasperating fragments, which whet the curiosity strangely: —

... "requested to see me, and when I had consented he sent our friend Tranquillus instead, making him his substitute even at supper. I care very little

which of your dear friends likes me, except that I naturally prefer him who treats me with most respect. . . . Tranquillus found me still resisting, but more feebly. . . . I admire the diplomacy of Tranquillus, who would never have undertaken this business of his own accord, or had he not known how fond you are of me."

This Tranquillus is no other than Suetonius, the historian, the friend of the younger Pliny, and private secretary to the Emperor Hadrian, whom Fronto did not greatly love.

During his own brief consulate, in 143, Fronto wrote to Marcus : —

"You inquire in your last why I have not delivered my oration in the Senate. It is, of course, my duty to make public acknowledgment of his favors to my lord, your father, and I now propose to do this on the occasion of my games in the Circus. I shall begin as follows: 'On this day, when, by the munificence of our sovereign, I have given a spectacle most acceptable to the people and largely attended, I have thought it a fitting occasion to present my thanks,' — and so on, with a Ciceronian conclusion. As for the oration in the Senate, I shall give it on the 13th of August. If you ask why I defer it so long, I reply, Because, in the first place, I like always to take my time about discharging any solemn public function. Moreover, feeling especially bound to be frank and straightforward with you, I will give you my inmost thought. Many a time, before a crowded Senate, I have eulogized the divine Hadrian, your grandfather, with a good will, and in carefully prepared discourses which are in everybody's hands. But, saving your filial piety, I did it to please and propitiate Hadrian — as I might Mars Gradivus or Father Dis — rather than because I loved him. 'How is this?' do you ask? Because a certain degree of confidence and familiarity is essential to love; and, lacking confidence, I venerated

Hadrian too profoundly to dare love him at all. But Antoninus I do, indeed, love, like the sunlight, the day, like my own life and soul; and I know that he loves me. If I failed to praise Antoninus, not by a cold panegyric, destined to be buried among the archives of the Senate, but in an oration which all men may read and handle, I should be a veritable ingrate, even toward you. They tell the story of a runaway slave, who said, 'I used to run sixty for my master. I'll run an hundred for myself, so only I escape.' When I praised Hadrian I was running for my master, but to-day I am running for myself. I am writing this oration out of my very heart, and I will therefore do it at my leisure, carefully, collectedly, tranquilly."

This letter was brought to the notice of Antoninus Pius, as Fronto had no doubt intended it should be, and both it and the oration, when delivered, were very gratifying to the Emperor. He was particularly pleased by Fronto's manner of alluding to the Empress Faustina, who had died a year or two before; and we may take it for granted that mention was made, by the courtly orator, of the temple which Antoninus had dedicated to his wife's memory in 141. *DIVÆ FAUSTINÆ*, the inscription is read to this day by pilgrims from the ends of the earth, where it stands upon the architrave of that stateliest edifice beside the Roman Forum; and above, upon the frieze, in even clearer characters, appears the Emperor's own name, *DIVO ANTONIO ET*, as added twenty years later. Half buried in the mysterious *débris* of the ages, its cella transformed into the Christian church of San Lorenzo in Miranda, that memorial building has lasted virtually intact, until now the ten magnificent columns of the portico, each one a single shaft of *cipollino* fifty feet high, have been laid bare from massive base to richly carven capital, and we may mount, by fragments of the original steps, to the platform of the sacrificial altar.

In the very kindly note of acknowledgment sent by Antoninus to Fronto, after the panegyric had been spoken, he says : —

“That part of your address which you so gracefully devoted to the praise of my Faustina seemed to me even more just than it was eloquent. So it is, and I call the gods to witness that I would I were now living in exile with her, rather than without her on the Palatine.”

The delight of Marcus at the success of his favorite master was extreme. He did not hear the oration delivered, being absent with his mother Calvilla at a villa on the bay of Naples, but tidings of the event were not slow to reach him, nor he in returning congratulations. Occasionally his very Latin appears to fail him, under the stress of emotion, and he is fain to fall back on the more familiar Greek, just as an educated Russian of to-day might fly to his French. “Oh, how happy I am to have such a master!” he bursts forth. “*Oh, les arguments! Oh, l'ordre! Oh, the elegance! Oh, the words! Oh, the lucidity! Oh, the pungency! Oh, the grace! Oh, l'éclat! Oh, everything!*”

And then Fronto, in his turn, reviews point by point the discourse, which is unfortunately lost; showing where he knew he had made a hit, and where failed to carry his audience with him. “The fact is,” he naively observes, “I stole a good many of my jokes from Oratius Flaccus” (not even an *H* to Horace!), “a poet worthy to be remembered, and no stranger to me, thanks to Mæcenas and my Mæcenatian gardens.”

Did Fronto then own the famous gardens of Mæcenas? All shrunk as they were from their original proportions, this would seem to imply an establishment quite out of keeping with the modest means to which the royal instructor so frequently alludes; and a couple of words in Julius Capitolinus lead to the conjecture that this estate may have been

the property of Marcus's mother, and merely loaned to Fronto during her stay with her son in the South.

It is to this period that some of the most charming of Marcus's own letters belong, pensive and gay by turns, revealing between the lines his whole ingenuous character. The first sentence of the following is missing, but its drift is quite clear: “Allied by blood, but subject to no coercion, my lot cast in that rank of life where, as Ennius says, ‘all men give vain counsel, and all things tend to pleasure.’ And Plautus, too, in his Flatterer, says finely, on the same subject : —

‘By whatsoe'er they swear, their oath deserves no trust,
And false the praise of those who hover near
a king;
The words they use to him are other than their
thoughts.’

Once these obstacles were for kings only, but now, as Nævius says, there are those who ‘fawn and cringe and grovel’ even before the sons of kings.”

Again, he writes in a lighter vein: “The climate of Naples is beautiful, but it is horribly” (*vehementer*) “changeable. Every hour and every fraction of an hour, it turns colder, or warmer, or windier. The early part of the night is moist and sultry, as at Laurentum. Then, till cock-crow, 'tis as chilly as Lanuvium” (Civita Lavinia, where Antoninus was born). “From cock-crow through dawn till sunrise it is, for all the world, like Algidum. The forenoon is clear and sunny, as at Tusculum; at midday the air scorches like that of Puteoli; but as the sun dips toward the broad ocean, the sky softens, a breeze springs up, and you might fancy yourself at Tibur.”

What a succession of pictures these words evoke! The piney stretch of sea-coast below Ostia; the outlying spurs and Romeward *versants* of the Alban hills; the curve of that amethystine bay which trembles before plumed Vesu-

vius; the dream-like splendors of the great palace at Tivoli, whose endless courts and colonnades must have echoed so often to the romping of Marcus's boyish feet. There is always a great charm about his descriptions of natural scenery. He could *feel* a landscape like a modern man.

"After I had entered the carriage and bidden you farewell," he writes on another occasion, "we proceeded on our journey comfortably enough, save for a few drops of rain. Before arriving at the villa, we made a detour, for the sake of visiting Anagnia.¹ We went over that old, old city, — very small, in truth, but famous for the antiquities which it contains, and its many sacred buildings and ceremonies. There is not a corner without its fane, or shrine, or temple, beside a vast number of written books pertaining to matters of ritual. As we passed out of the city gate we noticed this inscription twice carved upon it: 'Flamen, take the *samentum*.' I asked one of the people what a *samentum* was, and he replied that in the Hernic language it signified a bit of the skin of the sacrificial victim, which the flamen puts on his head before he enters the city."

The dates of these letters are often very difficult to fix. Frequently they contain no allusion whatever to public events. There is a long but comparatively uninteresting series, beginning with the year 148, when Fronto was appointed by Antoninus Pius pro-consul in Asia, but was compelled to resign the office on the score of ill-health. A little later the children of Marcus Aurelius begin to figure very sweetly in the brief notes which were all he found time to pen, after his adoptive father had handed over to him a share of the government.

"By the mercy of the gods," he

¹ The reader will remember that Cicero once did precisely the same thing, that he might get a day with a friend on his way to Arpinum;

writes, evidently in haste, "some hope of recovery is now entertained. The dysentery is checked and the febrile symptoms have subsided, but there is extreme emaciation and a slight cough still. You understand, of course, that I write of our poor dear little Faustina, for whom we have been very anxious. Tell me, dear master, when you write, whether your own health is as I could wish."

Whereto Fronto answers: "Good gods, how the beginning of your letter startled me! It was so worded that I was afraid it was your own health which was in danger. When it appeared that it was your daughter Faustina instead, who had been in so critical a condition, the nature of my alarm was completely altered. Nay, I experienced something very like relief. 'How so?' you exclaim. 'Does my daughter's peril move you less than my own, — my Faustina's, whom you have been wont to compare to a cloudless sky, a festal day, a hope that touches its fulfillment, an answered prayer, to joy without a drawback and honor without a stain?' Ah, well: I know the thought which came to me when I read your letter, although I know not why it came. I know not, I say, why I should have been more shocked at your danger than at your child's, unless it be that, of two equal misfortunes, that always appears the heavier of which we hear first. But you, who are so much more learned in the nature and faculties of man, will know better than I how to explain the mystery. You must remember that I was but imperfectly taught by my master and relative, Athenodotus" (here Fronto appears to be slightly ironical), "how to conceive and define in my mind those representative ideas, which he used to call *images*. Nevertheless, I fancy that I have evolved a notion of why my fear

and Virgil too has a word for "rich Anagnia," and Antony had a medal struck there to commemorate his marriage with Cleopatra.

was lightened as soon as it was transferred. I was like a man carrying a heavy load, of which the weight is not really diminished by shifting it from one shoulder to the other, but it seems so to him. And since, at the end of your letter, you really did quiet my apprehensions by the assurance that Faustina was convalescing, I see no reason why I should not be rather more expansive than usual, in speaking of my love for you. We always expect those to be a little fond and foolish who have been suddenly delivered from a great fright. I am made to understand, then, the nature of my own love to you, not by serious and weighty proofs alone, but by frivolous ones as well. Let me explain what I mean by *frivolous*. When 'bound,' as the poet says, 'by soft and peaceful slumber,' I see you in my dreams, I never fail to embrace and kiss you, and afterward, according to the tenor of my dream, I either burst into tears, or am transported with joy and rapture. This is the only poetic and, so to speak, *moonshiny* proof of love which I shall adduce from my experience. Here is another, of a sterner and ruder nature. Sometimes, *en petit comité*, when you were not present, I have reflected upon you pretty severely, for your inveterate habit of being too serious in society, and of skimming books in the theatre or at dinner-parties (though, to be sure, I always read at the play and at table, myself). I would speak of you as haughty and without tact; I have even been wrought up to the point of calling you *odious*. But if ever any one else presumed to disparage you in my hearing, I simply would not endure it. It is one thing to find fault with you myself, and quite another to hear any one else do it; just as I would rather strike my daughter Gratia than see any one else do so. I will give you yet another proof of my affection, again from my silly list. You know how, on all the tables of the

money-changers, in all shops, taverns, arcades, vestibules, everywhere, likenesses of yourself are exhibited, — the greater part of them pressed or moulded out of coarse, rough clay. Now, never upon my rambles do I see one of these likenesses, however bad, but my lips take the form of a salute, and I fall into a dream.

"But a truce to nonsense, and let us be brave again. All the more did I find a conclusive proof of my love in the fact that your daughter's danger alarmed me less than your own, because ordinarily I desire that she may survive you, just as much as I, of course, desire that you may survive me. But do not betray me to her, I beseech you, nor allow her to suspect that you are the favorite, lest, when I next essay to caress her hands and feet, she, like the grave, old-fashioned little maid she is, should either withdraw them indignantly, or extend them unwillingly. Whereas the gods know I would rather press my lips to her small fingers and plump little soles than to your own royal and smiling lips!"

Had Marcus been other than the saint he was, he must, one would think, have become very impatient before he reached the end of this loving but somewhat tedious and twaddling epistle; particularly so, since we know that his fears for the poor little princess were but temporarily relieved. For, after all, the third Faustina died in infancy, and was buried in the splendid mausoleum of Hadrian, glistening in those days with tier above tier of the alternating pillars and statues which, four hundred years later, a desperate garrison sent crashing down upon the heads of the invading Goths.

Fifteen years after Faustina's death, we get a lovely picture, from Fronto's pen, of the imperial twins, Antoninus and Commodus: —

"I have seen your little chicks, and it was the sweetest vision of my life, for they are as like you as never was. I

consider myself well paid for my journey to Lorium, for the muddy road and the weary hills. I saw you better than face to face, for I saw you whether I turned to the right or the left. Thank Heaven, they look as rosy as you could wish, and their lungs are quite as strong. One was grasping a fine white roll with the air of a young prince; the other had a bit of black bread, equally befitting the son of a philosopher. I pray the gods to preserve both the seed and the sower, and to grant a harvest in like manner." (It was as well, perhaps, for the peace of mind of this devoted servant of the Antonines that he could not then foresee the career of Commodus.) "For as I listened to those baby voices, so winning and so sweet, I fancied that I could detect in the piping notes of each a resemblance to your own liquid and cultivated accents. You may expect, therefore, to find me more puffed up with pride than ever, for I have found a substitute for yourself in my affection,—one which appeals not to the eye only, but to the ear."

"Health to my master!" answers the Emperor. "I feel that I have seen my little boys with your eyes. I saw you also, as I read your letter, and I pray you, dear master, continue to love me as you now do, and as you love my little ones. Or rather,—to sum it all up in one word,—love me as you have ever done. It is the exquisitely affectionate tone of your letter which moves me to write thus. Of its elegance, what can I say but this?—that you write Latin, and the rest of us neither Latin nor Greek? . . . Pray send a line to my brother" (Lucius Verus). "He is very anxious that you should do so, and even asked me to request it. Pardon my importunity on his behalf, and farewell, dear master. My compliments to your grandson."

Lucius Verus was at that time conducting the war against the Parthians, and it was probably some military ex-

plot for which he coveted the congratulations of Fronto. A fragment has come down to us of the history of that five years' struggle (*De Bello Parthico*), which Fronto appears to have been writing at the time of his death, as also a curious correspondence between him and Lucius Verus concerning the materials for his work. A single quotation from this will illustrate the very different bearing of the imperial brothers toward their old tutor. The beginning of the letter is missing, but thus it proceeds:—

"The events which followed my departure you will be able to learn from the letters written to me by the generals in command. Our friend Sallustius—now Fulvianus—will give you copies of these; but in order that you may follow my plan of campaign, I will myself send you my own letters of instruction. If you desire any drawings, you can get them of Fulvianus. To give you the liveliest possible idea of the whole thing, I have ordered Avidius Cassius and Martius Verus to take notes for me to send to you, on the manners and customs of the people. If you wish me to append any commentary of my own, tell me of what sort, and I will follow your suggestions. I would be at any pains for the sake of having my achievements illustrated by your pen. Of course you will not overlook my discourse before the Senate and my speeches to the army. I will also send you notes of my parleys with the barbarians. These will help you very much. There is one thing which I should wish, in my capacity of pupil, rather to hint to my master than to enjoin upon him. Dwell at length on the causes and the beginnings of the war, and the mismanagement of affairs before I took the field. Work up to me slowly; and I think it important that you should place in as strong a light as possible the advantage which the Parthians had secured before my arrival, so as to make it clear how much I accomplished. You will de-

cide whether it is best to condense this preliminary matter, — as Thucydides does in his Fifty Years War, — or treat it somewhat more at length; although you would, of course, not go as much into detail as in the case of my own exploits. In short, my actions have a certain intrinsic value, but they will appear just as great as you choose to paint them.”

The Avidius Cassius to whom Lucius here alludes was the same who, in the succeeding decade, revolted, announced to the army that Marcus Aurelius was dead, and caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor. He had not, however, reckoned on the temper of the soldiers, by whom he was detested. The legions rose and dispatched him upon the spot, and his head was borne in triumph to Marcus, who proved to be in excellent health, and who showed himself merciful, as always, toward the relatives of the fallen rebel.

The letters of Fronto cease before the date of the conspiracy and death of Avidius Cassius, who figures in the correspondence merely as an able and influential citizen. A single note of congratulation to Avidius, on some piece of military success, is included in the series of Fronto's miscellaneous letters, *Ad Amicos*, which, for the rest, are chiefly introductory and commendatory. By far the most interesting among them are those addressed to C. Aufidius Victorinus, who became the husband of Fronto's beloved Gratia. He, too, had been one of Fronto's pupils, and makes his first appearance in the correspondence in this wise, in a letter of the latter to Marcus: —

“I return to you, by the hands of Victorinus, the verses, which you sent me, having stitched the paper and sealed the ends of the thread so carefully that even that little mouse cannot possibly pry into it; for so roguish and perverse is he that he refused to repeat me one of your hexameters, averring that you

always recited them so fast, and ran them together in such a manner, that he really could not remember them. So now I have given him his deserts, and not a line of these will he hear. Besides, I remember that you have often said you did not wish your verses shown to any one.”

A little later it is Marcus Aurelius who writes to Fronto: “Aufidius is puffed up with his own conceit, and lauds to the skies the decision which he has made. He says that no more judicious man than himself ever (to put it mildly) traveled from Umbria to Rome! Would you believe that he would rather be praised for his judgment than for his oratory? and when I laugh at him he quite looks down on me. He says it is very easy to sit yawning at a magistrate's side, but that to give sentence yourself is a great thing. This is a hit at me. But the matter was really well managed, and it gives me pleasure to say so.”

Next comes a facetious fragment from Fronto to Aufidius: —

“The Greeks call it *ἱεράν ὀστέον*, — the holy bone, — and Suetonius Tranquillus calls it the *sacred spine*. For my part, I would gladly remain ignorant whether of the Greek or Latin name of a member, provided I might never feel pain in the same.”

And again: —

“The gods will preserve to us, if we are worthy, my daughter and your wife, and will increase our family by children and grandchildren, whom they will permit to resemble you. I quarrel and go to law every day either with Victorinus or Fronto (Gratia's two children). You were never wont to ask pay of anybody for conducting or pleading a case. Fronto, on the contrary, lisps no word so frequently as *da*” (give), “whereupon I hand him a bit of paper or a tablet, wishing to cultivate a taste for such things. Certainly he shows some signs of having inherited his grandfather's disposition.

He is positively greedy for grapes. They were the first solid food which he swallowed, and all day long he is either licking a grape with his tongue, sucking it between his lips, or biting and squeezing it with his gums. He is equally fond of birds, and is delighted with chickens, young pigeons, and swallows. Now I have heard from my teachers and guardians that I, too, doted on these creatures from my cradle, and every one who knows me in my old age can testify to my fondness for partridges."

A son of Aufidius and Gratia, older, probably, than either of these two, died in childhood, and Marcus Aurelius, hearing the sad news, hastened to send Fronto a few words of sympathy, to which the old man replied at length. These two letters constitute the memorial book *De Nepote Amisso*. We can understand better from this than from any of the rest of Fronto's extant writings his great contemporary and posthumous reputation:—

"Fortune has tried me all my life through by many sorrows of this kind. For, not to speak of other afflictions, I have lost five sons in a most heart-rending way, one after another, and each one, at the time of his death, an only son, so that I was five times left childless. But I bore up the more bravely because I suffered alone. My soul faced its anguish, wrestling with it in single combat, and, as it were, with even chances. But now my distress is increased many fold by the grief of others, till I know not how to bear the burden of my misery. The sight of my son-in-law Victorinus weeping causes my own tears to flow, till I am exhausted by emotion. Then I expostulate with the immortal gods, and bitterly accuse the Fates. Victorinus, that blameless man, eminent for piety, humanity, and veracity, foremost in every good word and work, has suffered the most terrible of bereavements. Is this just? Is this right? If there be a providence at the

world's helm, was this really foreseen? If all human things are decreed by fate, *ought* fate to have issued such a decree? Is there to be no distinction in the fortunes of the good and the bad? Do the gods and the Fates, then, exercise no discrimination, that the son of such a man is snatched away? A wicked and depraved man, for whom it were better that he had never been born, brings up his children in safety,—they survive him when he dies,—while Victorinus, the upright, who, for the good of the state, should have left many heirs like himself, is deprived of his dearest child. What foresight ever foresaw anything so unjust? . . . But perhaps, after all, we are the prey of some illusion. We are ignorant of the nature of things. It may be that we regard those as good which are in truth evil, while we shun as evil that which is really good. And so death, which seems grievous to all, does, in truth, bring an end to our labors and sorrows and misfortunes, delivering us from the heavy chains of the flesh, and bearing us away to some gathering of souls, where all shall be blissful, peaceful, satisfying. I could easier believe this than that humanity is ruled by an evil power or by none. If death be, indeed, a blessing, and not a curse, it would follow that the younger one is taken away, the more he should be held happy and acceptable to the gods,—early freed from the evils of the flesh, early permitted to attain the honors of a free soul! But, after all, it makes little difference to us whether or no this be true,—to us who are longing for the lost; and those who must live on without their dearest ones are hardly consoled by the doctrine of immortality. It is the bearing, the voice, the figure we seek, the atmosphere that surrounded our loved ones in life; it is the dead face over which we mourn, the fixed eyes, the faded color, the lips forever sealed. Were the immortality of the soul proven, it would still be a theme for

philosophic discussion, not a remedy for a parent's woe. But whatever be the divine decrees, I cannot suffer long, who am so near my own end. Whether we are absorbed in the eternal" . . . Here there is a break in the manuscript, and when the writer resumes it is only to repeat, in a slightly altered form, the old sad and endless arguments.

Fronto's religious opinions appear to have been of a negative rather than a positive character, and it is certain that he entertained no very profound awe of the divinities of Olympus. In 143, when his two months' consulship was drawing to its close, he wrote to the young Marcus, then in Naples: "I sent my Gratia to congratulate your mother on her birthday, and I bade her stay till I came. The very minute I have sworn out of the consulship, I shall mount my carriage and fly away to you. I promised Gratia, on my honor, that she should not starve meanwhile, and your mother, I am sure, will allow her client some crumbs from what you have sent her. Neither is Gratia very greedy, as they say lawyers' wives are apt to be; she will be satisfied with your mother's kisses. But what will become of me? There isn't a single embrace left in Rome. All my fortune and all my joy are at Naples. By the way, whence came this custom of taking an oath the day before you go out of office? I am quite ready to swear, — to swear by as many more gods as they will let me swear, days earlier. But what does it signify to swear that I am quitting the office of consul? If they want me to take oath that I have been ready to resign at any time, for the sake of embracing Marcus Aurelius, well and good!"

This tone of light indifference is habitual with him. On the other hand, his bitterness toward the Christians was excessive, and though the original is lost of the famous oration against them, mentioned by Minucius Felix, yet the quotation or abstract which the latter gives of

Fronto's description of an *agape* sufficiently indicates its virulent character. What inspired one so amiable with this fierce and bitter prejudice we shall probably never know. We should be inclined to hold Fronto largely responsible for those deplorable persecutions of the Christians during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, which have hitherto seemed so incongruous with the Emperor's character, were it not that their correspondence, as we possess it, contains not a single allusion to the subject.

We have, however, a full report of at least one case in which Marcus Aurelius was able to conquer a prejudice on the part of his master. Among the numerous teachers of the prince was one Herod Atticus, a man of harsh and difficult temper, with whom hardly any one, except Marcus, was able, as the phrase goes, to get on at all. The invincible sweetness of the young man's temper was proof against all provocation, and he did his best, moreover, to make other people treat his irascible instructor with respect.

Now since Fronto was the master of Marcus in Latin, and Herod in Greek, rhetoric, it was natural that there should be a strong rivalry between these two, and in due time a case came before the Senate which seemed to promise them an opportunity for airing in public their mutual sentiments.

When Marcus Aurelius heard of the circumstances, he wrote as follows to Fronto: "I remember your often telling me that your desire was to know how you might best please me. Now is your time; now you have the opportunity of making me love you better than ever, if that were possible. The day of the trial approaches, on which men expect to take not only an innocent pleasure in hearing you speak, but a malign pleasure in observing your ill-humor. I perceive that no one has ventured to give you a warning on the subject; for those who are ill disposed toward you

are glad that you should blunder, while those who are more friendly are afraid of seeming to side with your opponent, if they try to dissuade you from this attack. Moreover, in case you have prepared an elegant little address, they do not wish to prevent you from delivering it. But whether you deem me a rash counselor, or a froward boy, or a partisan of your adversary, I am not to be hindered from offering you a word in season. It is odd, to be sure, for me to talk of giving advice to you, of whom I am always begging it, and promising at the same time to follow it implicitly. 'What!' you cry. 'If I am insulted, am I not to give him as good as he sends?' Of course, if he began, you would be in some sort excusable for retorting; but I have begged him not to begin, and I do not think he will. Now I am, for divers reasons, very fond of you both. I remember that Herod was educated in the house of P. Calvisius, my grandfather, and that I was educated by you, and I am most anxious that this unpleasant affair should end happily. I hope, therefore, that you will find my advice good; my intentions you cannot doubt. I would rather err in judgment by the suggestion I offer than in friendship by keeping silence. Farewell, best friend and dearest Fronto."

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God! It is pleasant to see how prompt Fronto was to answer his pupil in the same fine spirit: "It is well that I have devoted myself to you, and found the joy of my life in you and your father! What could be more tender, frank, and friendly than your words? Strike out, I beg, the *froward boy* and the *rash counselor*. There is small danger that the advice you offer will be either hasty or crude. Believe me or not, as you will, I know that I speak the truth when I say that your wisdom surpasses that of the ancients. It is you who have acted in this matter like a grave and hoary counselor,

and I like a very boy. Why should we make a scene, for the benefit either of the just or the unjust? If Herod be indeed a modest and worthy man, I ought not to abuse him. If he is a scoundrel, I should stand no chance with him. The game would not be equal. You cannot wrestle with an unclean adversary without defilement, whether or no he succeed in throwing you. But since you esteem him worthy of your protection, he probably is an honest man. . . . Farewell, Cæsar! Love me as ever. I am so fond of the minute characters which you trace! Pray write me with your own hand, when you can."

Post-haste after this goes the following: "Having signed and sealed my letter, it occurs to me that the other prosecutors in this case, of whom there will probably be several, will be very likely to say something uncivil about Herod. Do you think that I, alone, shall be able to prevent it?"

Here again we fancy we detect, on Fronto's part, a touch of mild sarcasm.

"First of all, my dear Fronto," answers Marcus Aurelius, "let me thank you for having not merely not spurned my advice, but taken it in good part. For the other matters on which you consult me, in your most amiable letters, my idea is that whatever pertains to the case in point ought to be set forth explicitly, while that which touches your own private feelings had better be withheld altogether. . . . Above all, say nothing which might seem unworthy of your character, nothing which could give occasion to cavil to those who are unwillingly mixed up in this affair."

This letter is more or less mutilated, while only disconnected phrases remain of Fronto's answer. Its drift may, however, be gathered. He promises once again to be guided by his philosophic pupil, thus turned master, but he plainly regrets a little his own vituperative eloquence, and the telling points he had

been so well prepared to make against his lifelong rival.

A venerable and peaceably disposed American citizen was once heard to lament that a duel which had been arranged between two young kinsmen of his own was prevented, at the last moment. "Pity, pity!" he said, with a sigh and a gentle shake of his gray head. "As it was, there was always had blood between them; but if they'd been left to fight it out, they would probably have been good friends ever after."

It is not quite certain on which side of this grave argument the case of Herod and Fronto tells. Years later, at all events, we find the latter writing, "Since you approve Asclepiodotus, my friend he must be; just as Herod and I are on the best of terms to-day, though *that speech* exists."

Fronto considered himself past master in the art of oratory, and as an orator he was most anxious that Marcus Aurelius should shine. He was always urging upon him this necessity, and recommending a close and minute study of the Latin language and literature as the best mental discipline to this end. Besides the many casual allusions in his letters, there has come down to us, in a fragmentary condition, a treatise, *De Eloquentia*, inscribed to his illustrious pupil, from which a few extracts may be made:—

"I sometimes hear you say, 'But I avoid eloquence, because when I have spoken more finely than usual I am pleased with myself.' Why not cure yourself of this fault of self-complacency, rather than give up eloquence because it ministers to your pride? for the remedy you adopt is worse than the disease. Is it not so? If you are pleased with yourself for having delivered a righteous judgment, will you therefore repudiate justice? If you reflect with satisfaction on your pious devotion to your father, will you therefore avoid piety? You

are pleased by the consciousness of your own eloquence? Chastise yourself, but do not maltreat Eloquence. Mild mistress though she be, she might well lift up her voice and address you thus: 'There is danger for thee, young man, in this precipitate flight from approbation, for the crowning ornament of the sage, the last which he lays aside, is the desire of glory. Plato, yea, even Plato, loved glory up to life's last day. I remember also to have heard it said that wise men should hide in the counsels of their hearts many things of which they make little use, as also that they should, at times, make use of things which are condemned by the doctrines they profess. Neither do the deductions of reason always square with the needs of everyday life. . . . Try, then, O Cæsar, to attain to the wisdom of Cleanthes or of Zeno. Whatever your taste may be, it is the imperial purple you must wear, not the coarse woollen cloak of a philosopher. . . . A sword you must wield, but it makes a vast difference whether that sword be rusty or bright. . . . It is the duty of a Cæsar to defend, in the Senate, the interests of truth, to present many questions to a popular assembly, to resist unjust aggressions, to send frequent letters to all parts of the world, to call to account the kings of other nations, to correct by his edicts the mistakes of allies, to praise good deeds, to allay sedition, to overawe the turbulent. All these things must he do either by written or spoken words. Are you not, then, to cultivate what you see will be of such great and varied use to you later on? Can it be that you think it will make no difference in what language you speak of matters which can be treated only in speech? You err if you think the Senate would attach equal weight to an opinion delivered in the language of a Thersites or with the eloquence of Ulysses and Menelaus, whose expression, gestures, postures, musical intonation, varied emphasis, and many

oratorical effects Homer has so fully described.'"

This was evidently written while Marcus Aurelius was still a youth, but Fronto shows in his very latest letters the same anxiety lest the Emperor should devote himself too exclusively to philosophy. It is unfortunate that we are not able to compare his precepts in oratory with his own speeches, but these are lost, or perhaps are waiting to be discovered by other eyes as keen as those of Cardinal Mai.

The last of Fronto's letters, as we have them, belongs to the year 166, and we may reasonably conclude that in this year he died. He had long been a great sufferer from gout and rheumatism, and he was now an old man.

Of the death of Lucius Verus and of subsequent events we can, therefore, learn nothing from him. We long for the light he might have thrown on the mysterious conspiracy of Avidius Cassius, and the vexed question of Faustina's complicity in it. We wish that he had told us more of Faustina herself, the perfect feminine sweetness of whose face, in marble, seems mutely to protest, in every gallery which it adorns, against the monstrous charges which have long lain against this lady. It is at least satisfactory to know that the latest results of modern criticism tend all to her exculpation from the worst of these, and to justifying the pathetic lament of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius over her loss.

Of the fate of the different members of Fronto's own family we learn something from other sources. "The Emperor Commodus," writes Dion Cassius, "put to death every one, so to speak, who had enjoyed any favor in his father's reign or his own, except Pompeianus, Pertinax, and Victorinus." And again: "A statue was erected to Victorinus, who had been prefect of Rome. He was not the victim of any plot. One day, when many rumors were flying around, and there were whispers con-

cerning his death, he did a bold thing. He went to Perennis (captain of the prætorian guard), and said, 'I understand that you wish to kill me. Why, then, hesitate or delay, since it is quite in your power to do so to-day?' Notwithstanding this, Victorinus suffered no violence from any one; and though he was one of those who had received from Marcus Aurelius the greatest honor, and though no one of his time surpassed him in force of character and eloquence, he died a natural death." (!)

Among the inscriptions found at Pisaurum — the modern Pesaro — is one which reads as follows: "Fronto, the consul, to his dearest son, great-grandson of M. Cornelius Fronto, orator, consul, and tutor to the Emperors Lucius and Antoninus, grandson of Aufidius Victorinus, prefect of the city and twice consul." And so the descendants of Fronto, through Gratia, disappear from history.

Of the large family of children born to Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, three daughters are known to have been living at the death of their brother Commodus, in 192. One of these was that Cornificia, of whom her father once wrote to Fronto, "I beg that you will treat it as a command not to drive out to Lorium on account of Cornificia's birthday." Last and saddest allusion of all, among the fruits of Cardinal Mai's investigations of the Vatican palimpsests, we have the following: —

"Concerning criminal sentences: Antoninus,¹ having decreed the death of Cornificia, commanded, out of respect to her rank, that she should be allowed to choose the manner of her own end. She, after weeping a long time, and dwelling on the memory of her father Marcus, her grandfather Antoninus, and her brother Commodus, at last said these things: 'O unhappy little soul, prisoned in a wretched body, come forth and gain your liberty! Convince these men, though they be loath to own it,

¹ Caracalla. 212 is the probable date.

that you are indeed the daughter of Marcus.' Then, having laid aside all her ornaments, and herself disposed all things for her agony, she caused her own veins to be opened, and so died."

Whether innocent or guilty of the unknown crime for which she suffered, Cornificia has at least established her claim to an imperial birthright. Her wistful words and serene self-possession

carry our thoughts back to the death-bed of the Emperor Hadrian, who, confronting death, addressed his own parting spirit in those haunting lines, which have never yet been successfully translated:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec. ut soles, dabis jocos?"

H. W. P. & L. D.

MY FATHERLAND.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

THE imperial boy had fallen in his pride
Before the walls of golden Babylon.
The host who deemed that priceless treasure won
For many a day since then had wandered wide,
By famine thinned, by savage hordes defied.
In a deep vale, beneath the setting sun,
They saw at last a swift black river run,
While shouting spearmen thronged the farther side.

Then eagerly, with startled, joyous eyes,
Toward the despondent chief a soldier flew:
"I was a slave in Athens: never knew
My native country: but I understand
The meaning of yon wild barbarian cries,
And I believe this is my fatherland!"

This glimpse have we, no more. Did parents fond,
Brothers, and kinsmen, hail his late return?
Or did he, doubly exiled, only yearn
To greet the Euxine's waves at Trebizond,
The blue Ægean, and Pallas' towers beyond?
Mute is the record: we shall never learn.
But when once more the well-worn page I turn,
Forever by reluctant schoolboys conned,

A parable the tale to me appears,
Of blacker waters in a drearier vale.
Ah me! when on that brink we exiles stand,
As earthly lights and mortal accents fail,
Shall voices long-forgotten reach our ears
To tell us we have found our fatherland?

William Cranston Lawton.

IN A BORDER STATE.

I.

ONE clear, crisp morning in the month of October, 1864, the sun was shining brightly through the windows of a comfortable dining-room in a large town on the banks of the Ohio. There were thriving plants in these windows, and in the grate crackled a cheerful soft-coal fire. The table in the centre of the room had places for six persons, but four of them had been vacated, only those at the head and foot being occupied; the former by just such a round, comfortable, motherly woman as one would naturally associate with the well-kept room and the well-prepared breakfast, which still remained on the table. The children had hurried off to school, and the entire attention of their mother was now devoted to the head of the family, who sat facing her.

Mr. Robert Mitchell was a short, stout man of fifty, with a florid complexion and sandy hair and beard just touched with gray. His face was a good one, and his light blue eyes looked out honestly, if sometimes angrily, from under his shaggy brows. There was quick, hot, Irish blood in his veins, though it had become somewhat tempered, and the other marked qualities of the race — wit, poetry, romance — almost wholly lost in three generations of life and struggling in hardening, practical America.

Mr. Mitchell was evidently out of temper this morning. He moved impatiently in his large armchair, and from time to time gave vent to sundry emphatic exclamations which caused his wife to look at him half timidly, half reproachfully, and silently to rejoice that the children were out of hearing. His second cup of coffee remained untouched, and he had eaten nothing since

unfolding the newspaper, whose contents were evidently the cause of his dissatisfaction, — only partly the cause, however. The case was simply this: Robert Mitchell had come to his present home from New England when still a young man, had made his way by great industry and perfect probity, married and reared his family, and lived in entire harmony with his surroundings for more than twenty years. He had long been the senior member of a prominent hardware firm, and until the breaking out of the war had carried on a large and profitable trade with the Southern States. His wife had many relatives in the South, and he himself had made valuable connections and warm friends there. Until recently he had not realized that his home was an adopted one; that he was transplanted, not in his native soil; that his sympathy with the people among whom he lived was not inherent but acquired. He had never approved of slavery, it is true, nor owned a slave; the only negro in his house was the old cook, who had come there with his bride. The events preceding the war found him a stanch Union man, in favor of checking the extension of slavery, and of gradually, by legitimate means, putting an end to it altogether; but he was moderate in his views and in the expression of them. During the past few years, since 1861, he had paid bitterly the penalty of his position. He was at first in favor of the neutrality of his State, and when that position became untenable, he heartily approved of throwing her weight on the side of the Union. He was too far advanced in life to make it a point of honor with him to enter the army, and personally he had no desire to take up arms against the people of the South; he thought that they had had much to

bear; his feeling for them was half sorrow, half anger. But anger gradually got the upper hand when he found that he was becoming unpopular; that what he thought guarded expressions of opinion were misunderstood by the rabid "Southern sympathizers," who made up half the community. Old business friends grew cool; some finally passed him without a look, because he entertained Union officers, — some of them friends of his boyhood, or connections of such friends, whom the fortune of war had drifted to his hospitable door. His business, too, had suffered; the natural market for his goods was closed, and he lost heavily in consequence. He had many bad debts throughout the South, some owed by honest men who could not pay, some which had been openly repudiated, and this brought irritation as well as loss. Mr. Mitchell gradually became a decided Abolitionist, and was all the more vigorous in expressing his opinions because of his former ill-received moderation and of his growing business embarrassments; for he was too upright a man to become on any large scale an army contractor, and thus retrieve his fortunes. In this fourth year of the war, however, his views, or, to speak more correctly, his sentiments, had again been modified. The State had been placed under what was practically martial law. There was illegal interference with elections and other acts of petty tyranny committed by a series of provost marshals in his own city. Men whom he knew to be as loyal as himself were put into prison, or fled in the night to avoid it. A cousin of his wife had been arrested and sent beyond the lines because her husband was in the Confederate army. Families were roused at midnight by searchers for "contraband goods," that is, weapons, ammunition, and concealed rebels; property was confiscated; handsome residences were appropriated for hospitals and government offices, stables plundered, and horses pressed, — often

necessary measures, no doubt, but with gratuitous accompaniments of rudeness and arbitrariness. Mrs. Mitchell had recently been forbidden to continue her visits to the hospitals, where she had ministered to the wounded of North and South alike, until she should take the oath of allegiance. All these things had for months been uniting to render her husband impatient with the existing state of affairs. He was out of temper with himself, as well, because he found his sympathies thus changing from side to side; but still more irritated with the circumstances which placed him in a position antagonistic to the government. His attitude seemed to himself shiftily and uncertain; he had an uneasy sense of its seeming so to others. In this he was mistaken. Public opinion had not changed concerning him from the first. He was always spoken of as an unswerving Union man, which was a merit or a fault, according to which side of the community the speaker belonged politically.

These were some of the reflections going on in the depths of Mr. Mitchell's mind, while on the surface it took in near and disagreeable impressions from the morning paper. At last he threw down the sheet and started from his chair, which slid back some distance from the impetus given by the suddenness of his movement.

"It's an outrage for these things to go on," he exclaimed. "Freeman's house was searched last night, and he is ordered South, — a man who has given more hard money to the cause of the Union than any one in the State!"

"Mr. Freeman ordered away!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell, in evident surprise. "Why, he's been an Abolitionist always. You know he would not speak to Mary's husband when he decided to join the Southern army. Well, all I can say is that I wish the State had seceded. I always shall think that it would have been better if Bragg had taken the city,

and we had gone with the South. You know, Mr. Mitchell," —

"Yes, I know, I know. I've been listening to that sort of talk for four years, and been trying to make you understand that it is all nonsense, and that the government should not be held responsible for the arbitrary acts of a few upstart officers. Though I'll be hanged if they ought not to have some check put upon them," he added, relapsing from patriotism into irritation.

Mr. Mitchell was standing by the fire as he spoke, lighting a cigar preparatory to going down street. He had hardly noticed the tramp of marching feet, so common was the sound; but now a short, sharp word of command attracted his attention, and glancing out of the window he saw that a regiment of soldiers, in faded blue overcoats that showed long and hard usage, had halted in the street. They were guarding a score or so of prisoners in rebel gray, with haggard, wretched faces, and unkempt hair and beard. These seemed weary and foot-sore. Some were without shoes, and had their feet tied up in coarse rags; not a few had a bloody cloth wrapped about the head, or carried one arm in a sling. This street, the main one of the town, ran north and south. At one end was a large square space inclosed by rows of frame cabins, and known as "the barracks;" and all about, on the level common, tents were pitched and troops encamped. At right angles with the other end of the street flowed the river, and here were the government boats for transporting men and supplies. All day long could be heard the tramp of soldiers along this thoroughfare, and the long-drawn words of command as the heavy muskets were shifted; all night the monotonous roll of the heavily-laden army-wagons made the windows of the houses rattle, and roused the sleepers within.

The company now in the street had evidently halted to get water from a

pump near at hand before proceeding to the boat which was to take their prisoners to some Northern fort. Husband and wife watched the men for a few moments in silence as they "broke ranks," and seated themselves wearily on the curbstones, some filling their canteens at the pump and dashing the water over their bronzed faces, others unbuckling their knapsacks and taking from them pieces of dry bread and uncooked bacon. The prisoners sat quite still in the listlessness of despair or of utter fatigue.

"Poor fellows!" said Mrs. Mitchell with a sigh. "They look very tired and hungry." She glanced doubtfully at her husband. "Shall I tell Mammy to take them out some corn-bread and coffee, Robert?"

"Yes, of course," was the quick reply. "You don't suppose I'm such an ill-tempered brute as to want to see men starve before my eyes, do you? Send out everything you can spare."

Mrs. Mitchell bustled away, selecting the store-room key from the basket as she went, and in a few moments she was standing at the door directing the distribution of baskets full of food. Tin cups were held out eagerly for the steaming coffee and the great "pones" and hot "corn-dodgers" disappeared like magic. Many a worn face looked gratefully toward the kindly mistress, and rough but good-natured jests were exchanged with the fat old negro cook as she went her hospitable round among the men. This was no unusual scene; such companies often stopped here for rest and water, and rarely left without food and refreshment; and it happened more than once that some article of male attire was hurriedly unhooked from its peg in wardrobe or closet and thrust into the cold hands of some one in special need. The prisoners had their full share, — Mrs. Mitchell saw to that; and she always scanned them carefully, half fearing that she might be startled by some dear familiar face. There was no

one to-day who was near to her, nor had there ever been; soon the supply of food was exhausted, and after a little while the men moved on with a cheer of thanks for their breakfast.

As they disappeared down the street, Mr. Mitchell resumed his preparations for leaving the house.

"I'm sick and tired of such sights," he said drearily, "and of the rattle of those army-wagons. Confound them! I was wakened half a dozen times last night by their noise. I tell you what it is, I must get out of this for a while. I believe I'll run out to Brewer's, and see if a few days' hunting won't set me up. There's nothing to keep me at the store,—about work enough for one man," bitterly, "and a dozen to do it. Besides, I promised Rob that he should try his new gun this fall, and I might as well take him with me, don't you think?" the last words somewhat dubiously, for he saw objections ahead on the score of school duties. But for once Mrs. Mitchell did not veto the interference with study; she saw that her husband was fretted and that he needed to get away for a time from the friction of his environment. So it was soon arranged that he should start early the following morning and that Rob should be made ready to accompany him, and Mr. Mitchell started off to his office with renewed cheerfulness.

That afternoon was spent in preparations dear to the hunter's heart. The shot-gun had to be drawn from its leathern cover, stained and blackened by long use; it was taken apart, carefully cleaned, oiled, and put together again, all by the owner's own hands, for the task was too important and too delightful to be entrusted to another. Powder, shot, and wads were measured out, for this was in days before the general use of breech-loaders; a well-worn suit of brown corduroy was brought from the attic, likewise an aged hair-cloth trunk, a time-honored institution in the family,

whose only fault was a tendency to emit half its contents at once whenever the deep, rounded top was raised. The children, freed from school, crowded around eager to help. Rob, a lad of fourteen, was the hero of the hour; he was the proud possessor of a new gun, and this was to be his first hunting expedition, though not his first visit to Brewer's. Clothing, hunting equipments, and ammunition were all stowed away by dusk, and then they gathered about the fire, the children listening to stories of former hunts until the tea-bell rang.

An early start next morning, and a ride of forty miles in a car crowded with soldiers, brought them to their station, where Mr. Mitchell was evidently well known. He was greeted as an old acquaintance by a number of lantern-jawed, tobacco-chewing loungers, and after due response he singled out one of them and asked if he could have the spring wagon to go to Brewer's place.

"Well, I dunno 'bout that, squire. You could have the wagon quick enough, but these here's ticklish times with horses. Wut with the guv'ment pressin' horses and the bushwhackers stealin' 'em, horses is 'bout es oncertain goods es a man kin han'l."

They walked away from the station as old Jerry Young drawled out these words, which were evidently not meant as a refusal, but as his contribution to the general fund of conversation.

"Howsomever," he continued, "bein' es it's you, I reckon I'll have to git ole Bess outer the parsture and carry you on to Brewer's. I've been pestered scan'lus here lately, tryin' to keep her outer sight. Are they expectin' you out thar?"

"No," replied Mr. Mitchell, "but they know my ways and won't be put out by my coming."

"Heard from 'em lately?"

"No. Is there any news?"

"I b'lieve not. I seed that gal o' his'n yisterday at the store. She's jes'

es perty es ever,—heap too good fer that thar triflin' Sam Lyle she's set her heart on."

"What, the young fellow from the next farm? I thought he had joined the guerrillas and been killed."

"Well, he wuz with 'em, but he ain't killed. Ole Scratch takes care of his own," said Jerry dryly. "'T war n't more 'n a month ago that he wuz pirout-in' round here es paradeful es ef he wuz commandin' the whole Army of the Potomac. Look here, squire," he continued, changing his easy, gossiping tone for one of seriousness, "ain't it a leetle risky fer you to be goin' out there jes' now? Thar's a heap o' raids goin' on, and you 're a strong Union man."

Mr. Mitchell could not believe that there was any danger so near one of the largest military depots in the Ohio valley, and told old Jerry so; and before long the wagon was made ready and they started on a five-mile drive, going at a tangent from the railroad right into the heart of the country. At first the road lay between desolate, fenceless fields, marked here and there by circles where tents had stood and charred stumps where camp-fires had burned. Before long they left the turnpike, and seemed then to get every moment farther away from the path not only of war but of civilization. The situation of the Brewer farm was singularly secluded; it was reached by a series of lanes, like a labyrinth to those who were not familiar with the way, the last one ending at the farm gate; there seemed nothing beyond except woods. It was this remoteness which was so grateful to Mr. Mitchell and made his visits here peculiarly pleasant. When he put on his hunting-suit he could forget for a time all business cares and domestic worries and give himself up to the enjoyment of nature, of which he was a sincere though unemotional lover. Brewer was an old friend of his; their acquaintance had begun through small

purchases in the hardware line by the farmer, and casual inquiries as to the hunting in his neighborhood on the part of Mr. Mitchell, which ended in an agreement that he should come and try it for himself; and the first visit had been frequently repeated during the ten years that had passed since it took place. Mr. Brewer belonged to the class of small farmers so numerous in the free States, but comparatively rare where slavery was an established institution, the more energetic following the trail of Western enterprise, driven by strong objections to being relegated to the class of "poor whites." But Brewer was a lymphatic, inefficient man; he had come from Ohio early in life with a wife who would have been the making of him, but who died when their only child was a baby girl of three or four years. After this blow he became more listless than ever and dawdled on where he was, poor and unsuccessful, but unable to overcome the natural inertia and move to some other place. All his affection, hopes, and somewhat colorless ambitions centred in his daughter, now grown to be an unusually pretty girl of eighteen. When she was a little child, fretting because of the nameless want in her life, he had been forced to take in many ways the place of her dead mother, and now there still remained something of feminine thoughtfulness and tenderness in his care of her. The farm was ill-kept and the land was poor at best; much of it was wild and entirely uncultivated, so it was paradise for a hunter. The house, however, was a well-built frame, neat and comfortable, and even showing within some evidences of taste and refinement, the work of Lizzie Brewer's deft fingers. An old negro man, Jesse, and his wife, Virginia (better known as Aunt Gin), were the only servants, and except her father, Lizzie's sole companions.

As Jerry Young drove up to the gate of the "lot," there was no sign of life about the place except a couple of hunt-

ing-dogs, whose barks soon turned to whines and short yelps of delight as they recognized old friends. Their noise brought Aunt Gin's fat figure around the corner of the house and Jesse from the stable almost at the same moment. Then a door opened on the front porch, showing an interior of commonplace comfort: bright flowered carpet, black hair-cloth furniture, and, cutting off one angle of the room in a manner peculiar to rural localities, a spare bed covered with a vivid "log-cabin" quilt. In the doorway stood Lizzie Brewer, shading her eyes from the sun that she might see the travelers more clearly. Her figure was slight and girlish, and her pose graceful; for the rest she had a quantity of brown waving hair, clear gray eyes, and a warm, healthy color in her cheeks; a cheery, wholesome country girl who would be pretty for a dozen years and commonplace the rest of her life.

She smiled and nodded a cordial welcome at first; then the flush deepened and a worried look came into her face. She turned back toward the room, saying with an odd mingling of pleasure and annoyance, "It's Mr. Mitchell and Rob, pappy; they have come from the station in Jerry Young's wagon." At these words Mr. Brewer emerged from the house and reached the stile in time to help Jerry lift out the trunk. He was enough like Jerry himself and like the other lank, chin-whiskered, butter-nut-coated loungers at the station to be their twin brother.

"Howdy, 'Squire; howdy, Rob," said he, with as much of heartiness as was in him. "How that boy does grow! Got a gun, too! Well, well, we must try and find some pa'tridges fer you. Here, you Jesse, take and tote this trunk in the house. Won't you 'light, Jerry, and have a snack?"

"Thanky, Brewer, I reckon not. I've been layin' off fer a week, to git in my fodder, and I must 'tend to it to-

day," replied Jerry, and after a short rest and some water for his horse, he drove away, leaving Mr. Mitchell with a sense of relief that for a time the last link was broken that connected him with the world. It was only ten o'clock, an ideal autumn day, bright but cool; the trees were almost bare of leaves, which lay in rustling brown masses on the ground, and made walking a luxury. Rob and his father got a cup of Aunt Gin's excellent coffee, put some biscuits in their pockets, and were soon ready for a day's sport. Brewer and Lizzie were all kindness and hospitality, full of genuine sympathy with the boy's delight and of interest in his plans for the day. But now and then they seemed preoccupied, looked at each other doubtfully, and answered at random. Nothing ever happened here, or the thought might have formed itself in Mr. Mitchell's mind that there was something on hand, some event impending which his coming might complicate into cause for anxiety.

"I'm afraid you'll be disapp'inted about the birds, 'Squire," said Brewer, as they were about to set out. "There ain't many this year, and what there is has been pretty well scared. We've had so much raidin' goin' on about here." Lizzie looked at him uneasily, and he added hastily, —

"Not but what it does good, too, — it keeps the niggers in order."

"Have there been any outrages near here?" asked Mr. Mitchell, with an uneasy sense of having given a hostage to fortune in his small companion.

"Not what you could call outrages exactly, but there's been a heap o' horses taken and some houses burned," was the reply.

Mr. Mitchell turned to Lizzie and said cheerily, "Well, Lizzie, I hope you won't let that rebel sweetheart of yours get hold of us."

The girl started, seemed confused for a moment, and then, looking straight at him from her honest eyes, replied, "No

harm shall ever come to you in this house, sir, if *I* can help."

In spite of Brewer's prediction, the day's shooting was not a bad one. Rob missed the birds, but was triumphant over two mangled squirrels, and his father also was well satisfied with his spoils when, a little before dusk, they started to return to the farm. As they came across country and reached the top of a hill they stopped for a moment to rest and take their bearings. The road lay below them, about two hundred yards away; it was plainly visible, for there was little foliage to obstruct the view, and the scene was lighted by the last lingering red of sunset. Suddenly and silently a troop of horsemen, about a dozen in number, came in sight, were clearly outlined for a moment against the glowing west, and then with a bend in the road were lost to view. The appearance was so remarkable in this remote locality that Mr. Mitchell started and had not recovered from his surprise when the men disappeared.

"Did you see that, father?" exclaimed Rob.

"Yes, my son. I suppose it is a posse of Union soldiers on some scouting expedition," he replied, making an explanation for himself as well as for the boy.

"But they did n't have on uniforms," urged Rob.

Mr. Mitchell had by this time noted that fact himself, and it made him uneasy. "I saw a few blue overcoats," he said; "perhaps the rest were prisoners, — though now I think of it, they all had guns," he added thoughtfully. During the day he had given himself up to the pleasure of the sport, finding a new zest in Rob's delight; but now this incident recalled what had been told him of the guerrilla raids, and he began to be anxious. He was known here as a Union man, and these outlaws claimed to belong to the Southern army, though most of them had no connection with it, and only brought shame on a cause which

they professed to aid. He reflected that it would be awkward to fall into their hands, that it might go hard with Rob as well as with himself. It seemed impossible, after all, to get away from this confounded war, and bushwhackers were even worse than the roll of army-wagons. He wished that he had stayed in town.

The light was fading rapidly and the air growing chill, so they again set out briskly on their homeward way. It was dark when they crossed the stile, and walked under the locust and sycamore trees across the grass in front of the house. Mr. Brewer stood at the door smoking a corn-cob pipe with his usual placidity; he asked many questions about their hunting exploits, and his freely expressed admiration made Rob feel a greater hero than ever.

"Well, now, I call that right peart, shootin' two squirrels the first day. You must get Jesse to take off the skins for you, so you can carry 'em home. And I would n't wonder if you could have a cap made out of 'em; they're powerful warm for winter."

Rob immediately had visions of himself, the envy of every boy of his acquaintance, in such head-gear as he had once seen and coveted in a picture of Daniel Boone. He wondered if his mother would let him wear it to Sunday-school.

In the mean time his father became gradually aware of an unusual stillness about the place. There was no sound of Aunt Gin from the kitchen, which was near enough for her voice to be frequently heard crooning some camp-meeting hymn; Jesse did not come as usual to prepare the game for cooking, and Lizzie was nowhere to be seen.

"Rob," said he finally, "take those birds to the kitchen."

"Why, to be sure," said Brewer, starting out of a brown study. "I beg your pardon, squire, I've been sorter pestered to-day, and I clean forgot about

that there game. Here, Jesse!" he shouted. And Jesse's bow-legs were soon seen coming from the smoke-house accompanied by his wife. Lizzie followed, closing the door carefully behind her, and then joined the group on the porch. She nestled close to her father, and he laid his hand caressingly on her hair, looking down at her with an expression of love and anxiety on his face.

The rattling of dishes in the kitchen and Aunt Gin's voice raised in sacred song proclaimed the glad tidings that supper was in course of preparation. Rob slipped away to superintend the skinning of his squirrels, and afterwards to tease Aunt Gin into singing his favorite ditty, and before long it rang out on the evening air:—

"Oh, the raccoon's tail is ring'd all round,
The possum's tail is bar',
The rabbit 's got no tail at all
'Cept a little bunch o' ha'r."

It was a point of honor with Rob to eat as much squirrel as he could, scorning the more delicate quail and devoting himself to the spoil of his own right arm. After he had gone to bed and was sleeping dreamlessly, notwithstanding the liberties taken with his digestion, Mr. Mitchell joined his host in a final pipe at the door. His old friend was not so chatty and communicative as usual; it was only when Mr. Mitchell spoke of Lizzie and praised her blooming young womanhood that Brewer became talkative. Even here there seemed to be a shadow, for he spoke drearily of her dead mother, of his being left alone to care for her, and the difficulties in his way.

"You see I can't say no to the child, even when I'm dead sure it's for her own good. She only has to look at me pleadin' like, and I do jes' what she says. Yet I know I kin tell better what is good for her. She ain't seen no other men, so how kin she judge?" His voice died away in a pitiful quaver of weakness. Mr. Mitchell inferred that there

must be some undesirable love-affair in the wind, but a question or two showed him that the subject could not be pressed just now; so he said good-night, and was soon sleeping soundly after the unwonted exercise of the day. About midnight he was roused by what seemed to him a very loud noise. He started up and looked around the room, for his first impression was that the sound was close beside him; but Rob was motionless, and everything was just as he had left it,—that he could see by the moonlight which shone brightly through the uncurtained window. He listened intently; all was still for a moment, and then he heard in the neighboring kitchen cautious footsteps and the clatter of pans, and the idea became strong in his mind that it was the ringing fall of one of these that had awakened him. An outer door on a line with his window was carefully opened and closed, and then all was still. He tried in vain to go to sleep again; the edge was taken from his fatigue and he had gotten wide awake in his intense listening. At last he rose, went to the window, and stood looking out into the night. The moon was full, and peered through the bare branches of the trees; there was a misty ring around it, and the air was full of that smokiness peculiar to the autumn season. He raised the sash and leaned out; the air blew fresh and cool upon his face. The yard was flooded with moonlight; the haze gave it the effect of a veil of silver tissue. The commonplace scene was glorified; a fairy charm was thrown over the whitewashed stable and smoke-house, over Jesse's little cabin, and the paths of flat, irregular stones leading to them shone white as marble. The impression of stillness, of solitude, was strong upon him; he was miles away from any other habitation, and under this roof no one stirred; only the moon was awake and seemed listening, expectant. All at once something happened which, under the circum-

stances, startled him as if it had been an absolute impossibility. The door of the smoke-house, which stood just opposite the window, about fifty yards away, suddenly swung wide open; he had a glimpse of a brightly lighted space, a huge fire burning on the hearth, and candles on a table, around which were seated a number of persons, seemingly men; the light was caught and reflected by various metallic points about their dress. There was just time for this impression to be powerfully photographed on his brain when the door closed again, quickly and noiselessly. Mr. Mitchell was stunned with surprise; he had thought himself the only waking creature on the place, and here was this roomful of men. He had not time to attempt an explanation of the mystery; his eyes had hardly accustomed themselves to the moonlight, after the sudden glare of the more brilliant light, when he perceived two figures gradually taking shape through the silver haze. It was evidently to give them egress that the door had opened, and they were coming toward the house. The path led beneath his window, or rather beside it, for the room was hardly six feet above ground. The figures were already near the house when he saw them, and he at once recognized one of them as Lizzie Brewer. Her companion was a man of powerful frame; his arm was around her waist, his head bent over her, and this position, together with a soft felt hat which he wore, entirely concealed his face. Talking earnestly, the pair passed the window and stopped at a little back porch just beyond. Then their speech became more distinct, and the first words that Mr. Mitchell heard pinned him to the spot.

"Why, Lizzie, what's the old man to you? He's a damned Yankee and has done harm enough. He'd come just in time to put the boys in a good humor—they've had the devil's own luck lately." The tone was meant to be kind to the girl, but there was a hint of brutal-

ity in it for others. The answer came pleadingly:—

"He's known me ever since I was a little child, Sam, and has always been kind to me. He never comes here without bringing me some present. I'm fond of him and I could n't bear to have any harm come to him in our house."

"No fear of that; we would take him out into the woods, and he'd not trouble you any more."

"But, Sam, what good would it do you? He is only here to hunt for a few days, and has no money with him. You would gain nothing, and only put yourself in new danger. Oh, my dear, my dear," she broke out passionately, "leave those men! They are so rough, and some of them look so cruel and wicked that I could n't bear to go near them. Sam, you don't know what I suffer at the thought of the risk you run all the time. Give it up, come home,—come here. Pappy will let you, and you know I want you. I love you so much and I want you to be good"—her voice was choked by a sob. The man seemed moved by her appeal, and soothed her for a moment with some awkward words of endearment, and then said in an injured tone,—

"I thought you'd be proud to see me the captain of such a fine troop; that's the reason I came, and now you hardly speak to them. There's no harm in them,—a bit rough, perhaps, but you see the life makes us so."

"Why will you lead it, then, Sam? Come home," pleaded Lizzie.

"And go to farm-work, or to keeping store at the station!" he exclaimed irritably. "Not much! I've no taste for that sort of thing. It's a fine, free life we lead. Look at Morgan, what he's done for the South, and what a name he's got. Besides, it's too late now; the Yanks would be down on me in a minute for the hanging of that cursed old Abolitionist, Stevens."

She started away from him. "But

you told me you had nothing to do with that."

He hesitated for a moment, then said suddenly, "Well, it's true; but it was my men did it, and we stand together. There's a price on all our heads, but I reckon it will be some time before it's paid," he added defiantly. "But about old man Mitchell, Lizzie, it ain't safe to go off and leave him here. He may get wind of it some way and put the soldiers on our track. We must take him away with us — if we don't do anything more." Then with a violent start and an oath, "Is he in that room? The window is open and he may have heard every word. I'll make sure of him now, certain." As he spoke he rapidly approached the house, and by means of the rough-hewn stone foundation began to climb. Mr. Mitchell had been standing at one side of the window, and now instinctively drew back a little more into the shadow. In a moment a hand appeared inside the window, holding on by the sill; then another, grasping a pistol, ready cocked, with finger on the trigger; and then a head was thrust into the room. There was a certain bold beauty in the face; the black eyes told of courage and daring, the full red lips under the drooping mustache of vanity and sensuality. It was the face of a determined, unscrupulous ruffian, who had probably taken more than one life and who would not hesitate at another. He looked straight into the room at the bed where Rob's sturdy form could be dimly seen by the light of the moon; had he thrust in his head two inches farther, had he even turned his eyes to one side, he would have looked full into those of the man who he thought lay sleeping before him. He kept his uncomfortable position only for a moment, but it seemed an eternity to Mr. Mitchell; he was no coward, but the father's heart sank within him while the bushwhacker's eyes were fixed on his sleeping boy.

"He's fast enough," was heard out-

side, "and it's a good thing for him that he is. Look here, Lizzie, you are too soft-hearted for these times. If ever that old man stands in my way, he'll go down like any other; do you hear? But this time I'll let him off — that is, if the boys don't find out he's here. If they do, it would be no use trying to save him, for they are up to anything to-night. Now, my girl, stop that crying and give me a kiss. I don't see you often, and each time may be the last. I'm a rough fellow, I know, but I love you, and I always mean to be kind to you."

She clung to him and poured out her thanks, and all the love of a heart which, when first awakened from its maiden slumber, had blindly enthroned him as its idol. She was a gentle, childish creature whose only strength was in her affection. She did not weigh good and evil; she could only feel. He was accustomed to her adoration; it was necessary for him to disport himself before some one as the dashing hero which he was painted by her fancy and his own vanity. Had he lived in different times, he might have been always obscure and harmless; but the political upheaval had brought him to the surface, and the commonplace nature was brutalized by war.

Mr. Mitchell was ashamed to listen to avowals made so artlessly, but he dared not stir for fear of again incurring the danger which he had escaped almost by miracle. Before long, however, the lovers passed the window, went slowly along the path to the smoke-house, and joined the company where Mr. Brewer was playing the perfunctory part of host.

Mr. Mitchell's life had been an uneventful one, and this narrow escape from a violent death was not at all to his taste; still, now that the danger was past, there was something inspiring in the adventure, and he determined to see it out. Toward daylight the smoke-

house door was again opened, and he watched a dozen men — ill-looking fellows, all fully armed — move from a table which had been amply covered with eatables. Some wore army overcoats (he shuddered to think how they had gotten them), from which he concluded that they were the same men over whom he and Rob had puzzled their brains in the afternoon. They filed out silently and disappeared in the direction of the stable; then came the sound of horses' hoofs, restlessly tramping; and by the first streaks of dawn Mr. Mitchell saw the guerrilla band ride slowly away down the road.

II.

A March day in a locality where that often means, as it did at present, a combination of disagreeables rarely equaled. The sky was leaden-gray, not threatening rain or snow, but sullenly gloomy and depressing. The streets were windswept and white with the fine limestone dust which sifted through every crevice. The air was not very cold, but sudden sharp gusts of wind chilled the passer-by to the marrow, and drove into his eyes and between his teeth particles so hard and dry that they cut like splinters of steel.

On a particularly windy corner of Water Street stood the tall warehouse of Mr. Mitchell. Within, a counter stretched along one side, with breaks here and there for convenience in passing behind it; the remainder of the space was taken up by samples of hardware — barrels of nails, piles of hoe and axe heads, and stacks of muskets; spades leaned against the wall, and heaps of chains lay coiled on the floor. In the centre of the store was a fiery little stove; the pipe was red-hot for some distance, and the smoke, meeting the March blasts in its narrow passage, was sometimes conquered in the struggle and

driven back into the room. One of the clerks was seated near the stove with a customer, to whom he had just sold a bill of goods, and he was now imparting such items of current events as were still new to a man from the interior of the State who had not the benefit of the daily papers. The other clerks were taking stock in groups of three: one, mounted on a ladder, took packages of screws, bolts, cutlery, and so forth from the upper shelves, threw them down to a companion, who caught them dexterously, counted their contents, and called out the same to a third clerk, who noted it down as they were tossed up again and put back in their places. This period, usually an interesting one, because recording the result of the year's work, was now almost an empty form, so few were the goods sold from season to season.

As the men worked they talked of the news from the front, — how Grant was drawing ever closer the cord that was to strangle Lee in Richmond. The account of Lee's attack on Fort Stedman had just been received, and some were rejoicing over its failure and the consequent tightening of Grant's grip on the fated city, when the salesman at the stove broke in, —

"It's all very well for you fellows to crow about the victory, but I've got a brother-in-law somewhere down there with General Lee, and this ain't exactly the kind of news that I like to take to my sister when I go home to dinner. It's been all I could do this last year to keep that damned provost marshal from sending her South; he would have done it if it hadn't been for the old man," giving a backward nod of his head toward the private office of his employer. "Thank the Lord," he added fervently, in spite of the oath just uttered, "it looks as if the war was almost over at last."

As he spoke the great front door swung open slowly and heavily. One

of the stock-takers called his attention to the fact by calling out, warningly, "Butler!"

"All right," returned the young man, bringing his tilted chair down from two feet to four, and coming forward to meet the expected customer. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Brewer? We haven't seen you here for a month of Sundays. What can I do for you to-day?"

They had met some yards from the door, and Butler now perceived that Mr. Brewer was not alone; a slight, womanly figure stood at the door looking out into the street. The old man looked more lank and washed-out than ever; even the sharp wind had brought no color to his cheeks, but only made his faded eyes red and watery. He was dressed in rough homespun, and wore a blue-checked shirt, with a huge, stiff collar, whose points projected far beyond his face, and were evidently cutting his ears cruelly.

"Thanky, Mr. Butler," he said hesitatingly. "I was n't layin' off to buy any goods to-day, but I'd be obleeged if you'd ask Mr. Mitchell if I could see him."

"Certainly," said Butler. "Won't you and the — lady come to the fire?" putting two split-bottomed chairs near it.

"No, thanky, we'll wait here," said Brewer, and during the few moments required for Butler to go to the rear of the store and come back again, the two stood side by side, silent and dejected. Soon they were pausing at the glass door which separated Mr. Mitchell's private room from the rest of the store, to make way for an officer in uniform, who was just taking his leave. The woman started timidly at sight of him, and drew closer to her companion. Mr. Mitchell stood in the doorway, speeding one guest as he welcomed the others.

"Good-morning, colonel. I'll see to that matter at once. Don't forget that my wife expects you to tea this evening. Brewer, how are you? Walk in." And

looking closely at his companion, who had a veil over her face, "Why, it's Lizzie, is n't it?" A vision of the last time he had seen the girl came vividly before him, and he welcomed her with special cordiality, seated them both by the fire, and began a conversation with the father on some commonplace topic. But he soon perceived that this was no ordinary visit. Lizzie was very pale; her childish features looked pinched and anxious, and her eyes had a wide-open look of helpless pain, like those of a child or of some dumb animal. Mr. Mitchell felt sure that something extraordinary had brought about this, her first visit to town. She meant, no doubt, to ask his aid, and he was conscious of a throb of deep sympathy, and a strong desire to be of service to her; remembering besides the part which she had played in his adventure on that autumn night six months before.

"Mr. Mitchell," said Brewer, after a pause, which he had spent in smoothing down a wisp of hair that was plastered over his bald head, "we're in a heap o' trouble, Lizzie an' me, an' I 'lowed I did n't know anybody to come to but you; and Lizzie, she thought so, too." He paused and looked at the girl, whose face flushed slightly as tears filled her eyes, — slow, painful tears, as if the fountain had been wept out, and only these two drops wrung from the very depths and dregs of sorrow.

"You know, Brewer, that I'll do anything I can for you. What is the matter?" asked Mr. Mitchell.

"Well, sir, there's a friend of Lizzie's here that she wants mightily to see, and we thought you might help at it. She's powerful fond of him, and he was a likely lad once, but he got all wrong 'long o' the war."

"Father," said Lizzie reproachfully.

"Well, my dear, I don't want to say no harm o' Sam, fer I know your heart's set on him, and I say he was a likely boy enough when you two young ones

played together. I'm fond of him myself, and I'm almost as much troubled about this here bizness as Lizzie is," he continued, turning again to Mr. Mitchell. "You see, Sam went South, and got into the army, but he had some fuss with one of the officers, so he jest left and come home. His father, old Dave Lyle, was like me, he was for the Union; but Sam's goin' off made the people there think he was a rebel, and the soldiers did treat him powerful bad when they were camped near his farm. They burned his fences, and ruined his pasture, and took his horses, so the old man, he sorter lost heart, and he died soon after Sam got back. Then Sam turned bushwhacker, and he's been raidin' 'round the State nigh about a year, and I reckon he's been perty reckless," he added guardedly. "Tenny rate, he was captured not long ago, and now he's here in jail, and Lizzie and me want to see him."

Mr. Mitchell sat thoughtful for a moment. "I think I can manage it, Brewer. That gentleman who left as you came in is an old friend of mine, and he has great influence with the provost marshal. Are you sure the man is imprisoned here?"

"Yes, sir; we saw it in the paper day before yesterday. It's two weeks old," drawing a crumpled sheet out of his pocket, "and Lizzie's been uneasy for fear he might 'a' been taken somewhere else. She didn't give me no rest till I said I'd bring her to town."

"Very well, then, I'll see about it at once. What's the name? Sam Lyle, did you say?"

Lizzie broke in suddenly, "Oh no, sir. You know he took another name, father. It's Montgomery."

"Montgomery!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell. His face grew very grave, and he hastily took up the morning paper, then as hastily folded and thrust it into one of the pigeon-holes of his desk. "You don't mean to say that

this man is the guerrilla chief, Montgomery?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, a little flicker of pride in her lover shining through her grief. "He has been captain of the band almost from the first."

Mr. Mitchell looked at the simple pair in wonder and pity. To them the bushwhacker was "Sam," the high-spirited fellow whom they had always known; who was a little wild, perhaps, but nothing worse. To Lizzie he was her first lover, the man who had stirred her fancy and won her heart. To Mr. Mitchell he was one of the worst of many criminals who had infested the State of late, and by their outrages increased the horrors of war, and brought reproach upon both parties in the struggle. He had been glad to hear of the man's capture, close on the heels of a brutal murder, and only that morning had read that the trial was over, and the prisoner condemned. These people, in their secluded home, had learned only the first one of a chain of events which was to end on the scaffold. What was he to do? How break to them tidings that would be so terrible?

Mr. Mitchell had been in dilemmas before, and there was one person who had always helped him. Now, in his perplexity, he did what a man always does under similar circumstances, — turned to the best woman he knew; one whose tact and tenderness would enable her to make, and at the same time heal, a grievous wound. It is usually a woman who has this dreary task to perform, who "breaks bad news" by the softness of her heart and the strength of her sympathy. These thoughts flashed through his mind, and he then became conscious that both Brewer and Lizzie were watching him closely, and that a look of alarm was growing on their faces.

"This will never do," he said to himself; then, with an effort, aloud, "I'm afraid it may be harder than I thought to get you an order to visit your friend,

but however, we'll see what can be done. In the mean time, you must both come home with me. I'm sure you are tired, and you can rest while I see Colonel Parker. Cheer up, Lizzie," he continued, turning kindly to her, and feeling like a base impostor as he spoke. "My wife will soon make you feel all right. She has always wanted to know you, and now this is a first-rate chance." He took up his hat and coat as he spoke, and led the way to the street, giving some directions to Butler as they passed through the store.

Mrs. Mitchell made her visitors heartily welcome. She knew and liked Brewer already, and her heart went out at once to the gentle, motherless girl, whose young face was so sad. Her husband found an opportunity to tell her hastily of the painful, almost hopeless, mission on which they had come, and then hurried off to the office of the post-commander. When he told his errand the colonel shook his head.

"Too late, I am afraid. The men are to be hanged this afternoon."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell, "not so soon?"

"So soon, my dear fellow? It would be far better if they had been caught and hung a year ago. A good many innocent lives would have been saved."

"But was not the trial very much hurried?"

The soldier shrugged his broad shoulders. "It can hardly be called a trial," he replied. "The men were caught red-handed, and they were dealt with accordingly. These guerrilla outrages must be stopped. We must make an example of these men. No one can doubt their guilt, even though it may not have been proved down to the last formality of the law."

Mr. Mitchell ruefully acknowledged the justice of arguments which he had often used himself, but somehow they lost their force when he thought of Lizzie Brewer's face. Colonel Parker

agreed to do anything possible to help him, and they went together to the office of the provost marshal. The guard at the gate presented arms, the superior raised his hand in stiff military salute, and they ascended the high stone steps of a house which had once been the pride of the city. Now the steps were stained and defaced, the hall which they entered was bare and dirty, and as they turned into what had once been a long drawing-room, the sense of desolation became more intense. The room was bare of furniture; the rich paper hung in strips from the walls; only the handsome crystal chandeliers and the pier-mirrors over the white marble mantelpieces showed the remains of former splendor. Where were now the gallant forms that had once been reflected in those mirrors? Dead on Southern battle-fields, groaning in hospitals or starving in prisons, both North and South; for this had been, in former times, a rendezvous for the brave and the fair of all parties, and many hands that afterwards shook defiance and death at each other had met here in the dance. Mr. Mitchell sighed as he looked about the familiar room, and thought of the happy family group that he had known there, now scattered and broken, and again his heart swelled in indignant protest against the horrors of this evil war.

The provost marshal — a young man for so responsible a position, but with keen eyes and a square jaw which indicated that he had the force of character necessary to fill it properly — was seated at a plain deal table in an arm-chair covered with tattered, faded damask. He rose and saluted Colonel Parker, but his greeting to the citizen was short and not very courteous. Mr. Mitchell instinctively took the same manner, and said, somewhat curtly, —

"I have come, sir, to request an order to see the prisoner Montgomery."

"Impossible," replied the officer. "He is to be hanged at four o'clock. He has

made no request to see any one, and must not be disturbed in his preparations for death."

"But," urged Mr. Mitchell, "he does not know that he has friends in the city. They have just come on purpose to see him."

"Friends or relatives?" asked the provost.

Mr. Mitchell hesitated. "A friend who has known him from boyhood, and the young woman to whom he is engaged."

"Hum," said the officer, frowning and thoughtfully rubbing his smooth-shaven chin. "The request would have to be made in person, and the visitors searched before entering his cell. Montgomery is a desperate fellow, and would kill himself if he could get the means. They must not be given him; he must be executed."

Colonel Parker now interposed with a few words as to the touching character of the suppliants, and the provost marshal gradually laid aside his official brusqueness and asked several questions which showed a growing interest in the case. Finally, turning to Mr. Mitchell, he said, —

"I would strongly advise that the young woman do not see this man. He has been wounded in the face, in the first place, and is an unsightly object. Besides, his state of mind is terrible, especially since he has learned that he is to be hanged and not shot. He claims that he is an officer in the Confederate army, and should be treated as such. Take my advice, and tell her nothing more until he is dead."

Colonel Parker promptly agreed in this opinion, and after a moment's thought Mr. Mitchell could not but appreciate the wisdom of it. He went sorrowfully to his home, and told his wife of his unsuccessful errand. She said Lizzie was lying down, and her father was in the dining-room. After a short consultation they agreed in the necessity

of telling him the whole truth, and went to find him. They had forgotten that the morning paper was in the room. Brewer held it in his hands when they entered, and by the expression of his face Mr. Mitchell knew that the blow had already fallen. The old man stood on the hearth-rug; one hand clutched the mantel, the other the paper, which trembled in his grasp.

"Look here, 'Squire," he said hoarsely, "is this true? Are they goin' to *kill* Dave Lyle's boy? He's been wild and reckless, I know, but Lord A'mighty, he ain't shorely done nothin' to deserve that! I saw the men that were with him last fall, the time you come out there huntin', and they were a hard set, — heap worse'n Sam. It was the brass buttons and the name o' captain that turned his head. Take me to the prison, Mr. Mitchell; let me see the officers, and tell 'em what I know about the boy and about his father before him. But don't tell Lizzie," he added, lowering his voice; "it would kill the child. Come, let's go now; it may be too late if we don't hurry," and he took up his hat as he spoke.

Mrs. Mitchell wiped her eyes, and her husband stood for a moment silent and downcast; then he took his old friend by the hand and said kindly, "It is too late already, Brewer. I have seen the officers, and they can do nothing. He has been tried and condemned to death."

"But can't we get a new trial? Can't we get it changed to imprisonment? Or if there's a fine, I could pay it. You know I would n't let a matter of money stand in the way of my girl's happiness. My poor little Lizzie!" the old man went on, with a pitiful quaver in his voice. "How on God's earth am I ever to tell her? What can I do? What can I do?" He wrung his hands like a woman in his pain and weakness.

"Sit down here, Brewer, and listen to me quietly for a moment," said Mr.

Mitchell. "Come, for Lizzie's sake." He yielded at once. "Now I have done all I can, and I find that it is doubtful whether you could see Sam even if you applied yourself. He is preparing for death, and it would not be well to distract his thoughts. He is to be executed soon, very soon, — this very day." The old man groaned, and covered his face with his hands. "Now would it not be better to say nothing to Lizzie until all is over?" A sudden thought came to him like an inspiration, and he went on. "She need not know *how* he died. He was wounded when they captured him, and that could account for it."

"Yes, yes," said Brewer eagerly. "She must not know. She must never know. It would kill her. She has loved him all her life, and believed in him, and been proud of him; and now to know he was" — He broke off shuddering. "But who's to tell her he's dead? I can't. My God! I can't. Why, 'Squire, I'd lay down my life to save her from pain, and how could I strike a blow right at her heart?"

The two men looked helplessly at each other. Gentle little Mrs. Mitchell gave a final rub to her eyes, put her handkerchief resolutely into her pocket, and came close to the agonized father.

"I'll take care of that, Mr. Brewer," she said, "if it will be any comfort to you. I'll tell the poor lamb. It would be her mother's place if she were alive, and, with God's help, I'll take it this once."

Mr. Mitchell had a choking sensation in his throat; he could only lay his hand on his wife's shoulder, patting it gently during the moment of silence that followed, for Brewer had no words, even of thanks. Mrs. Mitchell now took matters quietly but completely into her own hands; directed her husband to keep away from the house, since Lizzie did not know of his return, and must think that he was still trying to arrange an interview with her lover. Mr. Mitchell

meekly obeyed, and left the house with a feeling of added tenderness and respect for his wife, while she, with a few sensible words, toned up Brewer's feeble nature to the part which he had to play during the next two hours.

Dinner was over. Brewer had made a show of eating heartily. Lizzie sat silent, listening intently, and starting every time the door opened. The children came from school, and created a diversion. They made much of the visitors, and asked innumerable questions about the farm. Rob's squirrel-skin cap was brought out and duly admired, and only Mrs. Mitchell's timely interference saved her guests from a minute inspection of many other childish treasures stored away in odd corners of the house and yard. Rob wondered where his father was. Lizzie's heart leaped into her eyes at the question, and Brewer rose at once, and said he would go down to the store and see if there were any news. He stood behind Lizzie as he spoke, his hands on the back of her chair, his eyes on her young head. His chin began to tremble. He looked appealingly at Mrs. Mitchell, who nodded encouragingly, and said, —

"Go right along, Mr. Brewer, that's the best thing you can do. I'll take care of Lizzie."

He looked at her gratefully, then laid his horny hand softly on the brown hair before him, and said, with infinite tenderness in his voice, "You stay here, my daughter; pappy'll soon come back and tell you how things look." The plain old face was transfigured for a moment, glorified by a look of unspeakable love for his child; then a great sob rose in his throat, and he hurried from the room.

A little later, Lizzie Brewer sat alone in the cosy family sitting-room, her hands clasped in her lap, her head drooping. She did not weep, but there was a look of fixed sadness in her eyes, and now and then a pathetic quiver about

her lips, that told what she was suffering. Her heart was aching with sorrow and dread, and above all with unspeakable longing.

"Oh Sam! Sam!" she murmured. "If I could only see you just once! If I could only tell you that I love you better than ever! My poor, poor boy!"

She thought of him in prison, lonely, suffering, brow-beaten, — he to whom she had looked up as to a superior in his days of pride; and there entered into her love an element which made it very tender, — that maternal instinct which is always present, though perhaps latent, in the love of every true woman, even for husband or lover. It is this instinct which enables her to give the gentlest service where her highest respect and sentiment is awakened; it makes her heart the haven, the balm for life's stricken ones; sometimes it even outlasts love and pride. Lizzie stretched out her arms involuntarily, as if to fold her beloved in them; they ached with emptiness. She rose and walked restlessly about the room, saying, —

"It can't last much longer — it *can't*! I could n't stand it. Father and Mr. Mitchell will surely get them to let me see him. Oh, if they would only come!"

She went to the window and stood looking down into the street; it seemed crowded to her rustic eyes, and there was in truth an unusual stir among the groups that passed, all going in the same direction, away from the city and out towards the commons. One man was evidently explaining something to several others who were walking with him; he paused for a moment and pointed backward, then held up his hand warningly as if telling them to listen. Just then a sound fell upon Lizzie's ear; solemn, ominous, she felt it to be, though heard now for the first time in her life. It was the hollow, monotonous roll of a drum, two slow beats together, then three a shade more closely connected;

just these five counts over and over again, unchanged, unvaried, marking the time for marching feet, making her heart swell with a vague but terrible foreboding of evil. She had been diverted for a moment by the life and movement in the street, but at this sound her thoughts turned instantly to her lover, true to that law by which a great love in one's heart becomes the pivotal point upon which all else turns, the centre about which clusters all joy and all sorrow. Just as in happier days any simple gladness in her life — the odor of a flower, the beauty in sky or field — had set her longing for his sympathy, so now, her nature profoundly moved by this unwonted sound, she turned to him, though in no way associating him with it. Still sounded the five steady beats, coming nearer and nearer, and seeming to strike her heart to stone, so cold and heavy it had grown; the passers-by hurried on toward a cross street at right angles with the one on which the house stood. Suddenly there broke out the brazen blare of horns; it was like the crash of that calamity which the muffled drum had foreboded. Lizzie trembled, cowered; her whole nature, finely tuned for the nonce by love, vibrated in unison with the solemn, inspiring notes of the Dead March. It was not alone that her individual sorrow stood forth more vividly; it was a new and overwhelming sense of the great sum of human misery, of life with its infinite pain, and of "the old, old fashion, death." She sank upon her knees and laid her face in her hands, and rested so until the music slowly died away in the distance. She did not at all know what it meant; she was ignorant that it touched her narrow life; but it taught her, educated her, more than all her past had done. It lifted her above the ordinary plane; she was no longer self-centred, but a unit in the great scheme of things that stretched out far beyond her knowing. Never had her heart sounded such a

depth of sadness ; never had it caught such a conception of infinite calm ; for a moment she understood the agony of Gethsemane and the serenity of Calvary.

Lizzie did not hear the door open or perceive that she was no longer alone until she felt about her the motherly arms of Mrs. Mitchell. Then the spell of the music was broken, the reaction came, and she fell from her high mood into a burst of womanly tears. Mrs. Mitchell soothed and petted her as she would have comforted one of her own little ones in some childish trouble ; and then, when Lizzie was quieter, led her to talk of her father, and said that he had grown a good deal older in these last years. She was glad to see that the girl's gentle heart took quick alarm.

"You don't think he is sick, do you, Mrs. Mitchell?" she asked anxiously.

"No, my dear, only greatly troubled just now. But you know people have less courage as they grow older ; sorrow is harder to them ; so you must try now and help him bear whatever comes, just as he has helped and cared for you all these years."

Lizzie's head drooped for a moment ; then she said, "I never thought of that. I'm afraid I have n't been much comfort to him lately. I've been thinking of myself, and of — of — some one else," she added, hesitating.

"Yes, I know," said gentle Mrs. Mitchell ; "of some one who has come into your life, and who may go out of it again. But your father is yours as long as you both live, — nothing can change him. You must remember that, and if he should bring bad news you must be brave for his sake, dear child, for every tear of yours is like a knife to his heart."

Lizzie looked up quickly, her eyes startled, terror-stricken.

"Oh, Mrs. Mitchell, do you think the news will be bad? Won't they let me see Sam? Oh, just once, once more!" she made her natural human moan.

Mrs. Mitchell spoke now very gravely. "My dear, Sam was badly wounded when they captured him. He was in prison for two weeks, where you know men are sometimes roughly treated. He grew worse there, not better."

The girl sprang up ; a look of terrible certainty came into her white face. "Is he dead?"

Mrs. Mitchell silently covered her eyes.

"Dead!" the girl repeated in an awed whisper ; it was no longer a question. Then, after a moment, "That music — was it for him?"

"Yes, my child, for him. When a soldier dies, he is always buried so."

The door opened softly and Brewer paused on the threshold, scanning the face of his child ; he saw that the blow had fallen, and silently held out his arms to her as he entered. She turned to him : "O father, you are all I have! Take me home, take me home!" and her head sought the faithful shelter, the true breast that had soothed her motherless childhood. Then the door closed, and they were alone with their grief.

And so we too will leave them. We will not watch through those first hours of agony, nor follow them in their journey to their saddened home. The spring hope blossomed into summer's fullness and died with the fallen leaves ; but Lizzie Brewer's heart stood still in a monotony of sorrow. The father watched her with untiring though awkward care, soothing her with commonplace phrases that were quickened into new meaning by his infinite tenderness for his stricken child. There was little real comfort for her in his words, but she saw at last how pinched and old his face had grown, and this won the first thought from her dead lover. Her soldier, her hero — for he was always that to her, shielded as she was in her secluded life from any cruel awakening. About his distant grave clustered all the romance and sentiment of her simple nature.

She glorified every act of his life ; she dreamed what he would have been had he lived — for her ; not knowing that death had chilled into enduring form a flower of love that otherwise would

have faded. Her way is lonely since then, but she holds in her heart's inner chamber an idol which can never be shattered, an ideal which can never be degraded. Shall we pity, or envy her?

Patty Blackburn Semple.

GARIBALDI'S EARLY YEARS.

THE publication, somewhat earlier than was expected, of Garibaldi's Autobiography¹ will revive interest in that extraordinary man, and in that crisis through which Europe has been passing ever since the destruction of the Bastille marked the fall of feudalism. Penetrating as deeply as we can towards the heart of this transformation, we must declare that our age only half knows itself. It may well be that when men look back, two or three hundred years hence, upon this nineteenth century, they will announce its salient characteristic to have been, not scientific, not inventive, but *romantic*. Science will soon bury our present heaps of facts under larger accumulations, from the summit of which broader theories may be scanned ; to-morrow will make to-day's wonderful invention old-fashioned and insufficient : but the romance with which this later time has been charged will exercise an increasing fascination over poets and novelists and historians, as the years roll on. Oblivion swallows up material achievements, but great deeds never grow old. That many of our contemporary writers should not have heard this note of the age argues that they, rather than the age, are prosaic and commonplace. For to what other period shall we turn for a richer store of those vicissitudes and contrasts in fortune which make up the real romance,

the profound tragedy, of life? Everywhere the dissolution of a society rooted in mediæval traditions is accompanied by confusion and struggle, — the birth-pangs of a new order. Classes whose separation seemed permanent are thrown together, and antagonistic elements are strangely mixed ; there is strife, and doubt, and excess ; sudden combinations are suddenly rent by discords ; anachronisms flourish side by side with innovations ; new institutions wear old names, and old abuses mask in new disguises.

In such a crisis, two facts are prominent : the unusual range of activity offered to the individual — may he not traverse the whole scale of experience? — and the dependence of the individual upon himself. He rises, or he falls, by his own motion. The privileges of caste avail nothing ; for the very confusion produces a certain wild equality, whereby all start at the line, and the swiftest wins. Napoleon's maxim, *La carrière ouverte aux talents*, is the motto of the century. Napoleon himself is a stupendous illustration of the power of the individual to make the momentum of circumstances work for him. The Revolution, it is true, had harnessed the steeds ; but Napoleon dared to mount the chariot, took the reins, and drove over Europe, upsetting thrones, and princedoms, and hierarchies. The haughty descendants of immemorial lineage gave place to the brothers and comrades of the "Corsican upstart." Murat, the son of a

¹ It was understood that these memoirs would be published in 1892, ten years after Garibaldi's death.

tavern-keeper ; Ney, a briefless law-student ; Lannes, a dyer ; Soult, Masséna, Berthier, Junot, soldiers of fortune ; and how many other children of the third estate smiled at the pretensions of humbled Bourbons, Hapsburgers, and Hohenzollerns ! Frequent reactions and restorations serve to emphasize the depth and stress of this crisis ; and these contrasts in the conditions of men, revealing human character under the most diverse phases, show how inextricably the romantic and the tragic are interwoven in the average lot.

Nor in Europe only has this spectacle been going forward. The United States also have witnessed similarly rapid transmutations, partly due to other causes. Within a generation we have seen a gigantic national upheaval : three millions of artisans, clerks, merchants, and lawyers were transformed by the magic of a drum-beat into soldiers ; and then, the conflict being over, soldiers and uniforms vanished, and the labors of peace were resumed. Lincoln, a country lawyer, became the President of the nation, and Grant, an obscure tanner, rose to the command of the mightiest army of modern times. If we read of such transpositions in ancient history, great would be our astonishment, significant the moral we should draw from them : to posterity our history will be ancient, and its significance clear.

Among all the political achievements of our century, none, perhaps, has more of charm or nobleness than the redemption of Italy. Whether we look at the variety and difficulty of the undertaking, or at the careers of the leaders and the temper of the people who engaged in it, we are alike allured and amazed. After the fall of the Roman Empire, Italy had never been united under one government : nevertheless, from the time of Dante on, the aspiration towards national

unity was kept burning in every patriotic Italian heart. During the Middle Ages, little republics won independence by overthrowing their feudal lords ; then they quarreled among themselves, and then they became the prey and appanage of a few strong families. The Bishop of Rome, forgetful of his spiritual mission, lusted after worldly power, established himself as a temporal sovereign, and elevated his cardinals into temporal princes. Foreign invaders — Normans, Spaniards, Germans, French — swept over the peninsula in successive waves ; bloodshed and pillage signalized their coming, and corruption was the slime they left behind them. One by one, the refuges of independence were submerged in the flood of servitude ; until at last Venice herself, become merely the mummy of a republic, crumbled to dust at Napoleon's touch. Napoleon promised, but did not give, to Italy the unity or the freedom which she still dreamed of ; he parceled her anew into duchies and kingdoms. By that act he broke down ancient barriers and opened a new prospect. Italians beheld the old order, which had so long oppressed them that many believed it must endure perpetually, suddenly dissolved, and in its stead a change, although not the change they longed for. Still, any change, in such circumstances, implies fresh possibilities ; and the Italians passed from a lethargy which had seemed hopelessly enthralling into a restless wakefulness.

The twenty years of the reign of Force, of which Napoleon was the embodiment, ended at Waterloo. Europe, exhausted, sank back into conservatism, and was ruled for thirty years by Craft, of which Metternich was the symbol.¹ The Congress of Vienna reimposed the past upon Italy. Monarchs and bureaucrats, like children who amuse themselves by "making believe" things are

four stages complete the cycle of European politics during the past century.

¹ After Metternich, we have the period of Sham-Force, under Louis Napoleon ; and finally, of Force again, under Bismarck. These

not as they are, would have it appear that the deluge of revolution, with all its mighty wrecks and subversions, had never happened. The Pope was restored in the States of the Church; the Bourbons ruled again in Naples and Sicily; an Austrian was Archduke of Tuscany; Parma and Piacenza were assigned to Napoleon's wife, Maria Louisa; Venetia and Lombardy were given as spoils to Austria; an absolutist king reigned in Piedmont. Evidently, the revolution had been but a summer thunder-storm, for the sun of despotism was shining once more. The sun shone; but what of the sultry air? What of the threatening clouds along the horizon? Were these the fringe of the dispersing storm, or the portents of another? Mutterings and rumblings, too, Carbonari plottings, and quickly extinguished flashes of insurrection, — did not these omens belie Diplomacy's pretense that the eighteenth century had been happily resuscitated to exist forever?

It was during this interval of reaction and relapse, when hope was stifled and energy slept; when victorious despotism flattered itself with the belief that the Napoleonic episode had demonstrated the absurdity of Liberalism; when Metternich, the spider of Schönbrunn, was spinning his cobwebs of chicane across the path to liberty, — then it was that the generation which should live to see Italy free and united was getting what learning it could in the Jesuit-ridden schools. Of this generation the most romantic figure was Giuseppe Garibaldi. He had the distinction of being revered, while still alive, as an epic hero; and we cannot doubt that, both by the broad, permanent traits of his character and the startling achievements of his career, he will be a hero to posterity. His life may furnish some future Tasso with a nobler theme than Godfrey's; neither invention nor myth can add anything to its unique poetic quality. He lived dramas as naturally as Shake-

speare wrote them. The commonplace could not befall him; every event had the surprise and charm of romance. His magic influence, not among his countrymen only, but among whatever people he was thrown with, proved that beneath the surface of our nineteenth-century society, which seems sealed by a dense scum of selfishness, there is a mighty volume of emotion and unselfish enthusiasm, which, once given an outlet and a direction, will sweep all before it. Two things were necessary for Garibaldi's success: his own unshakable devotion to an ideal, and a worthy ideal. Had his devotion been less, he could not have persisted to the end against obstacles and defeats; had the cause been circumscribed, his zeal might have narrowed into the fanaticism of a Torquemada or a Calvin.

This recently published Autobiography reveals the man in no new light. It will not alter the verdict which historians have already reached concerning the chief events in which he took part. During his life he was as outspoken as a spoilt child, making no secret of his likes and dislikes. In this final confession, he does not condescend to support his statement of disputed points by documents or witnesses. "This is the fact as I saw it," is the purport of every page; and you feel sure that volumes of contradictory evidence could not change the aspect of the fact *for him*. He writes so freely from his feelings that some readers, particularly Anglo-Saxons, may be prejudiced against his intensity: let such remember that the superlative was his positive degree, and that the Italian temperament, aided by the most flexible of modern languages, has a habit of vivid expression which foreigners at first distrust.¹ But that he wished to be sincere cannot be doubted. His Autobiography has the peculiar value

¹ Dante in poetry and Cavour in politics are examples, on the contrary, of Italians who stated facts with intense simplicity.

of being the chronicle of a life which was actually romantic. Its various parts were written at different periods (which the editor does not always state), and present to us Garibaldi's impressions of events soon after their occurrence, and not in a calm, later retrospect. Although this causes a slight confusion, it enables us to perceive that his opinions were intrinsically immutable, and that there is little mystery requiring explanation in his acts. When you have grasped his dominant purpose, you will not be puzzled by casual inconsistencies. He himself summarizes his character as follows: "A tempestuous life, composed of good and of evil, as I believe of the large part of the world. A consciousness of having sought the good always, for me and for my kind. If I have sometimes done wrong, certainly I did it involuntarily. A hater of tyranny and falsehood, with the profound conviction that in them is the principal origin of the ills and of the corruption of the human race. Hence a republican, this being the system of honest folk, the normal system, willed by the majority, and consequently not imposed with violence and with imposture. Tolerant and not exclusive, incapable of imposing my republicanism by force; on the English, for instance, if they are contented with the government of Queen Victoria. And however contented they may be, their government should be considered republican. A republican, but evermore persuaded of the necessity of an honest and temporary dictatorship at the head of those nations which, like France, Spain, and Italy, are the victims of a most pernicious Byzantinism. . . . I was copious in praises of the dead, fallen on fields of battle for liberty. I praised less the living, especially my comrades. When I felt myself urged by just rancor against those who wronged me, I strove to placate my resentment before speaking of the offense and of the offender. In every writing

of mine, I have always attacked clericalism, more particularly because in it I have always believed that I found the prop of every despotism, of every vice, of every corruption. The priest is the personification of lies, the liar is a thief, the thief is a murderer, — and I could find for the priest a series of infamous corollaries." These tenets, written on the eve of his sixty-fifth birthday (July 3, 1872), had been Garibaldi's guide through life; experience but confirmed him in them, as we shall observe in examining that life.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice, July 4, 1807, in a house near the water's edge. His father was a sailor, thrifty enough to be master of a small craft of his own; his mother was a simple, pious woman. He records but few incidents of his childhood, but in these few his tender-heartedness and courage are already manifest. Thus he was so much grieved at having broken a grasshopper's leg that he shut himself in his room, and wept bitterly. Upon another occasion, he rescued a woman from drowning. His earliest masters were two priests, from whom he learnt nothing; then a certain layman named Arena taught him a smattering of Italian, writing, and arithmetic, and he picked up a little history. But he was fonder of play than of study, and conspired with some of his mates to run away to Genoa, merely for the excitement of the adventure. So they stocked a sail-boat with a few provisions, but had hardly got opposite to Monaco when a cutter, sent in pursuit by Garibaldi's father, overtook them, and brought them home, mortified. He played truant no more, but his predilection for roving was so strong that at last, when he was fourteen, his parents consented to his going to sea.

His first voyage was on the ship *Costanza*, bound for Odessa; his second, on his father's tartane, the *Santa Reparata*, resulted in an excursion to Rome.

Immense the impression the Holy City made on his imagination! He saw not the Rome of the Cæsars, nor the Rome of the Popes, — the city whose monuments entomb twenty-five centuries of history; but, he says, “the Rome of the future, that Rome of which I have never despaired, — shipwrecked, at the point of death, buried in the depth of American forests; the Rome of the regenerating idea of a great people; the dominating idea of whatever Past or Present could inspire in me, as it has been through all my life. Oh, Rome became then dear to me above all earthly existences. I adored her with all the fervor of my soul. In short, Rome for me is Italy, and I see no Italy possible save in the union, compact or federate, of her scattered members. Rome is the symbol of united Italy, under whatever form you will. And the most infernal work of the papacy was that of keeping her morally and materially divided.”¹

Strange thoughts these for a sailor lad of eighteen to be revolving in his breast, as he wandered through the streets of Rome, about the year 1825, just at the time when Metternichism had the upper hand in Europe, and was discouraging, by gagging and imprisonment, the utterers of such sentiments. But Russian Czars themselves and Romish Inquisitors have never succeeded in devising a gag for the thinking of the most rebellious thoughts; and the youthful Garibaldi, perhaps under the very dome of St. Peter's, nursed his aspirations unsuspected, and he quitted Rome with that passionate ideal tormenting his heart.

Several years of seafaring followed: voyages to Sardinia, to the Canaries, to the Levant. Once, while at Constantinople, he fell sick, and had to be left behind when his ship sailed. War breaking out between Turkey and Russia, he was detained several months, and, having spent all his money, he served as tutor to three boys. On his departure,

¹ This was written in 1849.

he was entrusted with the command of a trader, bound for Port Mahon, and thenceforth on his voyages he had the dignity of master. But his patriotic aspirations seduced him more and more from meditation to action. He sought books treating of Italian liberty and persons consecrated to it; and when one day a young Ligurian unfolded to him the clandestine efforts then making, “Certainly,” he says, “Columbus did not experience so great a satisfaction at the discovery of America as I experienced at finding that there were those who occupied themselves in the redemption of our fatherland.” Mazzini, who had been banished from Piedmont in 1830, had founded the revolutionary society of Young Italy, and to this Garibaldi, like most of the spirited young Italians at that time, was drawn. But the Piedmontese government was vigilant, because fearful; Garibaldi was suspected of conspiring, and had to flee for his life. “Disguised as a peasant, and proscribed,” he records laconically, “at seven in the evening of February 5, 1834, I quitted Genoa by the Porta della Lanterna. Here begins my public career.” Under the assumed name Giuseppe Pane he escaped to Marseilles, where, a few days later, he read in a newspaper that the Piedmontese government had sentenced him to death. After months of idleness, — not wholly idle, however, for he volunteered to nurse the cholera patients in the hospital, an epidemic having beset Marseilles, — a chance came to reship. He took a cargo to the Black Sea, another to Tunis, and then sailed for Rio Janeiro. There he met a fellow-exile, Rossetti, and for a while they kept a shop. “But for business,” he remarks, “Rossetti and I were not adapted;” and when a more congenial occupation offered itself, they accepted it.

The province of Rio Grande do Sul, which forms the southern triangle of the Empire of Brazil, was then in revolt, having declared itself a republic. Bento

Gonzales, its president, had been captured, with his staff, by the Brazilians, and brought to Rio Janeiro. Garibaldi and Rossetti could not remain indifferent when a people was fighting for its liberty. Procuring letters of marque, they equipped a privateer, — a mere fishing-smack, of small size, — which they named the *Mazzini*, sailed out of the Brazilian capital with but twelve companions, hoisted the tricolor flag, and bade defiance to an empire! Don Quixote himself never launched on an enterprise apparently so foolhardy. But fortune favored them at the start: they captured a prize laden with coffee, and then sailed for the Rio de la Plata. Rossetti went to Montevideo to organize revolt by land, but the *Mazzini*, instead of being hailed as an ally, was treated as a pirate, and her crew were threatened with arrest. Supplies being exhausted, and there being no hope of replenishing them in any port, Garibaldi stood along the coast until he came to a cattle-ranch. They had no skiff, so he and a sailor floated ashore on a plank. Proceeding to the ranchero's dwelling, at some distance inland, he was hospitably received by the ranchero's wife, with whom he discussed Italian poetry until her husband's return, when an ox was soon bargained for.

It was on this expedition that Garibaldi first saw the pampas, those immense South American prairies, with their herds of wild horses, cattle, gazelles, and emus, of which he always speaks enthusiastically. The ocean-like expanse of billowy grass, the sense of vast freedom, the tranquillity and beauty of Nature, and the absence of the arts and artificiality of man captivated him. The independent settlers, too, veritable centaurs, "almost born in the saddle," he says, "downright, fearless, hospitable, were beings after his own pattern. He gives in sundry places many very vivid descriptions of that half-Bedouin, half-civilized life of the *guacho* with his ter-

rible *botas*, of the native Indian who still had traits of pre-European days, of the half-breed and the *matrero* — now cowboy, now booty-seeker, — of mustang-taming and beef-salting. Although many interesting quotations might be made, let one suffice as a specimen. "How beautiful," he exclaims, "the stallion of the pampa! His lips never felt the chill restraint of the bit, and his glistening back, never burdened by the seat of man, shines like a diamond in the brightness of the sun. His splendid but uncombed mane beats his sides, as the haughty one, gathering the scattered mares or fleeing the persecution of man, outruns the swiftness of the wind. His natural hoof, never soiled in the stall of man, is clearer than ivory, and his luxuriant tail flaunts like a pennon in the breath of the pampa-wind, protecting the noble animal from the torment of insects."

Garibaldi and his comrade had hardly regained the *Mazzini*, before an attack was made upon them by two boat-loads of enemies from Montevideo. After a desperate fight, the assailants were beaten off, but during the combat Garibaldi had been struck down by a bullet in the neck. There was no surgeon to attend him; no pilot to steer the *Mazzini* to the La Plata, towards which her course was laid. Moreover, several of the crew, terrified at the prospect of being dealt with as pirates, showed signs of mutiny. A chart was brought to Garibaldi. His eyes fell upon the name, printed in the largest type, of Santa Fé, a town on the Parana. Unable to speak, he put his finger on the place, and for Santa Fé the privateer was accordingly headed. Garibaldi slowly recovered. When the adventurers reached Guleaguay, on the same river, they were arrested, but treated not harshly. For several months Garibaldi was held in loose confinement, being permitted to go about the town, and even to ride into the suburbs. At last, however, he planned an escape, and

had ridden more than fifty miles southward, when his guide betrayed him to a squad of pursuers. Bound hand and foot on his horse, he was brought back to Guauguay, where Millan, the commandant, having first cut him in the face with a whip, caused him to be hung up for two hours by cords tied round his wrists. That torture ended, the prisoner was thrown into a dungeon, where he would have died, he says, but for the kind offices of a woman, who risked the commandant's displeasure in nursing him. Later, he was removed to Bajada, the capital of the province, and after two months he was released. He returned to Montevideo, to find his name among the proscribed, but friends concealed him, as they had concealed Rossetti.

Nothing discouraged, Garibaldi and Rossetti determined to renew their exertions in behalf of the republic of Rio Grande. They took a long ride across Uruguay, and presented themselves before President Gonzales, who had returned from his Brazilian captivity, and was prosecuting the war. Garibaldi was commissioned to fit out two cruisers, the *Republicano* and the *Rio Pardo*, and he enlisted for them a motley, cosmopolitan crew of sailors and marines, typical of that mixture of races which composes a South American state. There were freedmen, both negroes and mulattoes; natives, of Spanish and Portuguese descent; Italians and other Europeans; a few North Americans; and those nondescript, mongrel adventurers still to be met in South American ports under the name of *frères de la côte*. Garibaldi took command of the *Rio Pardo*; John Grigg, who had renounced a fortune in the United States in order to fight (and die, as it happened) for freedom in Rio Grande, was captain of the *Republicano*; Rossetti stayed ashore to edit a newspaper, for in South America, as in Europe, the journalist was a powerful agent of revolution.

We need not follow in detail the adventures of Garibaldi and his comrades. There was constant fighting by sea and by land, daily perils, hair-breadth escapes, varied now and then by moments of quiet, spent in the society of gracious ladies, sisters of President Gonzales, who lived on his large estate at Camacuan. Compared with the wars and battles of modern Europe and the United States, these exploits seem insignificant; nevertheless, they decided the fate of territories as large as France, and they called for a display of those martial virtues which beget heroism in any emergency. The reader who delights in tales of adventure will find a rare entertainment in these. What marches through the passes of snow-clad sierras, and through the trackless wilderness of primeval forests! What raids across the pampas, to capture some hostile position, or to anticipate attack! What hand-to-hand encounters on ship-decks! What hunger, thirst, cold, storms, added to the violence of enemies! One might believe that the strongest instinct in men here below is the instinct of extermination; that the purpose of each is to destroy all his fellows, and to become the unchallenged monarch of a world inhabited only by himself.

When South America shall have passed out of the state of chronic revolution into that of civilized order, Garibaldi's account of the former will be invaluable to the historian, who will observe that there, as elsewhere, social forces first manifest themselves by a lawless exuberance; that the period of anarchy is succeeded by a period of monarchy (whether the Strong Man have the name of monarch, or not); and that then, slowly, temperance, order, harmony, and liberty supersede the lower methods.

But our interest at this time is fixed on Garibaldi, and we come now to one of the marking episodes in his life. At

the outset of one of his marine expeditions his vessels were cast away in a storm. He succeeded in swimming to the shore, but his dearest companions perished. He felt lonely, dispirited; and though he was soon in command of another cruiser, the excitements of war could no longer dissipate his melancholy. "In short," he says, in a passage too characteristic to be omitted, "I had need of a human being to love me immediately; to have one near without whom existence was growing intolerable to me. Although not old, I understood men well enough to know how hard it is to find a true friend. A woman? Yes, a woman; for I always deemed her the most perfect of creatures, and, whatever may be said, amongst women it is infinitely easier to find a loving heart. I was pacing the quarter-deck of the *Itaparica*, ruminating my dismal thoughts, and, after reasonings of all kinds, I decided finally to seek a woman, to draw me out of my tiresome and unbearable condition. I cast a casual glance towards the Barra, — that was the name of a rather high hill at the entrance of the lagoon, towards the south, on which were visible some simple and picturesque habitations. There, with the aid of the glass which I habitually carried when on deck, I discovered a young woman. I had myself set ashore in her direction. I disembarked, and going towards the house where was the object of my expedition, I had not reached her before I met a man of the place, whom I had known at the beginning of our stay. He asked me to take coffee in his house. We entered, and the first person who met my gaze was she whose appearance had caused me to come ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my sons; the companion of my life, in good and evil fortune; the woman whose courage I have so often envied. We both remained rapt and speechless, reciprocally looking at each other, like two persons who do not meet

for the first time, and who seek in the features one of the other something to assist recollection. At last I greeted her, and said, 'Thou must be mine.' I spoke but little Portuguese, and uttered these hardy words in Italian. However, I was magnetic in my presumption. I had drawn a knot, sealed a compact, which death alone could break. I had met a forbidden treasure, yet a treasure of great price. If there was wrong, it was wholly mine. And there was wrong. Yes, two hearts were knitted together with immense love, but the existence of an innocent man was shattered. She is dead; I, unhappy; he, avenged. Yes, avenged. I recognized the great wrong I did, that day when, hoping still to have her alive, I grasped the pulse of a corpse, and wept tears of despair. I erred greatly, — I erred alone."

Verily, as I remarked above, the commonplace could not befall Garibaldi. A man of such impulsiveness and emotion would have adorned that "society in a state of nature" which Jean Jacques believed had once flourished, and wished to see return. This meeting and instantaneous infatuation remind us of Don Juan and Haidee. A few nights later Garibaldi carried Anita off to his ship, clandestinely, as it appears, and they were wedded when they reached another port. The "innocent, wronged man" was Anita's father, who had betrothed her against her will. She was a companion matching Garibaldi's ideal, and he, susceptible and chivalrous, in an almost mediæval way, to women, cherished her passionately. She shared his wild fortunes and hardships; she was an indefatigable horsewoman, a dead shot, and, upon occasion, she could touch off a cannon.

The war dragged on interminably; generally the advantage lay with the Brazilians, owing to their superior force and generalship, and to dissensions among the republicans. At length Garibaldi applied for a furlough. He was weary

with six years of continuous exertion ; he was anxious for news of his parents and country ; and, above all, it behooved him to provide a better home than a tent or a saddle for his wife and family, as Anita had borne him two sons. We find him, therefore, some time in the year 1841, toiling towards Montevideo, accompanied by wife and babes, a few cow-boys, and a drove of nine hundred cattle, from which he hoped to realize a little fortune. It was a fifty days' journey, and he reached the city with but a few score hides, his beasts having died or straggled away along the route. For a time he harnessed himself to a peaceful employment ; he taught mathematics — of the elementary grade, we may presume — in a private school kept by an Italian, and earned what he could besides as commission broker.

Repose may have been grateful to him at first, but he could not long endure the routine of school-teaching and business, and when the call to action came he quickly obeyed it. The republic of Uruguay was then involved in one of those internecine wrangles which have hitherto made up the history of South American States. As usual, the question was, Who shall be tyrant ? and the contestants were Ribera and Ouribes. The partisans of the former were victorious. Ouribes and his party, being driven out, fled to Buenos Ayres. There a similar fight was raging between Rosas, chief of the Unitarian, and Lavalle, chief of the Federal, faction. Rosas ousted his rival, welcomed Ouribes and the expelled Montevideans, and asked nothing better than to take revenge upon Montevideo, where the Unitarians had found an asylum. Moreover, the republic of Uruguay, lying on the left bank of the La Plata, was the commercial and political competitor of Buenos Ayres, lying on the right shore of the river. Here was a double incentive to war, and war ensued.

The issues being thus defined, Gari-

baldi could not rest quietly teaching boys the multiplication table. News came from Rio Grande that an armistice had been agreed upon, with peace in prospect, so that he was released from his allegiance there, and he took up the cause of Ribera and the Montevideans very willingly, as he detested Rosas and Ouribes for their tyranny and cruelty. Three war-ships were fitted out, and it was planned that he should ascend the Parana to Corrientes, the capital of a province in league with Uruguay, and there begin operations against the enemy. To succeed, he must elude a hostile fleet under General Brown, the ablest naval officer in those parts. Unfortunately, the river was running low ; Garibaldi's largest ship grounded, and he was forced to anchor his little squadron, and await Brown's attack. The combat lasted two days (May 16-17, 1842). Garibaldi's guns were of small calibre and short range, whereas Brown's broadsides carried havoc. Some of the Montevideans lost heart and deserted ; one of the captains sneaked away in the night. The ammunition, even to the chain cables which had been fed to the cannon, was exhausted. There was no alternative but to surrender, or to blow up the ships and retreat up the river in the small boats. Garibaldi determined on the latter, and escaped with but a fragment of his original force.

Seven or eight months of fighting by land followed ; then, early in the next year, Garibaldi returned to Montevideo, where, on February 16, 1843, the enemy began a siege which lasted several years. The outlook for the Montevideans was gloomy. Their generals had been worsted in the field ; their ships had been destroyed, so that hostile men-of-war fearlessly entered the harbor. Vidal, minister of war, having stolen all the money he could lay hold of in the treasury, had absconded to spend it in Europe. The chronic danger of internal revolution had always to be guarded

against; and yet Montevideo, largely, it seems, owing to the resolution of a patriotic leader named Pacheco, and to the assistance of the foreign inhabitants, prepared to defend itself.

Of chief interest to us who are not deeply concerned in those South American broils is the fact that Garibaldi organized an "Italian legion," which gave proof, in many engagements and in long garrison duty, of courage and of capacity for discipline. This demonstration was important, because, for generations past, the Italian had been taunted in Europe with being a white-livered fellow, who had no soldierly quality.¹ Despots felt sure of their possessions in Italy, believing that the Italians would never stand fire. Garibaldi proved at Montevideo that his countrymen, if properly drilled and ably captained, could and would fight; and his legion was not a whit behind that of the French in valor and serviceableness during the siege.

But while military operations in that far corner of the earth were fluctuating, like an intermittent fever, between spasms of fiery activity and intervals of enervation, events in Europe were hastening to a crisis. That time-section of eighteenth century despotism which diplomacy had intercalated into the nineteenth was well-nigh spent. The lion Demus, awaking from his sleep, discovered that he had been bound in meshes of pack-thread; already he threatened to shake himself free. Thirty years of Metternichism had all been of no avail. Gaggings, dungeons, executions, banishments, confiscations, — all of no avail. Triumphant absolutism had, indeed, succeeded in slaying the apostles of liberty, but the idea which had vivified those dead men perished not with them. Invisible, indestructible, like pollen carried and sown by the wind, it dropped silently

into many hearts, and grew silently towards the time of harvest.

Great was the rejoicing among the Italians in Montevideo when the news came to them that the tyrannical Pope Gregory XVI. was dead; that on June 16, 1846, Giovanni Mastai Ferretti had been chosen to succeed him; that the new pontiff, who elected the title of Pius IX., was esteemed a man of liberal tendencies; that he had granted an amnesty (a delusion, as it proved) to political offenders; and that he had summoned to his council advisers in sympathy with the aspirations of patriotic Italians. At last were the dreams of the Neo-Guelphs to be realized, — Italy was to be freed from foreign oppressors, and united in a confederation under the presidency of the Pope! That these expectations were never fulfilled we cannot charge wholly to the duplicity or cowardice of Pius. Enthusiasts projected out of themselves a meaning into his first acts which he had never intended, and when he found himself being swept along a course he had not laid out, he quickly turned back, and was consistent in his mediævalism.

To Garibaldi the news was as welcome as the return of the dove to Noah. Now, after fourteen years of exile, he could devote his strength to Italy. He had spilled his blood for the freedom of strangers; now he could fight, and die if need be, for his countrymen. In his eagerness, he wrote and offered his services to Pius IX. as the redeemer of Italy. We have no intimation that the Pope or the Pope's secretary deigned to reply to it. Garibaldi grew impatient, and decided to sail for home. A brigantine, propitiously named *La Speranza*, was hired and made ready. Sixty-three of the legion accompanied him, Anita and the children having been sent on an earlier packet. They stood out of the harbor of Montevideo, greatly to the regret of the Montevideans, on April 15, 1848, and after touching at Santa Pola, on the coast of Spain, — where they were

¹ As late as 1848, the French general, Lamoricière, cynically remarked, "*Les Italiens ne se battent pas.*"

thrown into feverish excitement by the tidings that Palermo, Milan, and Venice were in revolt, and that the revolution was general throughout Continental Europe, — they dropped anchor at Nice on the 23d of June. There the latest report of the situation was imparted to them.

Not even during the Napoleonic upheaval had modern Europe felt a convulsion like that of 1848, for government and order were as necessary to Napoleon as to his victims, and his revolution was the effort of one lion to devour foxes and wolves, of one preponderant tyranny to absorb many smaller tyrannies; but the catastrophe of 1848 seemed, to anxious observers, to endanger civilization itself. Society was dissolving into its elements. The many-headed beast had risen, ubiquitous, terrific. Lop off one head, and others grew from the stem. What substitute could possibly be found in that chaos for the tottering system? Nothing seemed certain but anarchy.

That was the year when sovereigns were suddenly made acquainted with their lackeys' staircases and the back doors of their palaces. The Pope escaped from Rome in the livery of a footman. Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, fled twice from Vienna. Louis Philippe, the "citizen king" of the French, put on a disguise, and slipped away to England. Metternich, rudely interrupted in his diplomatic game of chess, barely escaped with his life to London. The Crown Prince of Prussia, subsequently Emperor of Germany, eluded the angry Berliners, a trusty noble driving the carriage in which he escaped. There was a scampering of petty German princes, as of prairie-dogs at the sportsman's approach. Nobility, whose ambition hitherto had been to display itself, was now wondrously fond of burrows. And just as the frightened upholders of absolutism went into hiding, the apostles of democracy emerged from prisons and exile.

Paper constitutions, grandiloquent manifestoes, patriotic resolutions, doctrinaire pamphlets, were whirled hither and thither as thick as autumn leaves. Every man who had a tongue spoke; speaking, so furious was the din, soon loudened into shouting. But the old *régime* was encamped in no Jericho, whose walls would tumble at mere sound. There must be deeds as well as words; in truth, more action and less Babel had been wiser. Committees of national safety, workmen's unions, civic guards, armies of the people, sprang into existence, and it is wonderful to note with what quickness officers and leaders were found to command them. Universities were turned into recruiting stations and barracks; students and professors became soldiers. There were heroic combats, excesses, reverses bravely borne. Gradually the fatal lack of centre and organization could not be concealed. Among the leaders there were disputes as to measures; then misunderstandings, jealousies, desertions. Each doctrinaire cared that *his* plan, rather than the general cause, should prevail. Each sect, each race, feared that it would lose should its rival take the lead. But the purpose of monarchy was everywhere the same, — to recover its footing; and the agents of monarchy, cautiously creeping out of their retreats, began to profit by the divisions among their enemies. Within a year the European revolt was crushed. Nevertheless its lessons abide. It taught that kings cannot be permanently abolished so long as a large majority of a nation require kingly government, and the proof that they require it is the fact that they submit to it; whence it follows that republicanism cannot conquer until a people be educated up to the capacity of governing themselves. It taught that without unity among the heads and obedience among the members no reform can succeed. It taught, finally, that no society which has once attained a certain level of civilization

can exist in a state of anarchy; for when anarchy is reached, the opportunity of the strongest man, the tyrant, offers, and the process of reconstruction from the basis of absolutism begins.

Concerning the affairs of Italy at the end of June, 1848, Garibaldi was soon enlightened. The revolutionary agitation, breaking out in Sicily at the beginning of the year, had swept up the peninsula. The petty rulers, thinking to save their thrones, at first made concessions, granting constitutions to appease the popular clamor, and to prevent the establishment of republics. National enthusiasm, seeking a common foe, pitched upon Austria, and demanded that Lombardy and Venetia should be liberated. Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, renouncing his previous despotie policy, offered himself as the champion of the Italian cause, and declared war on Austria. The King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany promised to send troops, and the Pope blessed the undertaking, — with what sincerity we can surmise, when we reflect that Ferdinand and Leopold, as well as the papacy, had hitherto depended upon Austrian support for their very existence. At the outset the national cause prospered. The Piedmontese won a victory at Goito, April 8; Radetzky, the Austrian general, abandoned Lombardy, and retreated to the Quadrilateral.¹ The Milanese and Venetians were eager to conclude their annexation to Piedmont. The rebellion in Hungary, thus far successful, made it probable that all the Austrian forces would be withdrawn from Italy to save the empire at home, and, once departed, their return would be impossible. Full of hope gleamed the prospect to the Italians in that month of June; but the hope was illusive, merely a surface shimmer. Already, those who looked deeper, saw defeat

preparing. Among the Italians themselves were two enemies more formidable than Radetzky. The rulers who had been frightened into posing as friends of the national cause watched most enviously the successes of Charles Albert, — successes which, if maintained, would make of Piedmont the leading state in Italy, with a king pledged to a liberal policy forever incompatible with Bourbon methods. So their coöperation, insincere and compulsory at the first, was now tacitly renounced. More disastrous still was the action of the Mazzinians, who insisted that unless the revolution triumphed in a republic, they would give it no sanction. They would tread no middle road. To fight for Charles Albert was to play into the hands of a dynasty, to substitute one monarchy for another. So they bestirred themselves to foment a revolution within a revolution, and to proclaim republics in the just liberated and in the wavering provinces. They urged Garibaldi to join them. "Be true to your republican principles," they pleaded; "never help to aggrandize a monarchy." "There is fighting for *Italy* on the Mincio," he replied. "My place is there." This decision was the most important in Garibaldi's career. It separated him from the republican sectaries with whom he was allied in theory, and made him the most powerful popular instrument in the emancipation of his country; whilst their efforts proved abortive, and frequently harmful. Common sense and visionariness were mingled in his nature: common sense dictated this resolve, and kept his eyes clear to see where his patriotism could be applied for the largest practical good. Italy must be liberated; then, and not till then, would it be proper to discuss theories of government.

Therefore, within a few days after his landing at Nice, Garibaldi appeared at

of Peschiera, Verona, Mantua, and Legnago. It was the key to Venetia.

¹ The Quadrilateral, which played so important a part in modern Italian wars, was a district bounded by the four very strong fortresses

Roverbella, the Piedmontese headquarters, and offered his own and his comrades' services to Charles Albert, — the very king who had sentenced him to death fourteen years before. On the part of the king there was hesitation, coolness. He was naturally distrustful of republicans, and here was a notorious republican. He deemed it indispensable that the European Powers should not confound his mission with the lawless schemes of political incendiaries. Perhaps he was skeptical of the efficiency of this red-shirted soldier-of-fortune and a few score companions. Perhaps he was already chilled by a presentiment of defeat. In his temperament, moreover, lurked a fatal indecision; at critical moments he could never take a downright resolve and defend it without reconsideration. He was always too late: destiny had barred the door, whilst he stood debating whether to enter. Personally brave (the house of Savoy has had no coward on its roll) and sincerely patriotic, Charles Albert failed through this constitutional defect. He is one of those pathetic unfortunates who deserve our sympathy rather than our censure.

This reception exasperated Garibaldi. He felt contempt for the wavering monarch, scorn for petty excuses and official temporizing. To have come seven thousand miles over sea with one controlling motive in your heart, to ask no more than permission to fight in the ranks of the leader who had made your cause his cause, and then to be eyed with suspicion, to be put off and rebuffed, — surely here was reason for indignation! Unable to effect aught with the king, Garibaldi proceeded to Milan, where the provisional government charged him with the organization of a corps of volunteers, composed for the most part, he says, of military dregs. They marched to Bergamo, but an order soon summoned them back to Milan, which Radetzky was about to recapture. At

Monza, they learned that Milan had succumbed, that the Austrians were once more masters of Lombardy, and that Charles Albert had retreated with his army beyond the Piedmontese frontiers. Garibaldi's legion of three thousand dwindled rapidly, although he endeavored to keep alive an irregular warfare along the shores of Lake Como. The deserters took refuge in Switzerland, and, realizing that the odds were too great, he withdrew, full of chagrin and sick with fever, to Genoa.

After the discomfiture of the Lombards, the reactionaries in other parts of Italy grew bolder; the revolutionists, on their side, instead of losing heart, grew more violent. Garibaldi's health being somewhat repaired, his energy returned. We hear of him at Florence, where Guerrazzi, the provisional dictator, gave him but a half-hearted welcome; thence, with his faithful few, he crossed the Apennines, in the inclement autumn weather, and reached Bologna, with the design of proceeding to Venice, where Manin was bravely resisting the besieging Austrians. Hungry for action, Garibaldi was nevertheless thwarted by circumstances, and by his natural inability to work harmoniously with other leaders. He knew not when to compromise, or when to accept the expedient instead of the larger but unrealizable ideal. So he tarried and fretted, until Italy was startled by the news that Pellegrino Rossi, the Pope's liberal minister, had been assassinated (November 15, 1848), and that Pius himself had fled to Gaeta, leaving Rome open to the machinations of the revolutionists. Garibaldi hastened thither. Again he found affairs conducted far otherwise than he hoped. Among the managers of the Roman government, "the same spirit was dominant," he says, "which had ruled Milan, and was ruling Florence. Italy did not need soldiers, but orators and bargainers, of whom could be said what Alfieri said of aristocrats, — 'now haughty,

now cringing, always infamous'; and of these orators especially, our poor country had never a dearth. Despotism had for a moment given up the reins of the commonweal to speechifiers, to sing to the people and put it to sleep, with the almost certainty that these parrots would smooth the way for the tremendous reaction which was preparing throughout the peninsula."

Early in February, 1849, the republic was formally proclaimed. Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini were chosen triumvirs. As the spring wore on, it was evident that the Italian cause was tottering. The Piedmontese army suffered utter defeat at Novara (March 23). Charles Albert abdicated in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and died in Portugal, broken-hearted, a few months later. The new king had to accept peace on the Austrians' terms. Only at Venice, Florence, and Rome the fires of patriotism still burnt, isolated, and hourly menaced by the rising flood of reaction.

The Romans nevertheless defied destruction. Succor from their countrymen could not be expected. The thought that the European Powers might interfere in their behalf could not be seriously entertained: those Powers were celebrating the downfall of the revolution at home, — how should they foster it abroad? And within the city, although there was determination, there was not harmony. Garibaldi complained that the triumvirs were theorists, whereas the emergency called for practical, energetic men. He complained that the command of the army was divided between himself and an incompetent old general named Rosselli. There were differences between them, and when he requested to be made dictator and bear the sole responsibility, Mazzini was scandalized. Meanwhile, the Neapolitan king was marching up from the south, and a French army, dispatched by Louis Napoleon, had landed at Civita Vecchia, with no hostile intent, it

was pretended. Garibaldi led his troops out of Rome, and checked the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri; but he had not the means, even if the authority had been granted him, to follow up his advantage. He was called back to defend the city itself, which the French, having thrown off their mask of friendliness, were about to invest. Thenceforward, during the four weeks of the siege, Garibaldi acted as general-in-chief, and made a gallant defense. Inch by inch, however, Oudinot's soldiers, superior in all things save valor, gained on the Romans, who retreated doggedly from wall to wall and from house to house, with no prospect beyond extermination or surrender. To conquer was impossible. Ammunition failed; famine threatened. Then Garibaldi proposed that the garrison should march out of Rome, and entrench itself in some stronghold of the Apennines, where resistance might be prolonged indefinitely. But Mazzini judged that this could not succeed, and on June 30 the Assembly voted to surrender. Four days later the French took possession of the city, but Garibaldi was not among their prisoners. He, refusing the offer of the United States Minister, Cass, to avail himself of the shelter of an American man-of-war then anchored at Civita Vecchia, marched out of the Porta San Giovanni on the afternoon of July 2, accompanied by nearly four thousand men.

Garibaldi's narrative of his retreat is the most remarkable passage in his Memoirs, scarcely to be matched, so far as I know, in any other autobiography whatsoever. He speaks simply, conscious that no rhetoric could heighten the effect produced by a mere statement of the tragic episode. Only occasionally, a flash of sarcasm, a cry of indignation, reveal the anguish of the man.

His wife, Anita, would not be parted from him. He urged upon her the certain perils and fatigues, and with all the

more earnestness tried to dissuade her from them, as she was soon to bear a child. But his "Brazilian Amazon" feared nothing; she would endure everything except separation from him. Finding entreaties vain, he reluctantly acquiesced. Her hair was cut short, she put on man's clothes, bestrode a horse, and the retreat began. On the morning of July 3, when the French were entering Rome, the Garibaldian remnant had crossed the Campagna and reached Tivoli. Among the mountains Garibaldi had hoped to stir up the peasantry; he soon discovered that they were dull and timorous, not at all eager for an insurrection. His own followers, too, slipped away, under the cover of each night. He was gladdened, at Terni, by the accession of Colonel Forbes, an Englishman, with a few companies of disciplined troops. On they wound over the Apennines, every stage bringing them nearer to the Austrians, who were masters of the Adriatic slope. Now and then a skirmish ensued, but generally the Garibaldians evaded attack, occupying every night a lofty position, whence they passed to another on the morrow. The number of deserters increased, causing pain to Garibaldi, not only by this evidence of weakness, but also by the excesses they committed as they disbanded through the country, — excesses which brought disrepute to his name. He had resolved to push his way to the coast, and embark for Venice, where Manin still held out; but when he reached the tiny crag-nested republic of San Marino, sitting down on the step of a church outside the town, he wrote the following order: "Soldiers, I release you from the duty of accompanying me. Return to your homes, but remember that Italy must not remain in servitude and in shame." Garibaldi refused to make overtures to the Austrians; so it was agreed with the authorities of San Marino that those of his companions who laid down their arms within the territory of that neutral state

might go their way unmolested. Many availed themselves of this offer, but a devoted few, seeing that their chief had not flinched in his determination to reach Venice, would not desert him. He made a last effort to persuade Anita to stay in San Marino, where she could be cared for during her confinement; but she too was firm.

The little band, thanks to celerity, caution, and wise guidance, fell upon the small sea-board town of Cesenatico about midnight. They overpowered the guards at the gate, and ordered the municipal officers to provide boats immediately. But a heavy wind, blowing in shore, caused so long a delay that it was broad daylight ere they finally embarked, — thirteen boat-loads, ill supplied with food and water. The wind now favored them, and they sailed all day along the low coast of the Po delta. The next night was very clear; a full moon shone. Just as they rounded the point of Goro, they discovered the Austrian squadron lying in wait there, and were discovered by them. Garibaldi steered his boat between the enemy and the shore, hoping to escape in the shadow of the land; but his companions, alarmed by the cannonade of the men-of-war, attempted to retreat, and he followed, unwilling to abandon them. When dawn broke, the fugitives found themselves entrapped in the little bight of Goro. The Austrians lowered their launches. Nine of the boats were captured; the other four succeeded in reaching the shore. Anita, whose natural sufferings had been increased by fatigue, excitement, and lack of water, was already in a dying condition, and had to be lifted from the boat. The Austrian marines would be upon the fugitives in a few moments; yet, should they strike inland, they must inevitably fall into the clutches of the Austrian and papal soldiers stationed in that neighborhood, and put on the alert by the cannonade. Still, the latter alternative must be haz-

arded. Garibaldi bade his friends disperse through the fields, in the hope that some, at least, might escape capture.¹ He himself, with the help of Leggiero, a comrade who refused to leave him, moved Anita into an apricot orchard, at a little distance from the beach. Leggiero then went forward to reconnoitre, and presently returned with Colonel Bonnet, one of the legion who had fought at Rome, and had retired to this locality — it being his home — to be cured of a wound. He had heard the firing, and suspected its cause. A lucky fortune led him to Garibaldi in this emergency, for Bonnet knew the country and the people. They conveyed Anita to a peasant's hut, where water was procured for her. "Thence we passed to a house belonging to Bonnet's sister." (I conclude the account of this episode in Garibaldi's own words.) "From there we traversed part of the *valli* of Comacchio, and approached La Mandriola, where a doctor was to be had. We reached La Mandriola, and Anita was lying on a mattress in the wagon which had brought her. I said then to Dr. Zannini, just arrived at that instant, 'See you save this woman.' The doctor to me, 'Let us try to remove her to a bed.' We four then took each a corner of the mattress, and transported her to a bed in one of the rooms of the house, at the top of the little staircase. In placing my wife on the bed, I thought I discovered the expression of death in her face. I felt for her pulse: it was not beating."

Garibaldi could not linger over the dead body of his wife. His presence would compromise the dwellers in the house, and make his own capture sure. To the humanity of those strangers he commended Anita's burial, and set forth,

heavy-hearted, with Leggiero. A guide conducted them to the village of Sant' Alberto, where they were concealed in the house of a poor tailor. From the window of this refuge Garibaldi could see the Austrian soldiers pass to and fro: but there, and throughout the thirty-seven days of his flight through a country full of the enemies' soldiers and spies, by the devotion and adroitness of friends whom he had never seen before, but who were proud to risk their lives in his behalf, he was loyally preserved. He was passed on from protector to protector, who furnished guides when possible, and preconcerted with trusty confederates as to the hiding-place which should harbor him at each advance. They led him through unfrequented lanes and over desolate mountain-paths; they lighted beacons to warn against peril; they outwitted at every point the vigilance of his pursuers. Once, he and Leggiero hid for several days in the great pine forest near Ravenna, sometimes in the cabin of a woodsman, sometimes in a thicket; and it happened that when they were in the latter, some Austrian soldiers, part of a regiment detailed to beat the forest, passed within a few rods. Slowly but safely, however, the refugees progressed, being smuggled, like contraband goods, by night from Ravenna to Forlì, and from Forlì across the frontiers of Tuscany; then they boldly followed the high-road as far as Prato, within sight of Florence, which they avoided by a detour; and so on into the Maremma, to the shore of the Tyrrhene Sea. They embarked in a fishing-boat on the Gulf of Sterbino, near Follonica, and sailed to Elba for provisions. Then they coasted Tuscany, and as they passed Leghorn Garibaldi was tempted to seek an asylum on an

¹ Nine of these were almost immediately taken. Among them were Ciceruacchio, conspicuous in the early days of the Roman insurrection, and his two sons; Ugo Bassi, a patriotic priest; Captain Parodi, of the Montevidean

legion; and Ramorino, a Genoese priest. "Dig nine graves," commanded the Austrian captain who arrested them; and when the timorous peasants had obeyed, the nine prisoners were shot, and huddled into them.

English ship; but the desire of seeing his children prevailed, and they kept on to Chiavari, where they landed and found friends. General La Marmora, hearing of their arrival, caused them to be brought to Genoa, where they were temporarily held under restraint in the ducal palace. The Piedmontese government, not yet recovered from the disaster of Novara, could not suffer so conspicuous a revolutionist as Garibaldi to remain in the kingdom, although it granted a pension to him. He was allowed one day for a trip to Nice, where he bade farewell to his children; and was then requested to choose a place of exile. He chose Tunis, but the Bey, instigated by the French, declined to receive him. Then he was taken to the island of Maddalena, off Sardinia, whence, after twenty days' sojourn, he was removed, on the groundless suspicion of plotting an insurrection. A man-of-war conveyed him to Gibraltar. There, the Piedmontese were indeed rid of him; but even there the outcast might not stay. The English governor bade him depart within six days. He crossed the straits, and found a resting-place at Tangier.

Such was the treatment which civilized Europe, in the very meridian of the nineteenth century, dealt to Garibaldi, and to thousands like him, — men of integrity, of supreme disinterestedness, often highly intelligent and refined. Their crime was to have fought to free their country from foreign tyrants; to have asserted that men have an inalienable right to liberty; that the jurisdiction over the lives of a people shall not be wielded by an irresponsible autocrat. To avow these principles was criminal; nay, worse than criminal, for the common assassin was not so hounded and persecuted as were these witnesses to justice. Not merely

the tyrant of their town and province was implacably aroused, but all the tyrants of Continental Europe were leagued against them. When the interdict had been fulminated against one of these offenders, he had nothing to hope from justice or mercy: if caught, he was shot, or thrust into some loathsome dungeon;¹ if he escaped, his goods were confiscated, his family beggared and tortured, and whosoever dared to befriend him was liable to the same punishment. We shudder at the persecution of the early Christians by Decius and Diocletian; horrible indeed was their barbarity; yet those were martyrdoms inflicted by pagan emperors upon victims of another religion, at a time when men were not moved by the sight of physical agony. The persecutors of this century, on the contrary, have been avowed Christians, and their victims were Christians.

For a time, then, Europe was rid of this incubus, Garibaldi; and the reprobate himself, during the space of half a year, impenitent but sad, fretted in his African exile. A few loyal companions were not wanting to him, even on the verge of the Sahara. Twice a week they solaced themselves with the chase; they sailed in a little boat lent by a friend; they fished in the Mediterranean; they talked over the past, and sent guesses and hopes into the future. Admirers in Italy having started a subscription to buy a merchant-ship, which Garibaldi should command, he went to New York, in June, 1850, by way of Liverpool, to effect the purchase of the vessel. But the project failed, through lack of subscribers; only six thousand dollars had been raised. "But what vessel could one buy in America with thirty thousand *lire*?" he asks. "A little coasting-craft; but as I was not an American citizen, I should have been obliged

¹ The reader need hardly be reminded of Mr. Gladstone's account of the Neapolitan prisons, in his famous letters to Lord Aberdeen. The Bourbon government, he declared, is "a

negation of God" (1851). There were then, it is said, twenty thousand political victims in the Neapolitan prisons.

to take a captain of that nation, and it did not suit. At last something had to be done. A worthy friend of mine, Antonio Meucci, a Florentine, decides to set up a factory of candles, and asks me to help in his establishment. No sooner said than done. . . . I bent myself to that toil, on the terms of doing as much as I could. I worked for some months with Meucci, who did not treat me like any ordinary employee, but like one of the family, and with much kindness. One day, however, sick of making candles, and urged on perhaps by inborn and habitual restlessness, I went out with the determination of changing my occupation. I remembered that I had been a sailor. I knew a few words of English, and betook myself to the shore of the island [Staten], where I saw some coasting-barks being loaded and unloaded. I reached the first, and asked to be engaged as sailor. Those whom I saw on the vessel hardly heeded me, and went on with their work. Approaching a second ship, I made the same request, and had the same response. At length I passed to a third, where they were busy unloading, and I asked if they would let me help: for reply they said they did n't need help. 'But I do not ask for pay,' I insisted. No answer. 'I want to work to shake off the cold' (there was actually snow). Still less. I was mortified. I returned in thought to those times when I had the honor to command the squadron of Montevideo, not to speak of the valiant and immortal army. What booted all that? They did not want me! I swallowed my mortification at last, and went back to my tallow."

In this page from the *Odyssey* of the Italian Ulysses we have a glimpse of his life at Clifton, Staten Island. Behold the hero of Montevideo and Rome trying out grease in a candle-factory, without a Calypso to beguile his banishment, or a Penelope to welcome him

home! In the course of a year, however, his circumstances brightened somewhat, and he sailed for Central America — having resumed his old *alias*, Giuseppe Pane — with a friend engaged in a commercial speculation. In Nicaragua Garibaldi caught the Chagres fever, and well-nigh succumbed under it. Then he wandered from port to port along the western coast of South America. A chance offering, he captained a vessel with a cargo of guano from Lima to Canton, and returned with other freight to Lima. Finally, his adventures in the southern hemisphere were ended. He brought a ship, laden with copper from Chile and wool from Peru, round Cape Horn to Boston. Then he took a cargo of flour and grain from Baltimore to London, and subsequently a cargo of coals from Newcastle to Genoa. It was in May, 1854, after nearly five years of exile, that he saw his native land again. The succeeding five years he dismisses in two lines. "I passed them," he says, "partly in sailing, and partly in cultivating a little farm bought by me on the island of Caprera."

Here the first period of Garibaldi's career properly closes, — a period crowded with adventures, wanderings, strange vicissitudes, startling exploits, thwarted hopes. The efforts of thirty years seemed to have accomplished nothing; at fifty he beheld Italy still enslaved, and the prospect of her independence still beyond reach. But his career, outwardly unsuccessful, had not been wasted. It had demonstrated that he had a power over popular enthusiasm which, if wisely directed, might produce tremendous results. Hitherto, his work had been that of a free-lance, gallantly struggling with unorganized forces against unequal odds. The future revealed what his energy and magnetism could achieve, when they became part of a great, organized movement, and were no longer ineffective from their very isolation.

William R. Thayer.

BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

IV.

FRENCH WORKS IN THE MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS.

THE fairer daughter of a fair mother, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, is the legitimate offspring of the Athenæum. There is many a picture-gallery in Europe not half so rich, and this is only just begun. Let us not linger one moment in the vestibule nor among the heathen relics in plaster down-stairs, but plunge boldly into color at once. The school of France, from the seventeenth century down to to-day, promptly invites our study by the surprising abundance of its works. From Santerre, Chardin, Boucher, Greuze, Géricault, and Ary Scheffer to Corot, Troyon, Courbet, Rousseau, Millet, Couture, Bastien-Lepage and Regnault is but a step; yet what a journey, full of wonders and contrasts! There are, of course, wide gaps to be filled one day, if we would gain a complete understanding of the school in its historical relations, but to contemplate what has been done already within a few years gives substantial encouragement with regard to the future. In considering the French paintings, the chronological order is adopted for the sake of convenience. We therefore begin with Jean Baptiste Santerre, (1650-1717), one of the ablest contemporaries of Lebrun, though younger than that artist, who had great success as a portrait-painter, particularly after taking a vow to please his sitters regardless of whatever ugliness stood in the way.

In the romantic time of Louis XIV., when the noble Athos, the mighty Porthos, the gallant Aramis, and the generous, brave, and belligerent D'Artagnan were unhappily divided in their councils,

the latter hero rode forth to an obscure village, where he found Aramis immured in a convent. After dining, D'Artagnan took his leave, as it was night, and he was obliged to return to Paris. Instead of departing at once, however, he hid himself behind a hedge to play the spy upon his devout friend; and presently, in the moonlight, he witnessed an interview between the artful Abbé d'Herblay and a woman clad in a man's clothing. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, the wind having blown her hat off, D'Artagnan "recognized the large blue eyes, the golden hair, and the noble head of the Duchess of Longueville."¹ Thus the keen Gascon made the interesting discovery that Aramis was her lover. By what singular chance or concatenation of chances a portrait of this lady should find its way to Boston, and into the possession of the Museum, I cannot say, but there she is, life-size, three-quarters length, as Santerre painted her from life. Probably he did not need to flatter the Duchess of Longueville, who, if we may believe his report, had a pretty face, with small, regular features, a blooming complexion, golden-brown hair, a handsome neck, and elegant little hands. He was famous for painting hands well, which, as artists can testify, is no small distinction. In her right hand the duchess holds a black domino, which she has just removed from her face. Her left elbow rests on a table. To describe her dress would be a voluminous undertaking: in brief terms, it may be said that her costume comprises a profusion of handsome, heavy golden-brown ottoman or reps, relieved by scarlet silk and immense rubies, the waist and sleeves of black velvet; a white-and-red turban is on the head.

Hazlitt has something to say in one

¹ Dumas: *Twenty Years After*.

of his essays about the unseen beauty of commonplace things, and how a true artist may reveal it to our eyes in pictures of still-life. Taine has elsewhere and in other words expressed the same thought. They must have had in mind Chardin's pictures. An artist who could so glorify a raw loin of lamb, a loaf of bread, a gray jug; who by his arrangement, choice of light and shade, refinement of drawing, wise contrasts and subtle combinations, above all by his perception of color, could make every-day kitchen utensils appear so beautiful that one would like almost to kiss them, was indeed the prince of still-life painters. It could not be said of him that

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more;"

for although he left nothing to be desired as to the truth of his painting, he saw more and saw better than most people; as Gautier once said of Regnault, he "gives you those sensations, those delights and joys which are of the pure domain of sight, and to which no other art can give birth." There are two small still-life pieces by this master in the Museum, and they are simply delicious. One of them represents a group of edibles and vessels on a kitchen table; the other a gray tea-pot, a pear, a big bunch of white grapes, and two plums. No words could do justice to the modesty, the quietude, and the incomparable harmony of these works. Other still-life painters have displayed more strength than Chardin, and some of the old Dutchmen were marvelously literal copyists of nature, but for exquisite taste and a perfect perception of the intimate character of inanimate objects, the Frenchman takes the palm.

François Boucher, who reflected in his factitious idyls the shallow but decorative life of Louis XV.'s giddy time, — a continual *fête champêtre*, rather silly, but undeniably pretty to look on, — was

a contemporary of the more sober-minded Chardin. His pair of large pictures, the titles of which, *Going to Market* and *The Return from Market*, seem far-fetched, were intended as models for Beauvais tapestries. Both of them are crowded with a meaningless mass of figures, animals, and still-life, well painted with a free brush; the gray tones are delectable, and the color in general frank, gay, and pure, if not of great depth. Boucher and Chardin represent the two Frances of the eighteenth century — the one incorrigibly light, frivolous and worldly, the other grave, thoughtful and industrious. When the former undertook to emulate the latter's kitchen interiors, it is said that he made a *Venus of the cook*, from sheer force of habit.

The painting of a young woman's head by J. B. Greuze, which, under the fanciful title of the *Chapeau Blanc*, has been for many years the object of much admiration, and of which many copies have been made, has a certain delicate and old-fashioned beauty of its own, but, like the rest of Greuze's works, is rather thin in sentiment. Cool and pearly-gray tones run all through it. The flesh, the dress, the powdered hair, the hat, and the background, all are gray. On the face is a little mole which has been considered by countless school-girls vastly to enhance the beauty of the unknown model. She appears well satisfied with her own personal appearance, and if a little affectation enters into her pose, there is almost none in her expression, and it may easily be pardoned. This is a first-rate example of Greuze, as good as anything by him in the Louvre. His portrait of Benjamin Franklin, bust-length, in a dull red coat, is not an attractive work, and does not convey a flattering impression of Franklin's character. He was not, of course, such a sanctimonious hypocrite as this description of his appearance would intimate.

Jacques Louis David, the famous head

of the classical school, whose place in French art always will be important, is meanly represented by a rough study of his *Hector Drawn at the Chariot of Achilles*, which gives no notion whatever of his merit of design. It was on the strength of his *Death of Hector*, by the way, that David was received by the Academy.

Jean Louis Géricault, who, with Delacroix, may be said to have founded the modern French school of painting, is likewise represented by a study; but in this case the work, slight as it is, conveys a good idea of the artist's powers. The *Study of a Cuirassier* is a strong and brilliant fragment, which I take to be the original sketch for the *Cuirassier Blessé Quittant le Feu* in the Louvre, painted when Géricault was twenty years old, at the same time as the famous *Officier de Chasseurs à Cheval de la Garde Impériale Chargeant*, representing a lieutenant mounted on a splendid gray charger rushing to battle — the embodiment of the painter's own impetuous character, and the finest picture of the kind in the world. Géricault was one of the three great painters produced by Normandy, the others being Poussin and Millet. He was descended from an old and rich family of Rouen. In all his work he displayed the fiery and energetic character of the old Norman knights.

If one could only see Eberhart, Count of Würtemberg, *Mourning over the Body of his Son*, by Ary Scheffer, it might be possible to say that so pathetic a subject had been adequately treated by this romantic painter, who was really an illustrator; but it has darkened so much that one receives a mere suggestion of the corpse of a young man in armor and of an old man bending over it with clasped hands, and the singular power of expression with which he is said to have interpreted "The Weeper's" story must be taken for granted. This is a replica of the picture in the Louvre.

Schiller's ballad, which it illustrates, relates how, while the other soldiers were celebrating their victory, the old count, "alone in his tent, with the dead body of his son," was ever weeping. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1834.

Huë's *Shipwreck* is the conventional conception of that dreadful calamity — a dark stormy sky, of course, and a raging sea, with cliffs, breakers, a vessel on the rocks, a boatload of passengers trying to make a landing, and some figures in the water. It does not appear, from the way in which Huë has painted this scene, that he ever saw a shipwreck; if he did, it is certain that he was not equal to giving expression to all the horror of the event.

Corot's big painting of *Dante and Virgil Entering the Infernal Regions*, one of the gloomiest pictures ever painted, was given to the Museum by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw. It is eight feet six inches high by five feet six inches wide, and was first exhibited in the Salon of 1859. In a sombre forest, where the evening is doubly dark, we see two figures in the centre of the foreground. Virgil, clad in the classic white tunic and pepulum, his head crowned with a laurel wreath, points towards the right, while at the left Dante, in a black gown and red skull-cap, shrinks in terror from a snarling she-wolf which shows her fangs. A panther crouches and a lion bars the way at the right of the composition, in the direction towards which the two poets are bending their steps. In the upper left-hand part of the painting is a section of silvery sky, in which lingers a faint afterglow, and against which the trunks of tall leafless trees stand out in relief. The general tone of the forest interior is a cool brown, which in the darkest places approaches black. The branches of the trees and the foliage are not made out, but suggested or generalized by bold and apparently carelessly applied strokes. The wild beasts are not distinguished by fine

drawing, but there is given a forcible suggestion of their crafty and cruel natures, their strength and ferocity. There is little charm in such a picture as this, and not much to be admired, although, like much that Corot did, it is worth looking into with attention, and few will acknowledge that their scrutiny has been fruitless. In close sympathy with the poet's description of that forest, so wild and dense and rough that the recollection of it was enough to renew his terror, so bitter that death itself seemed hardly worse, Corot undertook to convey, and in a measure succeeded in conveying, the sentiment of horror and melancholy which is felt in the passage from the Divine Comedy, of which this painting is an illustration. But, after all, it is not as an illustrator that Corot will be known to fame, nor was it in connection with grand, ponderous, and tragic themes, such as Dante's *Inferno*, that the great landscapist made apparent his noblest qualities. In a word, it is evident that in this obscure and infernal wood he is not at home; and it is not improbable that he himself may have realized that it was a mistake to abandon his chosen and familiar province for this fanciful by-way of literature.

Diaz's *Wood Interior* is strictly mundane, and, though a small work, is a fair specimen of his style. It offers a glimpse of brown, dead leaves lying among gray-lichened bowlders and the massive moss-clad trunks of old oaks, in a remote recess of the mysterious forest, where slim shafts of sunlight penetrate here and there only to make the surrounding shadows deeper. Every one has seen this picture, possibly not by Diaz, though he painted it many times, but in walking through the woods. The brilliant little *Oriental sketch* by the same artist, *A Turkish Café*, describing a low, white building on the bank of a stream, under an intense azure sky, has within itself the very atmosphere and soul of the East.

The *Landscape and Sheep*, by Troyon, is in a large style, though of small size. It is full and juicy in color; cool, not cold; solidly painted; breezy and easy; in a word, a first-rate Troyon. It represents a flock of sheep coming down a lane, followed by a boy in a blouse and a woman on a donkey. On the left is a pond; in the middle distance is a village, and beyond it a hill. The sky is partially obscured, and the shadows of clouds alternate with full sunlight on the surface of the landscape. The larger painting by Troyon, *Landscape near Dieppe*, seems to be a great favorite, but it belongs to another and less vigorous period. It is thinner, and, although a good picture, lacks something of the force and virility of the smaller work. The pastel drawing of *Oxen Ploughing*, also by Troyon, has a certain timidity and tightness in the handling, which makes me think it must be one of his early works. It has none of the breadth, vigor, and conscious power of his mature paintings. Six Jersey oxen and two farmers are represented in action. All three of the Troyons are from the Appleton collection.

One of the chief glories of the large picture-gallery, where it has occupied a place of honor since 1877, is *The Quarry (La Curée)*, by Gustave Courbet, belonging to Mr. Henry Sayles. This modern masterpiece was bought by the Allston Club, in the spring of 1866, for five thousand dollars. It was brought to Boston, with other French pictures, by Mr. Cadart, who was the first dealer to bring Corot's paintings to this country. When one of the enthusiastic young Boston artists, Mr. A. H. Bicknell, went into the store on Bromfield Street where the Courbet was on exhibition, and saw what it was, he determined on the spot that the Allston Club ought to have it. Mr. Cadart gave him a refusal of the picture for three days. Bicknell then went to work, and, with the aid of Tom Robinson and other members of the club, he raised the necessary amount of

money within the prescribed time, and clinched the bargain. Thus, during a part of May and June, 1866, a banner, eight by six feet in dimensions, swung from a window of the Studio Building with the device : —

ALLSTON CLUB.
ON EXHIBITION :
COURBET'S GREAT PAINTING,
LA CURÉE.

The critics at that time saw little or nothing to admire in the picture. There was but one Corot owned in Boston, and that was generally ridiculed. The artists alone appreciated these new lights. When Hunt first saw *La Curée*, Bicknell said to him, —

“Mr. Hunt, there is a picture worthy of Paul Veronese.”

“I will go further than that,” replied Hunt. “In painting, he never surpassed it.”

Poor Morvillier, who knew what it was to be obliged to go without his dinner, begged to subscribe twenty-five dollars to the fund for the purchase of the Courbet. The committee dared not refuse him, for it would have cut him to the quick. The Allston Club died a natural death a year or two later, and at its demise the Courbet passed into the possession of its present owner. It was taken from the gallery in the Studio Building, and placed in the Athenæum for a while, and in 1877 it was removed to its final home in the Museum of Fine Arts. In the mean time it had been cleaned, with more thoroughness than was necessary, so that some of the most delicate glazes on its surface were somewhat impaired, as I am informed. The damage, however, cannot have been so serious that time will not to a great extent repair it. Courbet was much gratified that this picture should have been bought by an art society, and he subsequently sent to the Allston Club, through Mr. Cadart, several large lithographic reproductions of the painting. It must

be borne in mind that in 1866 Courbet had a very limited following in France, and therefore the sale of *La Curée* to a club of American artists was of considerable benefit to him. Armand Gautier was with him on the evening that he received the money for the picture, and he relates that Courbet cried out, “What care I for the Salon, what care I for honors, when the art students of a new and a great country know and appreciate and buy my works?” Gautier adds that Courbet’s rural simplicity and frugality never forsook him, and he never took a cab; so he (Gautier) pinned the money in Courbet’s vest, and as the artist climbed upon an omnibus he said it was the proudest day of his life. *La Curée* and the *Demoiselles de Village* (bought by the Duc de Morny, and now owned by Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth), both of which came to Boston, were the only important pictures by Courbet sold during his lifetime, which ended under such a heavy cloud. All his other works were locked up in his studio, — painted for the sole love of art. And it was left for the government which had fined and banished him and made his life miserable to buy his works at enormous prices after his death.

The size of *La Curée* is six feet and ten inches in height by five feet and ten inches in width. The prevailing tone is brown. A great variety of finely opposed cool and warm tints — greens, grays, browns, blacks, reds, yellows, and whites — fill the eye as a deep chord given out by a mighty orchestra fills the ear. Imagine, if you please, the shadowy aisles of an old pine forest, on a sunny day. The mosaic of sunlight and shadow on the luxuriant verdant carpet of the wood; the straight brown tree-trunks rising in regular ranks; the thick dark green canopy of foliage shutting out all sight of the sky overhead; a complete realization of the rich gloom of the forest, set off by the dancing spots of sunlight which, filter-

ing through the tremulous leafage, form happy notes of contrast. A deer has been shot, and is hung by one hind leg to the trunk of a tree at the left of the foreground, the head and the fore part of the body resting on the earth. At the right are two hunting-dogs, one white and dark brown, the other white and light brown or chestnut. While one dog looks wistfully at the carcass, his companion turns towards him as if to warn him not to go any nearer. In the centre and a little further back are two men dressed in hunting-costumes. One of them stands, with folded arms, smoking a pipe, and leaning against a tree, looking down. He is in shadow. He wears a soft black cloth hat, a dark green short coat, brown trousers, gray leggings, or gaiters, and rawhide shoes. His complexion is ruddy, and he wears a dark beard and mustache. This figure is said to be a portrait of Courbet himself. If so, he was a well-looking young man: the age of the original cannot have been much above thirty. At his left, and beyond him, sits the second man, a game-keeper, who is in full light, at the foot of a tree. He is lustily winding the horn to summon the scattered hunters to the quarry. His right hand rests upon his hip, while with his left he holds the horn, and his healthy cheeks are distended by the blast he is blowing. He wears a brown cap, a bright red waistcoat, buff trousers, and is in his shirt-sleeves. The coloring of this remarkable work is a rare instance of great sobriety with great brilliancy. The composition permits a wide range of colors, and no one can fail to be struck by the freshness and variety of the greens (a hue which Courbet in his landscapes used with more complete mastery and frankness than any other painter, unless Daubigny be excepted) in the leaves, the grass, the moss, etc. Nor can any one withhold his admiration when the superb array of browns is contemplated, in all degrees of depth

and lightness, from the deer's velvety coat, the two hounds' hides, and the hunters' trousers to the tree-trunks and the earth. Mark also the audacious but truthful treatment of white in the markings of the dogs and in the game-keeper's shirt-sleeves; the bold red notes provided by the latter's waistcoat and the patches of blood on the grass near the deer's body; and the finely graduated gray tones conspicuous in the deer's head and neck and in the hunter's gaiters. What truth of color, of textures, and of light! The depth and glossy softness of the dead deer's skin are marvellous. Who has ever painted more life-like dogs than this pair, sniffing the quarry, with every line, hue and motion distinctively canine? They have the litheness, the intelligence, the restless animal life of real dogs, as no painted dogs ever had before in equal degree. As to the manner of handling, it is enough to say that it would be impossible to find in any modern painting of which we have any knowledge an equal frankness, directness, and strength in execution, the result of an entire *parti pris*, of a thorough understanding on the painter's part as to his purpose. Each brush-mark or knife-mark in the painting of the tree-trunks near the foreground, and in the grasses and flowers, can be made out without difficulty; and there appears to be no reticence, no concealment. The workmanship is large and simple. "The embarrassment," Fromentin said, speaking of a picture by Rubens, "is not to know how he did it, but how he could do so well by working thus." Nothing is occult here but the working of the mind in its creative heat. Page bought a Titian and dissected it to find out how it was made; but all that he learned from it could not make a Titian of Page. It is interesting to notice how Courbet built up La Curée from a study. The original canvas, that on which the deer was painted, is but one piece of a patchwork; four

pieces are joined to it, one on the left, one above, and two on the right. To the deer and the hunter were added as afterthoughts the dogs, the game-keeper, and the distance, as well as the branches of the trees overhead.

The *Bergère Assise*, or Seated Shepherdess, of Jean François Millet, appears to have been called originally *The Young Shepherdess*. Sensier makes no mention of it in his biography, an omission which leads to the inference that it was among the peasant-painter's later works, and was not exhibited until after his death. It was given to the Museum by Mr. S. D. Warren. There is a large infusion of Millet's best qualities in this work, and it is vastly superior to some of his pictures which are more known to fame. The color is cool, light, gray, and on a higher key than was habitually struck by the author of the *Angelus*. On a knoll sits the shepherdess, in a position the reverse of conventional elegance, but entirely natural, and holds in her hand, Penelope-like, a distaff. Although her expression may be regarded as stolid, sleepy, and even stupid, yet there is a certain dignity and sweetness in the face, small as to features, which is shaded by a wide-brimmed straw hat worn on the back of her head. She wears a dull green waist, and a skirt of lighter color, which may have been white, blue stockings, and sabots. The landscape is roughly painted in, and some sheep are seen on the farther slope of the knoll where the girl sits dreaming. The handling is by no means facile, but the luminosity of the sky is extraordinary; and the manner in which the girl's well-shaped head, under its picturesque covering, comes up against this sky and appears to be miles on miles this side of it is completely illusive, and constitutes the main charm of the picture. There is, moreover, in Boston a sentimental reverence for Millet, and a feeling of personal enthusiasm about his paintings, which is one of Hunt's most

valuable legacies. Millet is understood, appreciated, and loved in this distant town, more cordially than elsewhere. His peasants do not seem to us either insignificant or ridiculous. On the one hand, there is the same pathos in their glances, their attitudes and gestures, their heavy movements, bespeaking their silent patience, endurance, and clumsiness, that we find in the helplessness of old age or of infancy; on the other, there is a naturalness and simplicity which, under all their rude exteriors, occasionally suggests the noblest classical models.

Besides the *Bergère Assise*, the Museum possesses two smaller paintings by Millet, entitled respectively the *Woman Milking*, and the *Sewing Lesson*, not to speak of an interesting group of his drawings and water-colors. In the *Woman Milking*, night is drawing on, and an amiable red cow stands chewing her cud in the shady foreground, while a stout dame in a white cap deftly coaxes the warm milk in two alternating slender streams from the gentle beast's overcharged udders. Beyond a thick hedge, cows and sheep graze in a green field, which, being a little higher than the foreground, receives the last level rays of light from the setting sun. The roof of a humble house is visible above the further slope of the meadow. In the *Sewing Lesson*, a little girl in a red gown and a blue frock sits near an open window, trying to wield the needle properly, while her mother, a rudely moulded peasant, who holds a baby in her lap, leans forward to instruct the apprentice. This is a rough, warm sketch. I cannot turn from Millet before relating a story which deliciously illustrates how hypocritical is much of the loudly-voiced admiration of his works. A group of gentlemen stood in front of one of his pictures in an apparent ecstasy of enthusiasm, exclaiming and rhapsodizing over its beauty. After they had dispersed, one of the party, who had been

among the most demonstrative, said seriously: "How much more interesting Millet's pictures would be if he had only painted a better class of people!" I quoted this piece of richness to an artist who had known Hunt well, and he was immensely amused. "If Hunt were alive," he said, "I would not miss the pleasure of telling him that for a hundred dollars."

Couture was one of the modern French painters whose superior abilities were recognized at an early date in Boston, thanks to his pupils, among whom were Hunt, Bicknell, Ernest W. Longfellow, John W. Dunsmore, Frederic Crowninshield, and others. Two studies of secondary importance by the painter of the *Roman Decadence* belong to the Museum. The *Head of a Bacchante*, with its vacant expression and silly smile, is hardly worth consideration; but the study for the *Volunteers of 1792*, although sketchy, is full of life and character. The uplifting power of patriotism, the love of liberty, the ardent courage of young manhood, are all represented in these stern, angular countenances, of an intensely French cast; in these serious eyes the doom of tyrants might be read. The gaudy old French uniform is effective with its red epaulettes and collar, blue coat with buff facings, and black chapeau. There is something undeniably noble in the sentiment of this study.

Gustave Brion's *Coming Out from Church* is a grave, sweet picture of Alsatian life. The peasants and village people are quitting the little church which stands on a hill overlooking the hamlet. The women and children wear the quaint and sober costumes of the province. The church porch is in shadow, but a flood of sunlight strikes upon the red tile roofs and whitewashed walls of the houses below at the left. The Vosges hills uplift their blue summits afar, and over them bends a placid, blue-and-white, Sunday-morning sky. It is a

scene of utter peace and rustic charm. Brion herein painted his own native and well-beloved province with characteristic seriousness. There is but one other example of his work in Boston, so far as I know, but many Americans must be familiar with his illustrations of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, into the spirit of which he entered with wonderful sympathy. Everything that Brion did was sincerely done.

The little *Landscape* by Théodore Rousseau, from the Appleton collection, is a perfect example of his finished work in a small form. In the centre of the composition is a road in perspective, and near the foreground a woman watches two cows drinking from a pool. In the middle distance and a little to the left is a flock of sheep; beyond them a fine group of tall trees, and still farther away a range of hills, which continues, diminishing in height, towards the distance at the right. The sky is almost full of light, warm, gray clouds, with patches of faint blue between them. The warm, sunny, mellow tone of the painting is admirable; finish and breadth are joined in a remarkable degree.

Jacques's *Coming Storm* is a blackish landscape, not in his best vein. There is a flock of sheep and some figures in a rocky pasture, with trees on a knoll at the right, and menacing clouds fill the sky.

Gustave Doré's *Summer* is a huge upright painting of wild-flowers and weeds in rank profusion; a scythe of the sort that Father Time uses lies idle among the green growths; mountains close in the distance; and the colors are all out of tune. This is a strangely insignificant work, considering its author's genius in graphic expression.

Opinions diverge more widely about Bastien-Lepage's *Joan of Arc* than about any other picture in the United States. Many artists and critics see nothing to admire in it, and many, on the other hand, are extravagant in their

praise of it, and consider it one of the great works of this century. All this disagreement but augments the fame of the painting, which has become one of the most celebrated pictures in the Museum. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1880, was bought by an American, Mr. Erwin Davis, and shown in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1881, after which it was for a short time lent to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In the fall of 1882 it was exhibited at the fair of the New England Institute, Boston, and ever since that time it has been in the picture-gallery of the Museum. It was painted in 1879, at Damvillers (Meuse), the artist's native village. Although not his best work, it is the most striking and remarkable. It is full of faults, which are so glaring that one cannot forget them even if one desires to forgive them for the sake of the motive and the strange power of expression in the maid's face. As a rule, painters do not do justice to the picture, which offends their sight by its want of depth, perspective, and atmosphere, and by its pale, sickly coloring. It looks precisely like a piece of tapestry, the prevailing tone in which is a cool bluish green; and this impression is strengthened by the confused and crowded composition, and above all, by the flatness of the painting. But (there is always a but in speaking of this work) there is a spiritual beauty in the face of the Maid of Orleans that is so striking and so significant that, once seen, it haunts the memory. There she stands, awkward, ill-clad, a commonplace peasant girl, amid the most prosaic and humble surroundings, yet not all her homeliness nor the poverty of her state avails to diminish the impression of capacity for great things conveyed by her glance. Nay, the very lowliness of her condition, and the harsh, unlovely life of labor that she leads, contrasted with the glorious destiny of which she begins dimly to

dream, which is to make her Heaven's instrument for the salvation of her country, is the thought that makes the picture pathetic, and appeals to so many sympathies with so much power. The sensitive mouth has as much to do with the exalted expression of her face as the fixed pale blue eyes, whose strange look is universally remarked. The whole story of her heroism and martyrdom appears legible in these features, surcharged with an extraordinary emotion; and this alone may be said to make the Joan of Arc one of the most marvelous of modern paintings in a psychological point of view. The singular mixture of realism and ideality is not an uncommon phenomenon in Bastien-Lepage's works. However his rank as a painter may be disputed, it is evident that his peculiar convictions were well defined and strongly held, and that he did not live aloof from convention and routine because of a desire for notoriety. It is believed in some quarters that the Joan of Arc was an accidental production. A plausible theory is that it was originally nothing more than a study of a peasant woman. Certainly the maid appears too old for her rôle, unless we presume that hard work has prematurely aged her. The introduction of the misty, floating figures of her vision, typifying St. Michael, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret, must have been an afterthought, and is in any event decidedly open to objection. The observer's imagination, awakened by the maid's rapt expression, might well be left to supply for itself the vision of the three saints. This offensive insistence upon an idea, this childish embodiment of "beckoning ghosts," this paradoxical realization of the unreal, confirms the suspicion that the imaginative power displayed in the central figure is at least partly the result of chance rather than of pure calculation.

Henri Regnault's Automedon with the Horses of Achilles was one of the first performances which served to call

attention to the extraordinary talent of its author, whose premature death, in 1871, deprived France and the world of an artist of the highest rank. During his short lifetime the Parisian critics quarreled over him as savagely as they had fought over Eugène Delacroix; and the movement to buy this picture, in 1884, caused a very pretty little civil war among the Boston *cognoscenti*. On the score of taste, in regard to his motives and his manner, there will always be a respectable class of dissenters who are unable to approve of French works of this type because of their violence, their alleged bombast and sensationalism. There is no repose in Regnault, whose paintings are all fire and passion. Nevertheless, though his speech is melodramatic, he makes use of the idioms and accents common to great painters, compelling admiration. This picture, which was painted in 1868, when he was a student at the Villa Medici, was his *envoi*. It is a young student's painting, and I shall let him describe it in his own words:—

“A young Greek, Automedon, bringing in from the meadows by the shore of the Scamander the divine horses of Achilles, those steeds whose golden manes fell clear to the ground. I have conceived a movement for my young man in which Lagraine [the model] is admirable. He is between the two horses, and is running towards the spectator, holding a horse with each hand. The horses present themselves almost full front; one of them is rearing, and the other throws his head to one side in an attempt to get away from the hand that holds him. I think I have got a rather happy arrangement, both in respect of lines and masses. The young man is a splendid subject to paint. . . . You are frightened by the antique subject of my *envoi*, but you may take courage; for I have done some Greek after my own fashion. It is a free translation. Automedon may be what

you will, and in my horses I have sought to represent, not the particular cut of Thessalian horses' manes, but all that is noblest and most awe-inspiring in the horse, all that the historic horse might be in this line,—the talking horse who foresaw the death of his master Achilles. The sky is overcast with storm clouds, a leaden sea begins its sullen heaving, though still upon its surface it seems asleep. A dreary ray of sunshine lights up the rocky and sterile coast on the horizon with a wan glimmer. The horses, knowing that their master will take them into the combat, that this fight will be the last, and will cost him his life, resist and struggle with the servant who has come to bring them in from their pasture. One of them, a dark bay, rises like a great sombre phantom in a silhouette against the sky. I wished to give in the picture something like a presentiment of a sinister event. But have I well said all that I wished to? You are right: an artist ought to let himself go, and give himself up to the various impressions he feels in the presence of nature, and he ought not to reject or despise half his good impulses just because they are not accepted by his school or sect. Yes, nature, the true, the touching things, life and death, even real death in its awful or serene immobility,—that is what must be sought.”

The fine youthful ardor displayed in Regnault's letter is seen also in the picture, the execution of which is vigorous and brilliant. The figure of the man, a superb study, is doubtless the best life-size and full-length nude, in drawing, modeling and color, that we have in the United States. The horses, not having been painted from nature, are not literally true to nature, but they are in thorough accord with the spirit of the Iliad, and might well have borne through falling Trojan squadrons the slaughtering sword of the mighty Achilles, who thus addressed them:—

"Zanthus and Balius! of Podargos' strain,
 (Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain),
 Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
 And learn to make your master more your
 care:" . . .

The coloring of the immortal coursers' glossy coats, especially that of the bay on the left, is exceedingly rich. The red drapery floating in the breeze from Automedon's shoulder and loins is a superb note, worthy of Rubens. The landscape is full of deep tones, striking contrasts of light and dark, impressive lines, and is weird and suggestive in its effect. The only touch of sunlight in the picture falls on a hillside where clay and spindling grass alternate in patches at the left of the background. With the lowering sky beyond it to provide the needed relief, it is a fine stroke, which adds not a little to the dramatic character of the work. Such horizons are to be seen in mountainous regions, where the sterility and mystery of the landscape forcibly affect the imagination. Gautier called Regnault a colorist of the first order; Hamerton thought he might have become one if he had lived; and Regnault himself expressed the wish that he could color as well as he could draw.

The Automedon is not of even excellence throughout in color, but after all, the young man who could execute such a work, so full of life, of brilliancy, of audacity, while still a student, must have gone backwards in an uncommon fashion not to bear out Hamerton's judgment. The policy of excluding the picture from the Museum for fear that it might demoralize the art students would have been mistaken, not to say absurd; and it was in this belief that the artists and art students of Boston, with much una-

nimity, welcomed its acquisition. People who know the least are sometimes the readiest to find fault. An artist told me that one day he saw two extremely degraded, ignorant, brutish-looking men talking so earnestly that he drew near, out of sheer curiosity as to what such beings could be discussing, and as he came within hearing these oracular words met his ears: "I'll tell you the mistake Napol'yun Bonyparty made at the battle of Waterloo!"

One of the largest paintings in the Museum is Henri Lerolle's *By the Riverside* (*Au Bord de la Rivière*), a landscape with figures, of almost colossal dimensions. The composition is an upright, and represents a path alongside a smoothly flowing river, a group of tall and leafless trees on the bank, beyond the stream, in the distance, more trees with yellow foliage, and a range of abrupt hills. In the middle distance, at the left, a woman is seen driving some cattle home. In the foreground, at the right, two peasant-women, life-size, are walking along the river-side path, one of them carrying a baby, and the other a loaded sack. The sunlight strikes upon their heads and shoulders. This is a broad, simple, and true picture, quiet and satisfactory. The gray sky is luminous, and the whole effect of lighting is happy and well out-of-doors. The sentiment of the work is agreeable, if not profound; and, though it cannot be called a great painting, it is a very good example of a good class. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1881, and became the property of the Museum through the generosity of Mr. Francis C. Foster. There is a large picture by Lerolle in the Luxembourg Gallery. He took a first-class medal in 1880.

William Howe Downes.

PASTURE HERB AND MEADOW SWATH.

THE pasture is the living-room of Nature, where common daily avocations go on round hearthstones made hot by the sun; where the sounds are trivial, the silences familiar, and life an affair of cheerful activity rather than of solemnity or high insight. It is the meeting-point of civilization and wildness, as the pastoral life has been for nations the link between barbarism and agriculture. The cows troop soberly up from the farmyard to join the tinkle of their bells to that of the rivulet which tumbles down from the mountain, losing its deep, cool privacy to spread itself thinly on grassy terraces, wind among the bushes, stand here and there in open pools, and perhaps go to naught in the parched, porous soil. The pasture itself slants skyward, and was once part of the mountain. Its shadows have been torn away; its rocks lie revealed, bare-shouldered, bleached, and seamed by the weather, and covered with papery lichen in place of their ancient moss. They long, perhaps, to revert to the old wildness, but in vain. "They have submitted to a new control." The change is almost climatic. A new fauna and flora have grown up around them. It is the era of the herb and the grasshopper. The mushrooms, and cool ferns, and the shy wood warblers are left behind and above on the mountain.

Between the rocks the soil is pungent with the spice of sweet-fern, mint, and pennyroyal, with now and then an aromatic patch of brown needles under a clump of pine-trees. The flowers are of the homely sort: yellow St. John's wort and mullein, straggling white-starred cinquefoil, and in damp spots a few of the little faint blue Quaker ladies, or "innocents," as they are called in some parts,—we must go back to Charles Lamb for the connection between the

two appellations, — not clustered together as in their native meadows, but peeping out shyly, one at a time, unconscious and unobtrusive. What place have their tiny stems and gold-eyed crosses in a region where everything is for use, where the clustered pink bells of the huckleberry are storing up future pies, and the herbs seem fashioned in the ground with a view to their winter sojourn in the garret? The old women are right to stand by their herb tea. Nature has seemingly lent herself to a multitude of systems and quackeries. The fruits of knowledge have been often baneful, and those of cultivated ignorance have destroyed their thousands. But she planted the pennyroyal on open ground close to the farmhouse, and invited the good people to gather it for its pungent odor, and to tie its trim spikes into a homely bouquet. If the brews concocted of it have less efficacy than the fresh mountain air which blows over it all summer, they yet retain something of the summer's spice in their simplicity. And there are housewives, plenty of them, in dear New England who have the strength and wholesomeness of the herbs in their souls, whether or not their bodily vigor be the result of sage or boneset, and from whose hands one would receive a cup of bitterness almost as joyfully as a square of delicious brown gingerbread or a doughnut just out of the pan. There are things in life more palatable than the herbs which leave no such sweetness behind.

Among the rocks and hollows of the pasture, society is, perhaps, as nearly upon a communistic basis as we can find it in Nature outside the bee-cell and the ant-hill. There are no rich holdings. The thin blond grass is free to all, and gives nourishment to the cows, who

spend the long day in threading their way between rocks and bushes, cropping mouthfuls of its sweetness as they go, and weaving a network of objectless paths through the swampy growths and sweet-fern. The chipmunks keep house under the boulders, and scamper out to sun themselves, in kittenish attitudes, on rocky ledges. In summer they vary their diet of nuts by an occasional berry. I watched one lately helping himself to the lowest raspberry from a low-hanging branch, picking it daintily with his forepaws, and holding it up to eat as if it were a nut. They are the tamest of our wild creatures. I have known one to come daily from his hole in the garden wall to join the chickens at mealtime; by degrees he became venturesome, and once or twice he crossed the threshold of the farmhouse, and picked up from the kitchen floor crumbs that must have had a new flavor to his palate.

Another pasture mammal, though he is also a denizen of the meadow, and was christened in the copse, is the woodchuck. He is not to be lured by the wiles of civilization; he takes kindly to its fruits, but will none of its yoke. I held an interview, brief but half intimate, with a woodchuck the other day, in which my fancy was captivated by that idea of a possible kinship with wild four-footed things that haunted Hawthorne and Thoreau; but I could perceive that the comradeship was all on one side, and that my companion received but small pleasure, and had no intention of imparting any. It was on a logging road which struck away from the pasture into a wood. A half-grown woodchuck advanced from under the trees to the edge of the path, and stopped on seeing me. He held three leaves in his teeth. I also called a halt, and we stood looking at each other. His little nose quivered with a motion all its own, and his round body rose and fell in longer waves of respiration.

Both of us shirked the initiative for a time; at last I withdrew a little to give him confidence and an opportunity to resume his way, but he did not budge. He may have been paralyzed in his little woodchuck heart, but he did not look frightened. At the risk of being set down as unpoetic in my conclusions, I will say that he looked like a shrewd Yankee woodchuck, who waited to see his neighbor's pile before making his own. Impelled by a curiosity to see how far his terror or his courage would go, I stepped up to him and took one of the leaves from between his teeth. He made a little snap at my hand, then drew himself together and chattered at me with a wild gleam in his eye, "a countenance more" in anger than expressive of fear or any other sentiment. It was not till I had removed to a distance and waited for some moments that he took to his heels, and then they carried him down the wooded slope at a pace which put further intercourse out of the question.

No, they do not want us in those alien spheres. We are broadening our sympathies to small purpose as far as any save ourselves are concerned, and tendering them where there is neither craving nor need. Even the internal relations of the pasture *Mir* are not always as friendly as the soft blending of sounds and odors would lead us to imagine. Its inhabitants are, after all, bread-winners, and though the competition implied in that fact appears to be a cheerful one, we cannot look into it without perceiving the existence of the little rift which for us has well-nigh destroyed the music. When we get the statistics of the pasture herbs, we find that the ground they occupy was won by hard fighting, and covers a multitude of slain. Now and again, in the open daylight of the pasture, there are fierce struggles with darkness. One day I came upon a small chintz-patterned snake in the act of devouring a toad. He took

his meal slowly and with relish, drawing his elastic body forward over his prey, wrinkle by wrinkle, as a glove is drawn over a hand, and opening his mouth with satisfaction as the living mass within moved from one curve to another. Such sights suggest to us that the cruelties of life may have their root in something deeper than a social form, and that in clamoring as we do for their extinction, we may be combating a law that is central and eternal. The means for soothing and mitigating lie all about us, and are not to be disregarded; invitations to forget or to rise above them are in every breath and ray of light. The beauty of life lies open; its sanctity and sweetness are inherent, but Amiel was looking into a real abyss when he wrote that "*la profondeur est austère et formidable.*" It is for the soul to take account, to reconcile or to accept.

But here in the pasture we remember Emerson's saying that "life is not intellectual or critical, but sturdy." The ants labor all day over humps and hillocks with their heavy burdens. The cricket and grasshopper take long leaps across each other's acres, and the bee covers them all on invisible lines of railroad, whirring with swift accuracy from one flower-station to another. The wild strawberry hangs, racy and vermilion, above the tufts of moss. Checkerberries and ground pine creep down from the woods, and join with the deep club-moss to drape the knolls. The purple finch and the indigo bird sing in the pasture, and make a festival in its colors with their warm crimson and brilliant blue. The black-winged yellow bird flies past, singing, as he goes, a melody cadenced to the short rolls and dips of his flight; tossed like a little golden ball from one unseen hand to another, and on to a third, for his course often describes a sort of triangle, he throws out his notes as he goes, turns, and begins again. The robin and bluebird belong to the orchard and the lawn, but I have

twice found the robin nesting on the ground in pasture land: once in a clump of brake, and once in the ruffle of blueberry-bushes that bordered a flat rocky ledge on a hill-top. But the native and true poet of the pasture is the song sparrow. He was reared in the midst of it under a tuft of grass or sweet-fern, and pours out his song from a fence, a bush or a savin-tree: his aspirations go no higher; his art is simple enough; yet none of our birds has the same joyous, every-day ecstasy. He begins his pasture ballads before the snow has melted from the hollows; he celebrates the coming of spring, of morning, and of rest, and not infrequently "puts in his little heavenly word" amid the silence and lethargy of a summer noon. He does not soar and chant like the lark between "the kindred points of heaven and home;" but he is very near home, and is a reminder of heaven on slopes where the mullein spreads its flannel leaves to the ground and points upward with its "silent finger," and the sky space above looks almost too large for the knarled and hollowed acreage. Home in pasture regions is an old-fashioned place, not utterly remote from heaven.

If the pasture gives us the prose and strong-grained common sense of life, and the mountains hold its austerer poetry, the meadows have caught much of its color on their broad, moist palettes. Hues blend and colors change with the moving of the year and the passing of every breeze; the green which is tender in spring, dazzling and almost hard in early summer, becomes, as the season proceeds, only the ground on which the embroidery is wrought. There are impetuous rushes of silver across its surface, waves of amber-red, delicate pencillings made by slender, purple-seeded grasses. The dandelion reigns, grows gray, and dies. The buttercup spreads its yellow, and gives way in turn to the clustered lilies and the tawny rud-

beckias, in which the yellow is not only deepened in tone, but matched with its counterpart of grave maroon. The meadow-rue waves its white plumes above the grass, and here and there are patches of lush clover that hold fast their own purpled rose-color, and merely nod their heads in response to a wind which lays the meadow grass in broad sweeps at its feet.

Is it a fancy that the birds which haunt the meadow fly horizontally? We cannot well hold them to the point, but the song that in our American meadows takes the place of the skylark's is that gay trill of the bobolink, uttered as he hovers above the grass in short level flights; the swallows skim hither and thither, dipping as into an ocean, and following all day long the waving shadows of the grass; and above the hawk soars in circles, or a heron flies across with deeply flapping wings. All these belong more intimately to the meadow than even the hosts of little sparrows and finches which seem to turn up more suddenly and abundantly than ever at haying time, and take possession of the haycocks as gayly as children.

We are loth to let the grass go when it is ripe for haying, lest all the rich color should be wiped out, but Nature can be trusted with the preparation of the palette; a day or two of dryer, lighter tints, and the green and gold are back again, settling in stalk and stubble and nascent blade, and laying a new mantle of beauty over the bare field. And what a delight it is to wake up some July morning to the burr and click of the mowing-machine on its first trip of the season, and, looking out, to see the scalloped swaths lying green and silvery in the early hot sunshine! One cannot write of haying after Tolstoi, for the whole rich experience, sensation, sight, and action is stored up, with all its summer heat, in his easy, wonderful pages. We who cherish our own writers side by side with our native daily life may be

pardoned if a feeling that is almost disappointment is mixed with the delight of finding the sweetest and most familiar event of our rural life written down for us, within the last ten or twelve years, by a novelist of the other hemisphere. We are tempted to forget that haying is an episode of all rural life the world over, so closely is it bound up in our heart with New England meadows and workers. Haying brings the meadow for a season under the utilitarian idea, and nearer to the pasture. The farmer declares that he does n't see why city folks talk about the poetry of haying; they would n't find much poetry in it if they had to work as he does, fifteen hours a day, with showers coming up, and the crop to be sometimes hustled in at short notice or lost altogether. But the farmer cannot take the poetry out for us or make even so homely a draught as molasses, ginger, and water, in a huge earthen jug, anything but delicious to the warm, passionate thirst that sun and exercise have given. The meadow itself sanctions the poetic view. I have raked hay at sunset when that simple occupation seemed like a solemn rite performed in a temple of glory. The crimson that lay on the mountains from summit to base was only a materialization of the living light which filled and flooded the plain: the atmosphere held color as a glass holds wine, and in walking one had the sensation of moving through its strong fluid gold as a swimmer through the blue of the sea. It was like being caught up into the clouds to share in their suffusion of radiance and mystery. That was an ordinary sunset, one of the marvels of every day: a more unusual manifestation of meadow glory came to me one evening in October, on the wide sea marshes, which for freedom of outlook and suggestion come next to the mountain tops. A haze of Indian summer was in the air. The sun was sinking, soft and yellow, across the marsh, when, as he touched its horizon, a flood

of gold poured across, forming, from the meadow-pinks at my feet to the town which lay steeped in sunset three miles away, a broad highway of dazzling light. It was as if a glittering veil had been thrown over the marsh on which one could walk as upon a carpet; and the veil was there, though the fairest foot-fall would have broken through its

meshes. It was the gossamer spun by innumerable meadow spiders, which had caught the light in its network, and gave it back from every thread. They had toiled and spun for their glory, these meaner dwellers on the marsh, but to them, as to the lilies, it came in a way not wholly calculable, shed from above and beyond the effort and longing of the day.

Sophia Kirk.

ICELAND, SUMMER AND WINTER.

THERE was an unusual noise of hurrying to and fro on the deck of the *Phoenix*, the stanch little steamer that carries the mail from Denmark to Iceland. It was still very early in the morning of the last day but one of August. The sound that came down from above was clearly some sort of chorus. There was nobody about to ask for information, for every one was apparently on deck. What could it mean? A glance from the companion-way showed my fellow-passengers singing together in a group, while far off in the distance rose the top, the white, glistening top, of a glacier. It was an Icelander's welcome to Iceland.

All that day we steamed along a shore that was white in the distant background where it met the sky, but black and rugged in the foreground, and then white again where the sea broke in foam at its feet. Sometimes a waterfall was seen, a straight line of light across the face of a precipice, and then a green-brown slope told of vegetation; a promise only, in which one was not tempted to place much faith, and which was never fully kept. The Westmann Islands were passed, and we saw where miniature sheep were grazing far up above one's head. Over a dizzy steep, cut sheer to the sea, a man hung by a rope, while the gulls, mere insignificant specks,

wheeled about him. Round about clouds of sea-birds floated upon the water or hovered over it. Now the coast was smoother and greener, and back of it, apparently out of a field of ice, rose Hekla, the Cloak. Then the sun set in the sea, and the ice-peaks turned red as if from the fire glowing within. The night grew dark, but the ship kept on its course, and early the next morning the anchor chain rattled out, a gun was fired, and we were anchored in the harbor of Reykjavik.

Seen from the sea, Reykjavik does not present an imposing appearance. You have before you an ordinary fishing village, made up of a few straggling streets of little one-story wooden houses, browned by the weather or painted black, as if to anticipate its ravages. Close by the sea is a green mound where once was a fort. Back of it stands a long white house, the Governor's, with a flag-staff, and a flag flying in honor of our arrival. Still farther back are two small churches, and a graveyard on a hill. That is all, yet Reykjavik is the great point of contact with the outside world; the commercial, the intellectual, and the political centre of Iceland, at the same time hand, heart, and head.

If you are fortunate in securing early the services of a boatman from the shore, you are stowed, with your luggage, in

his boat, and presently landed at one of the several long wooden piers that run down into the water. Then you pick your way between the piles of dried codfish, making room for a woman who is carrying an unsavory load of them upon her head, and at last you are on shore. The distinctive characteristic of Reykjavik at certain seasons of the year is codfish. It is the principal article of export, and one of the few sources of wealth. The air is heavy and the ground is covered with it, until, at last, it is loaded upon ships and disseminated throughout Europe. The coat of arms of Iceland is a codfish spread open upon a shield, and surmounted by a crown.

The chief beauties of Reykjavik are not of itself, but of its surroundings. Away to the west, beyond the islands of the harbor, roll the bright blue waters of the Faxa Fjord. Sixty miles to the north rises, as if out of the sea, the single icy peak of Snowfell. Nearer are the slopes of Esja, with their ever-varying color, violet, purple, pink, and glowing red. On the land side the view is shut in by black mountains, rough and jagged notches across the horizon, with here and there a volcanic peak as symmetrical as a sugar-loaf. A little way off, from some warm springs, whose "reek" gives the town its name, a cloud of steam floats lazily.

Reykjavik, poor little metropolis of two thousand inhabitants, has, nevertheless, its sights and sounds. Its houses, with but few exceptions of wood, consist usually of a single story, but in isolated instances rise to the dignity of two. Through the town runs a wide and tolerably straight street, on which live several of the dignitaries of the island, the Bishop, the Governor, the Chief-Justice, and other members of the government. Upon one side, surrounded by wooden palings, is the public square, in the centre of which stands a bronze statue of Thorwaldsen, presented by the Danish government to the native coun-

try of the sculptor. At the farther end is the little cathedral, which contains a marble font by the artist himself. Around the different sides of the square are grouped the new parliament house, the post-office, and a school for girls, which draws its pupils from all parts of the country. One of the most imposing buildings of the capital is the jail, and two of the most awe-inspiring of her citizens are the policemen, who in turn patrol the streets in felt helmets and uniform. It was not discovered, however, that they ever arrested anybody, because nobody ever so far forgot himself as to warrant arrest. The jail consequently is always empty, a fact that can be but imperfectly understood when one sees its manifest superiority to all other dwellings. One of the policemen exercises, in addition to his function of guardian of the public weal, that of librarian of the Icelandic Literary Society, which was established as long ago as 1816, and has published many works. He is also an author, and has written at least one valuable book.

The streets of Reykjavik are unpaved, but at certain corners, wide apart, stand lamp-posts, whereon burn kerosene lamps to light the belated citizen to his door. One of the most characteristic of street sights is the long lines of ponies that almost continually come and go, bringing loads of dried fish, and carrying back the necessities of life; and almost all of life's necessary demands in Iceland must be supplied from without. Even the wood with which the houses are framed comes from Norway, and must be taken into the interior on the backs of horses. A frequent sight is a procession of ponies, each with a board on either side, fastened at one end to the pack-saddle, while the other end is left to trail and bump along the uneven road. On pleasant mornings another kind of procession is often seen. It is composed of women and girls, each with a wooden tub, and all going to the warm

springs to do the household washing. The water can be had at all temperatures, from boiling hot, where it bubbles up out of the earth, to tepid, farther down the little stream formed from the overflow. Dipping up a tubful of hot water, the washerwoman puts her washing to soak, and then selects a convenient place upon the bank near the water's edge, where she kneels and rubs and wrings piece by piece.

The Icelanders show plainly enough their Scandinavian origin, and but little new blood has come in since the settlement, over a thousand years ago. One sees, however, fewer pleasing faces, both among men and women, than in Norway. It is a harsh life at the best in this unpropitious climate. It is far too serious a matter to be lived lightly, and there are few pleasures. The ordinary Icelanders are persons who are phenomenally serious, seldom smiles, and neither can take a joke nor make one. In stature and physique he is slighter than the Norwegian. His height is not so great, his shoulders are less broad, and his limbs less brawny. In his costume, except for his shoes of ill-tanned sealskin, there is but little unconventionality. His suit is of black homespun, for the Icelandic sheep produce wool of excellent quality and length, which the housewives spin and weave during the long nights of winter.

The feminine costume is more characteristic. On ordinary, every-day occasions the garb is all of black, relieved only at the bosom by a coquettish glimpse of white chemisette stiffly starched. The abundant hair is carefully braided, usually in four strands, which are then caught up at the ends. Matrons and maids, the women wear upon the head, both at home and abroad, a jaunty disk-like cap, black in color, and so firmly knitted that it seems to be of cloth; from its centre depends to the shoulder a tassel of silk, held at the top by a silver slide. The peasant maids,

who often have bright eyes and full, red-cheeked faces, know how, by a toss of the head, to throw these tassels saucily from one side to the other. Where it can be afforded, a black silk apron completes the attire.

The holiday costume is still more effective. A dress waist elaborately embroidered with silver thread, and often a precious heirloom for generations, replaces the one ordinarily worn. A silver belt of antique workmanship clasps the waist, and upon the head is set the graceful *faldur*, a Phrygian helmet of stiff white linen, over which is thrown a white gauze veil. A gala costume; now scarcely ever seen, is still more elaborate. In addition to the silver ornaments of belt and waist, a flat silver-embroidered ruff stands stiffly from the neck. Upon the head is wound, like a turban, a handkerchief of figured silk, while over it curves a stiff white linen headdress, shaped like a miniature pulpit sounding-board. In Reykjavik one also sees, here and there, the conventional dress of woman; for the wives and daughters of many of the government officials have been educated abroad. A glance into many of the houses shows, too, the cosmopolitan tastes of their inhabitants. There are pianos and pictures, the London illustrated papers, the *Revue du Monde*, and the last new Danish novel. Reykjavik, however, is not Iceland any more than Paris really is France; and to find the characteristic life of the people one must seek it outside of the little town.

Town life, in fact, is a matter of comparatively recent growth in Iceland. The only considerable villages are Reykjavik in the south, and Akreyri in the north. The rest of the seventy thousand people who make up the total of the population are scattered in small fishing settlements along the coast and in isolated farmsteads about the fertile parts of the island. The west and north are the most thickly inhabited and the most fertile;

fertility, however, must be taken in a purely relative sense in a country where there are no trees taller than dwarf willows and birches, over which one can see without difficulty, where grain will not ripen, and the hardest vegetables rarely will grow.

The interior of the island consists of vast and well-nigh inaccessible plains of volcanic sand and desolate lava fields, which rise in the southeast to the height of considerable mountain-ranges covered with eternal ice and snow. Along the west and north the coast line is broken by innumerable fjords running far up into the land. Into them pour countless streams, whose sloping banks are clothed, during the summer, with short, rich grass, which forms excellent pasturage for the ponies and sheep, and provides them, in favorable years, with hay for the winter. It is in these grass-grown valleys that the Icelanders most often live.

Travel through the interior is performed entirely by means of ponies. The little Icelandic pony is one of the hardest of his species; his life, no doubt, has made him what he is. All summer he toils for a master who does not care to spare him, and when snow has obliterated every pathway, and he can no more serve for a beast of burden, he is not infrequently turned adrift to shift for himself; then, forsaken and forlorn, he wanders down to the sea-shore to eat the wrack washed up by the waves. Yet he serves you cheerfully and faithfully. Along the rough bridle-paths — for roads are short and few — he carries you with surest foot, close, often, to the brink of frightful precipices, where the slightest misstep or stumble would be certain death alike to pony and to rider; up hill and down, now fording this stream, and now swimming that, you are borne safely to your journey's end.

It was one morning in September that our party started out from Reykjavik. Everything had been arranged by Zoega,

the guide, and Gisli, his useful auxiliary. The ponies for immediate use were saddled, the packs were adjusted on the wooden pack-saddles, and the dogs were guarding the relay of ponies they were hereafter to drive.

The Icelandic dogs do not merit the slight esteem in which, to judge from ancient Pistol, they were held in Shakespeare's day. They are very intelligent animals, in race like their congeners of the extreme north of Europe. No traveling party is complete without a number of them. They trot soberly along behind the ponies, now and then going a short distance to one side of the bridle-path, where they stand still a moment looking up and down the line; if any of the ponies have strayed from their places, the dog on duty instantly is after the delinquents, and by furiously attacking their legs, drives them back into line again. To make your train move faster you have but to br-r-r-r to the dog and at once he is barking and snapping at the heels of the laggards. There is continual war between horses and dogs. The horses, in their turn, often make an ineffectual but savage attack on the dogs with teeth and hoof, but the latter are always too quick for them. If the way is rough and the horses are intractable, the poor dogs sometimes get very tired, and then they are taken up upon the saddle, either before or behind the rider, where they cling until rested.

There is a road for a short distance out of Reykjavik, but it ends abruptly, and thenceforth your way is but a succession of bridle-paths, worn by the hoofs of generations of ponies. Now you begin to realize what manner of country Iceland is and how sparsely it is peopled. Often you may travel mile upon mile and not a house nor a human being meet your eye. The panorama that unrolls itself is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting. You start into the lower end of the valley, whose hill-sides and slopes, where the sun is warm-

est, are bright with the greenest grass and gay with short-stemmed flowers — the dandelion the most frequent of all. Your way leads you continually upward — at first gradually, but soon it grows more and more abrupt and difficult. The flowers disappear, the grass gives way to brown heather, and then you have nothing about you but moss-grown volcanic rocks; soon these are bare, and the air grows chill, for the snow-line is low. Higher still you climb, and the path is slippery with fresh-fallen snow, which now flies in a flurry around you. At last you pass the summit and commence the descent. The air changes, and is thick and heavy. Ahead, you hear the barking of the dogs, as they urge on the hesitating horses, but you have lost sight of them, for the fog has settled over you. Lower still, the wind has swept the mist away, and now your view falls upon the rugged surface of a lava field. As far as the eye can reach, it stretches away, a picture of utter chaos and desolation. The path winds laboriously through it, and you have a chance to see it in all its varied phases of disorder. In every conceivable manner it is riven and torn. Here, a crack has been formed, with sides as sharply defined as if laid with trowel and plummet. Yonder, a giant bubble has burst and left a deep chasm, black and jagged. Farther on, the lava has assumed all the capricious forms of the ocean in a storm, as if waves, and swirls, and foam had been caught and instantly turned into stone. Nowhere is there a sign of life; over all there is silence unbroken. Only now and then the dismal croak of a raven, as he flies heavily across the scene, makes the silence more apparent and the desolation more complete.

Sometimes, however, you look upon quite another scene. Below you the land rolls away, in slopes covered with green, to the shores of a lake, whose still waters strive to rival, in depth of

color, the sky above. Near it a cloud of steam from a hot spring floats leisurely away. Flocks of sheep are grazing here and there, upon the hillsides, and yonder rises the yellow smoke from the peat fire of a farmhouse. In the background, beyond the lake, the view is shut in by mountains, whose icy tops glisten in the sunlight.

There are no inns in Iceland, and the goal of your day's journey must be some farmstead, where you can be sure of shelter for the night. When it is possible the farm of a clergyman is selected, for the Lutheran clergy all eke out a scant living by farming. In close proximity to the house is the little church, which also is made to do duty as a literal place of refuge for the weary traveler. An Icelandic farmstead is peculiarly characteristic and picturesque. You approach, first of all, the home-field, carefully enclosed by a wall of lava blocks and turf: it is of considerable extent and not infrequently on both sides of a road leading directly up to the farmhouse. Before the buildings it ends in a sort of court, sometimes paved with stone, but oftener overgrown with grass. Your arrival has already been announced by the dogs, of which there is always a nondescript collection about every dwelling, and several of them are standing on the highest point of the roof of the house, from which position they have watched your gradual approach, and are now excitedly barking. Before you have fairly entered the court, everybody belonging to the farm has come to the door and regards you curiously; questions and answers as to your destination are interchanged, and you are made welcome.

The buildings of a farm usually are under one roof and stand in a row, with their gable ends facing the court. They are peculiarly constructed: economy of timber and the exigencies of the climate furnish, however, a key to their architecture. Ordinarily they are but one story

in height. They are framed of wood, and their gables also are wooden; their sides and backs, which usually slope to the ground, are commonly of lava and turf; the roof always is thatched with turf, which quickly grows together and forms a continuous covering, through which wet and cold scarcely can penetrate. Seen from a distance a group of farm buildings bears the appearance of an irregular grass-grown hillock, upon which, to heighten the illusion, sheep are calmly grazing. The farmhouse proper consists of two or three gables: next it is the byre for the winter shelter of the cows, if the farmer is sufficiently well-to-do to possess any, and next the smithy with its forge and anvil: the Icelfander in his isolation is thrown upon his own resources, and is obliged still to exercise, upon occasion, a calling that has descended to him from the immemorial past. Entering the house through the low doorway in one of the gables, you find yourself in a long straight passage, through which, even in broad daylight, you must commonly grope your way. The floor is sometimes of boards, sometimes of earth; on each side doors open into the adjoining buildings, separated from each other only by wooden partitions. Usually the door on one side leads into the common living-room of the house, which occupies the whole of the building in which it is situated. A quaint and picturesque interior meets your eye. It is a long, low room, lighted at either end by a square window. Above, the beams are visible, and have been made the place of deposit for an indescribable variety of household articles. Along one side stands the low stationary bed which serves also as a lounging place by day; some square wooden chests are ranged along the opposite side; at the end, particularly in winter, several women are carding and spinning wool. This common room always indicates the thrift or poverty of the farmer. Sometimes it is scrupulously neat and orderly, and

its furniture is good and substantial, if not costly. Frequently, however, everything about the place is of the most primitive kind, and comfort, convenience, and cleanliness are unknown. The bed looks as if it were never made up; and dirt, fleas, children, and dogs are distributed in equal, though inordinate, proportions.

If you enter the door on the opposite side of the hall-way, you find a smaller room, usually furnished with chairs and a table, and sometimes with a bed. This, in the larger houses, is the spare room of the house, and, after the various saddles and Sunday garments placed here for safe keeping have been removed, it is assigned to the chance guest. If, instead of turning to the right or to the left, you continue your way along the passage to the end, you arrive at the kitchen, which usually is in a separate building. Its floor is of earth. In a fire-place flickers an uncertain fire of peat, and over it hangs an iron pot from a crane. Everything is dark and smoke-begrimed, for much of the smoke does not escape through the open chimney, and the only light is from the fire. Perhaps an old woman with her black garments and her tasseled *hufa* bends over the kettle and stirs its contents. The unsteady light gives it all a weird appearance, and you wonder if the crone is not muttering an incantation. It is such an interior as Gerard Douw would have loved to paint.

Small as is the kitchen fire, it is often the only one in the house, for fuel in some parts of the island is exceedingly scarce, and must be used with the strictest economy for cooking purposes alone. It is customary to close the houses when the cold winter weather comes on, for then the atmosphere becomes at least warmer than the outside air, if not quite so well adapted for breathing purposes. The houses of the clergy often are better than those described, in that they have more rooms or better accommodations;

sometimes, however, they are worse, or the guest chamber already has been allotted, and in that case you retire to the neighboring church.

The churches of Iceland are generally of one character, — small wooden structures, plain and unpretending, with peaked roof and open belfry at the front above the entrance. Often they are set in the midst of grass-grown mounds, a silent congregation just without the door, and then the whole is inclosed with the usual wall of turf and lava. Within, the little church is more peculiar. An aisle runs down the centre, and on each side are rows of straight-backed benches. At the extreme end is the altar, with two tall candlesticks and a low platform in front surrounded by a railing. Everything is plain and unpainted, and there is no attempt at decoration, with the exception of the altar-piece, which not infrequently is a fair copy of some well-known picture of the Crucifixion or the Resurrection. On week days the churches often are made the convenient receptacle of all sorts of articles from the farmhouse. On the floor are straps, and saddles, and bridles; dependent from pegs in the beams or the ceiling are trousers, and shawls, and dresses, coats and petticoats of all materials, shapes, and sizes. Curious they are and out of place, but once or twice we were thankful that they hung so near, for the night proved exceptionally cold, and we took down the whole nondescript collection and spread it over us for additional warmth.

Although he has little to offer, the Icelanders willingly shares with you what he has. If there is room in his house you are welcome to it: all wet and travel-stained as not infrequently you are, your garments are placed where they will dry, and you are made as comfortable as circumstances will admit. If, by good luck, there is a salmon boiling in the pot over the fire, you are asked to partake of it. If the house is too small

or already is occupied, you are furnished with bedding, which you then spread upon the church floor just in front of the altar, or, if it is large enough, upon the platform inside the altar rail, and go to bed by the light of the candles.

No matter when you come to the farmhouse, it is the same. One day Gisli had miscalculated the distance, and darkness overtook us when we were yet a long way from any habitation. From the ordinary dark night it grew to be as black as any possible Cimmerian desert, and to add to the discomfort we lost the way, and it began to rain. Because of the darkness it was impossible to see the ground over which we rode, and we only knew from the crunching of the horses' hoofs that we were traversing a plain of volcanic sand, or from their sharp click that our pathway was the flat surface of a lava field. Later on we found ourselves struggling over and between the hummocks of a bog, where the stirrups were knocked off our feet at one moment, and we were half unseated the next. At last, however, after having made an unnecessary detour, we arrived at the farmstead which had been our original destination. Nobody was astir, so Gisli clambered up on the roof of the house and called down the chimney. The people soon appeared, and bedding was given us to spread on the floor of the church. It was a cold night, and the floor was filled with draughty cracks, so that the wardrobe was taken down from its pegs, and the black gown of the priest, which hung at the side of the altar, shared the general fate.

Occasionally we found better accommodations. Once, in the south, we arrived after dark, tired, wet, and hungry, at the house of a clergyman whom we had met in Reykjavik. He was not at home, but his wife received us, and took us to the best room, which bore, in its carpet, and pictures, and well-filled bookshelves unmistakable marks of cultivation. Shortly after the table was spread

with a snow-white cloth, and coffee was brought on a silver server by the housewife herself, who sat down and drank with us. One of us, interested in a rare copy of an ancient Saga whose scene of action was about this very place, took it down from the shelf to examine it more carefully, and was asked if he would not accept it as a gift. After a dinner of boiled salmon and potatoes, broiled mutton, rye bread with butter, and the national dish of *skyr*, or curds, we were shown to a bedroom and comfortable beds. At the foot of Hekla we were met with open-handed hospitality. The white-haired clergyman received us with evident pleasure, and gave us the best room and an adjoining bedroom. His generosity did not stop here, for the comely daughter of the house had soon spread the table in our room with an abundant dinner. The next morning, before we had thought of rising, the same fair maid brought us coffee and cakes on a napkin-covered tray, waited until we had bolstered ourselves up so that we could drink more comfortably, and stood by until we had finished our repast.

It is customary to instruct your guide to distribute among the servants of such a farm a sum proportionate to the size of your party and the duration of your stay, but it would be considered an insult to offer pay directly. Hospitably to entertain the stranger is an old-fashioned usage that is fast dying out on this tourist-traveled globe, but it is still characteristic of Iceland.

Your Icelfander himself, wherever you may meet him, is disposed to be friendly and communicative. As snuff-taking is the national vice, he is an inveterate snuff-taker, and offers you, after the usual greetings have been exchanged, his capacious snuff-horn. The habit is usually confined to the men, but women sometimes succumb to its temptations. It is customary to pour out the snuff in a little heap upon the back of the hand,

and then to draw it up into the nose, but occasionally a more vigorous votary of the art of snuffing puts the little end of the horn into his nostrils and fills them up in this expeditious manner. Whatever pleasure, real or imagined, the snuff-taker may derive from his habit, its disadvantages are apparent in the unsavory condition of his face, which is usually stained on both sides a dirty brown. If you are acquainted, or your new-found friend feels particularly well disposed toward you, he makes haste to kiss you. Among themselves the people are continually kissing. When they arrive and when they depart, the whole household, men, women, and maids, must be kissed. It was a custom that we found pleasant enough in some cases, but we were not infrequently obliged to discriminate against some and in favor of others. In traveling, a casually met horseman stops and inquires who you are, where you are going, and what your errand may be. If you are riding alone you are usually greeted with "*Sæll!*" (Be happy!) and then by the question: "What is the name of this man?" If you are belated, you are often met by a traveler who suddenly rides up out of the darkness. "Happy be you!" he cries, and passes on into the night. The universal greeting is a mutual wish for happiness. The customary salutation upon entering a house is "Happy be you!" Upon departing the order is reversed, "Be you happy!" which has the force of a blessing.

The usual objective point of a tour in Iceland is the Great Geyser in the southwestern part of the island. It is most accessible from Reykjavik, and the journey becomes doubly interesting from the fact that the way leads by Thingvalla, where the *Althing*, the parliament of Iceland, used to meet in the open air, in the midst of some of the grandest scenery of which even Iceland can boast. Down between black precipices of lava, concealed from your

view until you are almost close upon them, lie the Thingfields, a green, fertile plain through which runs the little river Axewater. At one end the plain runs down to the bright blue waters of the Thingvallavatn, the largest fresh-water lake in Iceland, whose farther shore is bounded by mountains. At the other end the valley slopes upward to a range of high mountains, whose tops at the time of our visit were covered with snow. Into the valley on the west tumbles the Axewater over the precipice at a single leap; flowing thence along a chasm, suddenly it changes its course and comes, with a succession of leaps, directly into the middle of the Thingfields, where, broadening out, it forms several sandy islands near the lower part of its course. On the western side of the valley, a continuation of the chasm through which the river first runs, is the Almannagja, the general assembling place of the people. It is simply a great rift in the lava with flat, grassy bottom and black sides, that on the west rising sheer a hundred feet. On the eastern side of the valley is the Hill of Laws, where the legislature sat. Like an island, it is almost completely isolated from the Thingfields by deep rifts, the bottom of which, fifty feet below, is filled with clear blue water. The tongue by which it is joined to the mainland is so narrow that it could be defended, as was sometimes necessary, by a single man. The Hill of Laws proper is a slight elevation in its centre around which were grouped the members of the little parliament.

The site of the old Icelandic Althing is one of the classical places of the world. For almost nine hundred years it was the meeting place of the parliament and the centre of the whole national life. When the assembly met in the middle of June the plain was covered with the tents and booths of the principal men from all parts of the island. It was the scene of games and of friendly

contests of all kinds; of ball-playing, of tugging at a rope, and of wrestling. Bargains were made here and contracts closed; fast friendships and alliances were formed; feuds were healed, and marriages were contracted. It is the stage, too, upon which was enacted many a thrilling scene described in the ancient Sagas. There is little left now at Thingvalla to remind the chance traveler of its former significance. Time has effaced all the old marks and left intact only the green plain, the rocks, and the river.

The clergyman of the little church had hospitably received us and pointed out the places of interest. After a supper in his house, to which we had also contributed from our stores, we picked our way through the graves in the churchyard to the church where we were to sleep. The distant mountain tops shone white and cold in the moonlight, and at their feet the lake sparkled. All was still. Only the low, half-heard sound of falling water rose and fell on the air. Inside the church the beds already were spread upon the floor, and the candles were burning on the altar.

Midway between the Thingfields and the Geyser, after passing a mountain range of black and scarred lava masses and extinct volcanoes, the road is crossed by the river Bridgewater, which comes tumbling down out of the mountains between precipitous banks. Here, however, the banks fall away in a slope, the river broadens out, and is divided into two parts by a wedge-shaped chasm, which suddenly yawns in the river-bed. Lower down, the sides of the stream are again rocky walls, so that this one spot forms the only available crossing place. A rude wooden bridge accordingly has been thrown across the chasm, and presents the unusual spectacle of a bridge in the middle of a river, for to reach it from either side you have first to ford the swiftly running water. Insignificant as it is, it is the only bridge

in Iceland, and gives a name to the river over which it stands. The absence of bridges is often a serious inconvenience to the traveler. The smaller streams are forded, but a long detour often is necessary in order to find a suitable crossing place, and even then the fords not infrequently are deep and dangerous, and every year occasion the loss of many lives. When the rivers are too deep to ford they are crossed by ferries, consisting of ordinary fishing-boats managed by men who live in convenient proximity. The ponies are driven down to the river-side and the packs, saddles, and bridles taken off and placed in the boats; they are then with difficulty urged into the stream, for they dread the ice-cold water, when they swim across in an irregular line, followed by the boat. If the river is swift or unusually broad, they are tied together, head to tail, and then are towed behind the boat. They are good swimmers and seldom drown, although often obliged to swim long distances, as the rivers, on account of the rugged nature of their sides, can often be crossed only near their mouths. The brackish water at the river mouths is particularly disliked by the ponies, and, to add to their discomfort, the seals, which swarm in the estuaries, appear to delight in terrifying them. Suddenly and without warning a smooth black head with round eyes appears directly in front of a pony's face; and then he plunges and makes the water foam in his excitement and terror. If, from the nature of the river banks, it is impossible to row the boat close to the shore, the ferrymen jump, with perfect nonchalance, into the water, up to their waists if need be, and, taking the passengers up in their arms, like infants, place them dry-shod upon land. The Icelanders are a perfect water animal, unshrinking and fearless, although, owing to the coldness of the water, he seldom, if ever, learns to swim. Death by drowning is a common fate in all parts of

Iceland, and it is due not infrequently to recklessness in venturing far out to sea in open fishing-boats, or to crossing the streams carelessly in unknown places or at high water.

On approaching the valley (the *Hawk-adale*, in which the Geyser is situated) the clouds of vapor rising from the numerous hot springs and mud volcanoes present the appearance of a busy manufacturing place with steaming and smoking chimneys. It is a broad plain which unfolds itself gradually to view, grass-grown in the distance, but barren in the immediate foreground, where it slopes upward in continually increasing heaps of sand and tufa, forming farther back a line of black mountains. Near the edge of the slope is the group of warm springs. Here the whole surface of the ground is parched and burnt, and filled with fumaroles, and one is obliged to dismount and go cautiously, lest the horse should break through the thin and brittle crust. The Geyser (the Spouter) is a gigantic caldron set in a hillock of calcareous tufa which rises gradually and symmetrically from the surrounding plain. The cone has been formed in the usual way, by deposits from the water itself, which at frequent intervals rises to the top of the basin, overflows for a few minutes, and then resumes its former level, several inches below the brim. The round basin is about sixty feet in diameter at the top, and narrows gradually, like a shallow funnel, toward the centre, from which, five or six feet from the surface, a shaft goes straight down into the earth. The water is as clear as crystal, and the fantastic deposits on the sides of the basin can be seen with perfect distinctness to the bottom. Over its surface, which lies as still as a mirror, hangs a continual cloud of steam. While we were standing close to the edge looking in, thump! thump! thump! came the sound and sensation of a violent blow struck three times under our feet; the water boiled up fiercely and

ran over the edge, a great column of vapor rose high into the air, and then the water sank back to its former condition of perfect tranquillity. Eruptions take place at very uncertain intervals; sometimes hours, sometimes weeks intervene, and nowadays they occur less frequently than formerly. The Geyser evidently is gradually dying out. The water, although it does not boil at the surface, still is nearly at the boiling point, and if you can trust in Providence sufficiently to hang your coffee-pot from a crane over the edge so that the bottom shall be well immersed, your coffee soon will be cooking in a gratifying manner.

The Strokkur, or Churn, which lies a short distance away, is much more satisfactory. It is merely an oblong hole in the ground, quite even with the surrounding surface. Inside it is like a well, some five feet wide at the mouth, and looking down through the steam, you see the water surging and boiling in great waves twelve or fifteen feet below. While the Geyser is to the last degree uncertain and capricious, the Strokkur can be made to erupt. It is only necessary to administer a quantity of turf and rocks by way of an emetic (the figure is Icelandic), and a desperate sickness is sure to follow after a short interval. From the farm near by, Gisli had procured a shovel, and cutting a pile of turf carried it to the edge of the Strokkur, where he tumbled it in together. It ought to have produced the desired effect. A glance down the well showed that the water had risen half-way to the top and was boiling more violently than before. A half-hour and an hour passed, and still there was no eruption, and down in the well the commotion had begun to subside. A fresh attempt was made, and a pile of sand and loose rocks was heaped up at the edge, and then thrown in as rapidly as possible. Ten minutes after the water came boiling to the top and burst, a muddy fountain, high up in the air.

Again and again the stream shot up, carrying with it rocks, and stones, and half digested sods, which were flung to a distance on all sides or sank back into the well, only to be hurled out again a minute after. Gradually the eruption diminished. The column of water, at first nearly a hundred feet high, grew lower at each successive outburst. Several times when it appeared to be all over it broke out anew, but each time more feebly than the last, until finally, after half an hour, the water, as at first, lay boiling at the bottom. With the subsidence of the Strokkur, a third spring, a short distance away, called the Little Geyser, which seems to be in some way connected, all at once became active, and repeatedly sent up a column of mingled water and steam ten or twelve feet high. The other springs in the vicinity are of all kinds and sizes. In some of them the water boils furiously, and the steam escapes hissing into the air; in others the water lies unruffled, and gives evidence of its heat only by the vapor that slowly rises from the surface. One is a deep well filled to the brim with clear water, but the light reflected from the sides is a deep, vivid blue, and the whole glitters and sparkles like a jeweled grotto in a fairy tale. The next morning, after having slept in the church not far distant, we made our toilet in the runlet formed by the overflow of the Geyser, and found that the tepid water left the skin deliciously soft and smooth.

Our course now lay to the south. In the home-fields along our route men and women were busily engaged in harvesting the hay, which was loaded on the backs of ponies and stacked near the buildings of the farm. Sometimes we met a number of ponies heavily loaded on either side with crates of turf, which had been cut earlier in the summer and left to dry in the sun, and was now being conveyed to a place of shelter. Once, while we were waiting for the ferryman

on the bank of a river, a procession of ponies came slowly down the mountain in the distance. As it drew nearer we saw that it was a funeral; on the back of one of the foremost horses was tied a rude coffin of boards. They halted at the river-side and the coffin was silently placed in the boat; then the saddles were removed, the horses were driven into the water, and struck out for the opposite shore. We could see on the other side how the coffin was again fastened on a pony's back, and as weirdly as they had come, they were soon lost to sight in the distance. Burials are always made in the little graveyards near the churches, and often it is necessary to come long distances, as the churches in the sparsely settled regions lie far apart.

We saw, a little later, another characteristic scene. It was a public sheep-folding, when the sheep, that have been left during the summer to stray at will wherever they can find sufficient pasture to tempt them, are again collected. The folds are walled enclosures situated in a convenient and central place. On a certain specified day in the autumn the whole male population of the district unites in hunting the sheep on every mountain and in every valley for miles around, and all are driven into the common fold. Every sheep is distinguishable by a registered ear-mark, and when all that can be found are collected, they are separated according to their marks and driven away by their owners. A sheep-folding sometimes lasts two or three days, and is an occasion of much conviviality, not always of a strictly pastoral kind. It is a picturesque sight — the men in their suits of rough homespun, the shaggy ponies, the dogs, and the long-wooled sheep. The foreground is a green plain with a turf-grown sheep-fold, and round about are the snow-covered mountains and the glaciers.

On every side preparations were now making for the winter, which was soon to settle, long and dark, over the land.

According to the Icelandic almanac, winter commences shortly after the middle of October; but for a month previous the snow had been gradually creeping farther and farther down the mountain sides. A bright day would melt it off, but it came again persistently, and finally it remained. The air, usually moisture-laden, was now clear and sharp. Night after night the sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere of marvellous transparency. September was the month of auroras; later they faded by degrees, and finally almost wholly disappeared. But while they were at their best it was truly a magnificent display. Sometimes a complete semicircle stretched across the heavens from east to west, an arc of light, vying with the rainbow in brilliancy of color. At other times a bed of light, white, red, and green, often all together, lay still upon the sky; now it hung down a waving curtain of changing colors; again, it shot up out of the north across the sky, vanishing and reappearing almost instantaneously.

By November the winter had begun with all its rigor, and fierce storms swept over land and over the sea, which lost its blue and became dull and dark. One by one the ships left the harbor of Reykjavik; then the last mail-ship sailed, and Iceland was cut off until spring from communication with the outside world.

Although the climate of South Iceland is cold, the winter is scarcely what one would be led to expect from the northern situation. There is not much snow. A few inches usually lay upon the ground, crisp and hard, but not the piled up drifts of a New England winter. Accordingly it was possible to make horse-back excursions to the farms round about, and to see the winter life of the people in the country. This season for the Icelanders is a time of comparative rest. As nothing can be done abroad he stays of necessity at home, but his life is no mere hibernation. He sleeps a great

deal, for his house is insufficiently lighted and the nights are long, but by daylight he has occupations enough. He has boats to build and oars to shape; saddles and harness to make and to mend; or he sorts the wool which the women spin into yarn and then knit into stockings, or weave into coarse homespun or flannel, like *wadmál*. A busy sound of whirring wheels often greets the ear when you enter the farmhouse, and you find the women all at work at one end of the long room. Another duty devolves on the heads of the household at isolated farms. There are good elementary schools in many places throughout the island, but in remote districts the children must be taught at home. In summer the time is occupied with out-of-door work, but in the comparatively idle days of winter the father, or not infrequently the mother, teaches the children of either sex the common branches. Iceland is perhaps the best-educated community on the face of the earth; throughout the length and breadth of the land there is nobody who cannot read and write, and the general knowledge of some of these obscure fisherman-farmers is sometimes well-nigh appalling.

In their social conditions the Icelanders are neither the best nor the worst of the world's people. Although as a whole the nation is to be characterized neither as immoral nor irreligious, its morals are by no means unimpeachable, nor its religion zealous. The little cathedral at Reykjavik and the parish churches throughout the land are well filled on Sundays and festivals with congregations of worshipers. The Bible, thanks to the English Bible Society, is everywhere diffused, and books of homilies and hymns are common in nearly all households; but the religion is, after all, of that lukewarm quality that characterizes Protestant Germany. As a unit the nation is staunchly Lutheran, and schismatic "isms" have never ap-

pealed to Icelandic ears, nor found root in Icelandic hearts. Viewed comprehensively, the morals of the country are excellent, but judged in detail, the ethical code is nevertheless not wholly free from anomalies. Crime of any sort is infrequent. The Icelanders are and have always been a litigious folk, and their law-courts are crowded with neighbor feuds and cases of grievance real or imagined, but their jails are empty, and their house doors without locks. In all the land there are no criminal classes, and even petty crime is almost absolutely unknown. With the cardinal virtues it does not fare so well. Three are heeded, but intemperance is common. The principal drink is brandy, of which, as in all high latitudes, astonishing quantities are consumed without apparent ill-effect. It was not, however, a rare experience to meet men in various stages of intoxication; several times in our journeyings belated Icelanders were found lying upon the ground utterly oblivious of things mundane, while their ponies grazed near unconcernedly. It is in the recognized relationship of the sexes that the Icelanders are most unconventional. If the crowded condition of the Icelandic house is borne in mind, it will readily be inferred that privacy in such a place would be, as it really is, well-nigh impossible. The direct consequence is that modesty, in a great majority of the people of either sex, is not even a tradition. Every year a large proportion of the children born is illegitimate. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the loose construction of the marriage laws, but partly, too, to the unrestricted intercourse of the sexes. As children born out of wedlock are legitimized by subsequent marriage, public judgment looks upon a mistake of this character either as a matter that can easily be remedied, or generously condones it as an unfortunate accident. This state of affairs is not confined to one or the other stations of life; even clergymen were

pointed out whose children had been legalized only by a tardy marriage. Once contracted, however, the marriage tie binds fast enough, and is seldom broken. In the social status of the persons concerned it could not be discovered that a questionable birth made the slightest difference; public opinion simply refuses to take the matter into consideration.

Winter in the usual Icelandic farmhouse, though picturesque, loses much of its charm upon close acquaintance; there is little poetry associated with it, but a great deal of stern and uncomfortable reality. The days are extremely short, and the tallow lights, necessary in midwinter more than two thirds of the twenty-four hours, but insufficiently illuminate the low room. The air is cold, damp, and impure, as there are no means of heating or of ventilation. There is excuse for the former because fuel is scarce, but the latter simply is disregarded. With the advent of cold weather the entrance door, which really is the only means of admitting fresh air, is kept carefully closed; the windows are stationary, and are intended solely for the admission of light. The food during the winter consists principally of dried fish and smoked mutton. Rye flour, obtained from the nearest trading place, is made into hard bread, and potatoes often are to be had. During the summer, butter has been made of ewe's milk and packed away without salt. There is also a kind of cheese, dark brown in color and nearly tasteless. The only luxury is coffee, of which the people are inveterate drinkers at all times of the year. For amusement the Icelanders play checkers, the national game, or he reads once more out of the limited number of books that he possesses. The picture, however, that one is apt to form of the cosey family group "in many a smoky fireside nook," gathered about one who tells or reads aloud the ancient Sagas, is purely fanciful.

There is a widespread knowledge of the old literature, but there are no fireside nooks. The Icelanders are glad when the winter is over, for it is often a season of deprivation and always of hardship. To meet it successfully calls forth all his energies throughout the summer. Its importance over the rest of the year has even made itself felt upon the language. It is not "How many years old are you?" but "How many winters?"

In the little capital, life through the winter went merrily enough. The government functionaries vied with each other in giving and returning dinners, when sometimes the haunch of reindeer was followed by oranges and grapes. In December there was a grand ball at the hospital, at which the music was produced by an accordion and a drum. There were weddings, too, and christenings, both alike chiefly remarkable for the good cheer that succeeded them. In the autumn an antiquarian society had been organized, and to give an earnest of its purpose, it was decided to celebrate in the old heathen manner the great midwinter festival of Thor. An ancient mead-hall accordingly was arranged; long fires were lighted down the centre of the room, and shields were hung upon the walls. The head of the feast sat on a high seat, and around him were the members of the society as henchmen and retainers. The banquet was strictly Icelandic; only the punch, which figured as mead in the speeches, had an unmistakably foreign flavor, but this was forgotten, and the sign of Thor's hammer was made in the old way over the cups that were drunk in his honor.

Even in Reykjavik, with its comparative gayety, the winter was tedious by reason of the constantly changing weather. Storm succeeded storm, and sleet and snow lay alternately upon the earth; the chilling air was heavy with moisture, and cold fogs clung about the coast. Once a furious thunder-storm with vivid lightning came out of the west and flew over

the land, sending down its shafts upon every mountain-top in its course. Some days were clear, and bright, and beautiful, and the whole landscape gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight.

One morning in February there was a great commotion in the streets of Reykjavik. People were hurrying to and fro, armed with telescopes and glasses of all descriptions, or were conversing excitedly in groups; some had hastily saddled their ponies, and were galloping off to neighboring hill-tops. The reason was soon apparent, for away down on the horizon was a blot of black

which could be nothing but the smoke of an approaching steamship. There was presently no doubt of it, and before many hours an unheard-of thing had happened,—the mail-ship from Denmark lay in the harbor in the middle of winter.

Some days later, in the midst of a driving snowstorm, a fishing-boat waited to convey on board the mail and the few passengers for the return voyage. Healths had been drunk, the final adieux had been said, and last of all, the policeman kissed the departing travelers good-by at the pier.

William H. Carpenter.

ESOTERIC ECONOMY.

It is one of the most delightful things about Miss Edgeworth's immortal tales for children that the incidents they relate have a knack of remaining indelibly fixed in our memories long after we have succeeded in forgetting the more severely acquired information of our school-days. Why, for instance, do I vex my temper and break my fingernails in a vain effort to untie the knotted cord of every bundle that comes to the house, save that I have still before me the salutary example of that prudent little Ben who so conscientiously and cheerfully devoted himself to unfastening his uncle's package? "You may keep the string for your pains," says Mr. Gresham, with pleasing liberality. "Thank you, sir," replies Ben, with more effusion than I think he feels. "What an excellent whipcord it is!" And so, pocketing his fee, it wins for him, as we all know, the prize at Lady Diana Sweepstake's great archery contest, while poor Hal forfeits his shot, and loses his hat, and gets covered with mud and disgrace, and sprains his little cousin Patty's ankle, and all because he

has been rash enough to cut his piece of cord. Never was moral more sternly pointed, not even in the case of Miss Jane Taylor's heedless little Emily, who will not stoop to pick up a pin, and is punished by the loss of a whole day's pleasure, because, owing to some unexplained intricacy of her toilet,

"She could not stir,
For just a pin to finish her."

But was whipcord such a costly article in Miss Edgeworth's time that a small piece of it was worth so much trouble and pains? We have Hal's testimony that twice as much could have been bought for twopence; and though Hal is but a graceless young scamp, who cannot be induced to look upon twopence with becoming reverence, and who plainly has a career of want and misery before him, yet his word on this matter may be accepted as final. At the present day the value of a bit of string saved by patient dexterity from the scissors is so infinitesimal that the hoarding up of match stumps, after the fashion of a certain great banker, would really seem the quicker road to wealth.

But the true gain in these minute economies is of a strictly moral nature, and serves, when we know we have been extravagant, to balance our account with conscience. The least practical of us have some petty thrift dear to our hearts, some one direction in which we love to scrimp. I have known wealthy men who grudged themselves and their families nothing that money could buy, yet were made perfectly miserable by the amount of gas burned nightly in their homes. They roamed around with manifest and pitiful uneasiness, stealthily turning down a burner here and there whenever they could do so unperceived, dimming the glories of their glass and gilding, and reducing upper halls and familiar stairways into very pitfalls for the stumbling of the unwary. The advent of lamps has brought but scant solace to these sufferers, for their economy is in fact much older than the gas itself, and flourished exceedingly in the days of wax tapers and tallow-dips. We read in the voracious chronicles of Cranford how Miss Matty Jenkyns, so thoughtlessly generous in all other matters, had for her one pet frugality the hoarding of her candles, and by how many intricate devices the dear old lady sought to cherish and protect these objects of her tender solicitude.

"They — the candles — were usually brought in with tea, but we only burned one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in any moment (but who never did), it required some contrivance to keep them of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burned two always. They took it in turns, and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matty's eyes were habitually fixed upon the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it, and to light the other, before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening."

This little scene of innocent deception

is finer, in its way, than the famous newspaper paths on which Miss Debo-rah's guests step lightly over her new carpet to their respective chairs. We sympathize with Miss Matty's anxiety about her tapers because it represents one phase of a weakness common to all mankind, and far remote, we trust, from mere vulgar parsimony, which, seeking to stint in all things, is by its very nature incapable of a nice spirit of selection. Even the narrator of Cranford, that shadowy, indistinguishable Mary Smith, who contrives so cleverly to keep her own identity in the background, — even she consents to emerge one moment from her chosen dimness, and to claim a share in this highly discriminating economy. String, she acknowledges, is her foible. Like the excellent Mr. Gresham, she would preserve it from destruction at the most liberal expenditure of other people's time and trouble. "My pockets," she confesses, "get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use India-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of string, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an India-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new; one that I picked up off the floor six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance."

It would be a pity to spoil this vivacious description by a touch of odious modern realism, and to hint that an India-rubber ring which had knocked about the world for six years must have parted with much of its youthful elasticity, and would be of comparatively little use to any one.

Illustrious examples are not lacking to give dignity and weight to these seemingly trivial frugalities. The great,

and wise, and mean Duke of Marlborough, he who held the fate of Europe in his hands, and who was, without doubt, the first of English-speaking generals, did not disdain to bend his mighty mind to the contemplation of his candle-ends, or to the tender protection of his luggage. Who understood so well as he how to spend a thousand pounds and save a shilling? When Prince Eugene came to a conference in his tent, the duke's servant, anxious no doubt for an ostentatious display, had the temerity to light four wax tapers in honor of the royal guest, which, when Marlborough perceived, he promptly extinguished, rating the unlucky attendant with such caustic severity that the offense ran little likelihood of being soon repeated. While the great pile of Blenheim was absorbing countless thousands in its slow process of erection, the duke walked every morning from the public rooms at Bath to his own lodging, thereby saving sixpence daily, and affording a shining model to those whose favorite economy is cab-hire. He walked to the very end, this consistent old warrior; walked while the pangs of illness were creeping over his disabled frame; and at last, when he could save no more sixpences, he died, and left nearly two million pounds to be squandered briskly by his heirs.

His wife, too, the beautiful, brilliant, high-tempered Duchess Sarah, was every bit as thrifty as her lord. She built the triumphal arch of Blenheim at her own expense, and wrangled mightily all the while over the price of lime, "sevenpence half-penny per bushel, when it could be made in the park." She was the richest peeress in England, but her keen blue eyes, as fiery as Marlborough's own, were ever awake to any attempted depredation. Her dressmaker, one Mrs. Buda, essayed, not knowing with whom she had to deal, to hold back from her some yards of cloth; whereupon the duchess borrowed Mrs. Buda's diamond ring "for a pattern," and refused to

give it up until the stuff was returned. She understood also the admirable art of utilizing her friends, and there is a delightful letter written by her to Lord Stair, then minister at France, commissioning him to buy her a night-gown, or more properly a dressing-gown, "easy and warm, with a light silk wadd in it, such as are used to come out of bed and gird round, without any train at all, but very full. 'Tis no matter what color, except pink or yellow — no gold or silver in it, but some pretty striped satin or damask, lined with a tafetty of the same color." She also desires for her daughter, Lady Harriet, then a child of thirteen, "a monto and petticoat to go abroad in, no silver or gold in it, nor a stuff that is dear, but a middling one that may be worn either in winter or in summer." The canny duchess prudently adds that she will wait for the things until "no one need be troubled with the custom-house people," a euphuism worthy of an American conscience, and she thanks Lord Stair at the same time for sending her "a pair of bodyes," which were so well-fitting, and evidently so cheap, that she will have two more pairs of "white tabby from the same taylor." Fancy asking a foreign minister to purchase one's stays, and wrappers, and little daughter's petticoats, and to please wait his opportunity to smuggle them in without duty!

Yet "Queen Sarah" was capable of sudden deeds of generosity that quite take away our breath by their magnificence, and so, for the matter of that, was another noble termagant, Queen Elizabeth, who gave away right royally with one hand, even while she held out the other for beggarly gratuities. We see her heaping riches into Sir Walter Raleigh's lap, and managing to get a great deal of it back again, when his treasure-laden ships came slowly to port. Nay, did she not seize on "a waistcoat of carnation colour, curiously embroidered," which the brave navigator, always pas-

sionately addicted to fine clothes, had snatched from some Spanish galleon for the adornment of his own handsome figure, and which the queen straightway proceeded to flaunt as a stomacher before his injured eyes? If we read a list of Elizabeth's New Year gifts, we are both astonished and edified by their number and variety. Here is Fulke Greville presenting his sovereign with a night-dress; not a wrapper this time, but a genuine night-dress, "made of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with Spanish work of roses and *letters*, and a night-coif with a forehead-cloth of the same work." And here is Mrs. Carre offering her majesty an embroidered cambric sheet; and Dr. Bayly, one of the court physicians, arriving brisk and early with a pot of green ginger under his arm; and Mrs. Amy Shelton with six handkerchiefs all edged with gold and silver braid; and Sir Philip Sidney with a most beautiful cambric smock, "and a suite of ruffs of cut-work, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold." And here, best of all, are several gentlemen of rank who, being unacquainted with the intricacies of the female toilet, feel afraid to venture upon smocks, and ruffs, and night-dresses, so solve their dilemma by plumply handing down ten pounds apiece, a practical donation which the virgin monarch accepts with all possible alacrity and goodwill.

Elizabeth, moreover, was known to be a costly and often a sadly unremunerative guest when it pleased her to visit her loyal people. There is a letter written by the Earl of Bedford to Lord Burleigh that is positively pathetic in its apprehension of the impending honor. "I trust truly," says the expectant host, "that your lordship will have in remembrance to provide and help that her majesty's tarrying be not above two nights and a day, for so long time do I prepare." As it was one of the queen's

whims to give scant warning of her coming, the unfortunate gentlemen suddenly called upon to harbor their sovereign and her suite often found themselves at their wits' end for food and entertainment; and not unfrequently it happened that after days of ruinous expenditure they had the satisfaction of seeing their prospects as blighted as their larders. Lord Henry Berkely lamenting the loss of his good red deer, twenty-seven of which were slain in one day — in their owner's absence, be it noted — for Elizabeth's diversion, was at least a happier man than the luckless young Rookwood of Euston Hall, whom her majesty requited for his hospitality by cruel insult and imprisonment. Even King John, who has come down to us in history as the least profitable of royal guests, could not well do worse than this, though his visits, being occasionally of longer duration, were just so much harder to be borne. In the chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, we read how once the king came with a large retinue to the convent of St. Edmundsbury, and stayed there for two whole weeks, eating up the monks' provisions at a fearful rate, emptying the cellars of their choicest wines, and making, no doubt, what with drunken, swearing soldiers and insolent court parasites, sad riot and confusion within those peaceful walls. At last, however, the weary fortnight was over, and the guests stood marshaled to depart; but not before his gracious majesty had made offering, as *guerdon* for two weeks' entertainment, of a silk cloak to cover St. Edmund's shrine, which same cloak was promptly borrowed back again by one of the royal train, and the monks beheld it no more. In addition to this elusive legacy, which left the shrine as bare as it found it, Jocelin records that the monarch, ere he rode forth, presented the convent with the handsome sum of thirteen pence, in consideration of a mass being said for his soul, which sorely

needed all the spiritual aliment the good monks could furnish it. We can fancy Abbot Samson standing at his monastery door, and regarding those thirteen pence very much as the Genoese consul must have regarded the Duke of Kingston's old spectacles, which the dowager duchess tendered him in return for his hospitality; or as Commodore Barnet regarded the paste emerald ring with which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gracefully acknowledged the valuable services of his man-of-war.

"Lady Mary's avarice seems to have been generally credited at the time, though we have no proofs of it," says one of her recent biographers, who is disposed, and rightly, to put scant faith in Walpole's malicious jibes. But if the story of the ring be a true one, she can hardly be acquitted of amazing thrift, and of a still more amazing assurance. It is said that the gallant commodore, never doubting the worth of her token, was wont to show it with some ostentation to his friends, until one of them, who knew the lady well, stoutly maintained that if the stone were genuine she would never have parted with it, and a closer inspection proved the melancholy accuracy of his suspicions. As for much of her so-called greed, it was not without solid justification. If she drove a hard bargain with Mr. Wortley, stipulating most unromantically for her marriage settlement before she ran away with him, be it remembered that upon this auspicious occasion she was compelled to act as her own guardian; and if she had an inexplicable fancy for wearing her old clothes, the dimity petticoat, and the gray stockings, and the faded green brocade riding-jacket which so deeply offended Walpole's fastidious eyes, let us deal charitably with a fault in which she has but few feminine successors. Those were times when fashions had not yet learned to change with such chameleon-like speed, and people did occasionally wear their old clothes

with an unblushing effrontery that would be well-nigh disgraceful to-day. Silks and satins, laces and furbelows were all of the costliest description, and their owners were chary of discarding them, or even of lightly exposing them to ruin. Emile Souvestre's languid lady, who proves the purity of her blood, somewhat after the manner of the princess and the pea, by supercilious indifference to the fate of her velvet mantle in a snowstorm, could hardly have existed a few hundred years ago. We have in Pepys's diary a most amusing record of his disgust at being over-persuaded by his wife to wear his best suit on a certain threatening May Day, and how of course it rained, and all their pleasure was spoiled. The guilty Eve was quite as unfortunate as her husband, for she too had gone forth "extraordinary fine in her flowered tabby gown," which we are greatly relieved to learn a little later was two years old, but smartly renovated with brand-new lacings. Only fancy being so careful of a two-year gown as to begrudge it to the sight of court and commoners on May Day!

The same frugal spirit extended down to the last century, and was of infinite value to the self-respecting poor. Artisans had not yet found it imperative to dress their wives and children in imitation finery, and farmers were even less awake to the exigencies of fashionable attire. We read of rural couples placidly wearing their wedding clothes into their advanced old age, and we are lost in hopeless speculation as to how they accommodated their spreading proportions to the coats and gowns which presumably had fitted the comparative slimness of their youth. With what patient ingenuity did the good dames of Miss Mitford's village, aided occasionally by an itinerant tailoress, turn and return their husbands' cast-off clothing, until, from seeming ruin, they had evolved sound garments for their growing boys; and with what pardonable pride did the

strutting youngsters exhibit on the village streets these baggy specimens of their mothers' skill! Among the innumerable anecdotes told of George III., it is said that, strolling once with Queen Charlotte in the woods of Windsor, he met a little red-cheeked, white-haired lad, who proved, on examination, to be the son of one of his majesty's beef-eaters. The gracious king, always well pleased with children, patted the boy's flaxen head, and bade him kneel and kiss the queen's hand, but this the sturdy young Briton declined flatly to do; not, be it said, from any desire to emulate the examples of Penn and Franklin by illustrating on a minor scale the heroic principles of democracy, but solely and entirely that he might not spoil his new breeches by contact with the grass. So thrifty a monarch, says Thackeray, should have hugged on the spot a child after his own heart; and even if the royal favor failed to manifest itself in precisely this fashion, I make no doubt that the beefeater's wife, who had stitched those little breeches with motherly solicitude, found ample comfort in such a judicious son.

Perhaps, indeed, he was a worthy scion of the race of Dodsons, with whom it was an honorable tradition to preserve their best clothes, very much as the inhabitants of Ceylon preserved their sacred Bo-trees, by guarding them jealously from the desecrating touch of man. Who that has ever had the happiness of reading *The Mill on the Floss* can forget the dim seclusion of the shrouded room, where, far from the madding crowd, reposes in dignified seclusion Mrs. Pullet's new bonnet? To go to see it is in itself a pilgrimage; to try it on, a solemn ceremonial; what then must have been the profound emotions with which it was actually worn! Little Maggie Tulliver, watching with breathless interest while it is lifted reverently from the shrine, feels oppressed with a sense of mystery, and is child-

ishly indignant because no one will tell her what it means. The Dodsons are all fond of fine raiment, but not for the mere vulgar pleasure of self-adornment. Less favored families may take a coarse delight in exhibiting their clothes, but it remains for them to derive a higher gratification from keeping them unseen. Even a third-best front is felt to be much too good for a sister's dinner-party, while in the matter of frocks and trimmings they are as adamant. "Other women, if they liked, might have their best thread lace in every wash; but when Mrs. Glegg died, it would be found that she had better lace laid by in the right-hand drawer of her wardrobe in the spotted chamber than ever Mrs. Wooll of St. Ogg's had bought in her life, although Mrs. Wooll wore her lace before it was paid for." Here, in a humble way, we have the same sentiment that thrilled the heart of Elizabeth Petrovna, when she gazed at the thousand and one gowns hanging up in the royal closets, and felt a true womanly satisfaction in knowing they were there.

It is in fact a curious and edifying circumstance that the great ones of this earth, if they must be held responsible for much of its unwarranted luxury, have at the same time afforded us many shining examples, not only of that general and indiscriminate parsimony which induced old Frederic William, for instance, to feed his family on pork and cabbage, but also of that more refined and esoteric species of economy which it is our task to recognize and encourage. George III. was frugal in all things, but his particular saving appears to have been in carpets, for summer or winter he never permitted these effeminate devices upon his bedroom floor. His great grandfather, George I., does not figure as an austere or self-denying character; but he, too, stinted bravely in one direction, — the family wash. In that beloved court of Hanover, which he

exchanged so reluctantly for the glories of St. James, there was evidently no lack of well-fed, well-paid attendants. Looking down the list, we see seventy odd postilions and stable-men, twenty cooks with six assistants, seven "officers of the cellar," twenty-four lackeys in livery, sixteen trumpeters and fiddlers, — and only two washerwomen. Think of it, — twenty-six people to cook, and only two to wash! "But one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" Yet the chances are that of all the officials in that snug, jolly, dirty little Hanoverian court those two washerwomen alone led comparatively idle lives. When balanced with the arduous labors of the seven officers of the cellar, I am convinced their position was a sinecure.

Of much the same temper as royal George was that great Earl of Northumberland, whose expense-book, which may be consulted to-day, gives us a delightful insight into some of the curious methods of past housekeeping. Germany, be it confessed, has always been a trifle backward in the matter of cleanliness, but England, until within the last two centuries, was very nearly as conservative. Appalling stories are told of the fine ladies and gentlemen who glittered in the courts of the Tudors and Stuarts, and who, in their light-hearted indifference to dirt, very nearly rivaled the prowess of the Spanish Isabella, when she vowed away her clean linen until Ostend should fall, and gave the honor of her name to that delicate yellow tint which her garments assumed in the interval. The Earl of Northumberland, however, aspired to no such uneasy asceticism. He was simply the model housekeeper of his age. Every item of expenditure in his immense establishment was rigorously defined, and no less rigorously overlooked. With his own noble hands he wrote down the exact proportion of food, fuel, and candles which each body of retainers was ex-

pected to consume; and while the upper servants appear to have fared tolerably well, the commoner sort enjoyed an unbroken monotony of salt meat, black bread, and beer. But it is in the matter of tablecloths that his grace chiefly excelled, and that he merits an honorable mention in the ranks of esoteric parsimony. For his own needs, and for the service and pleasure of his many guests, — and let us remember that he kept open house after the hospitable fashion of his day, — eight of these valuable articles were deemed amply sufficient; while in the servants' hall one cloth a month was the allowance. Granted, if you please, that in this rather effeminate age we have grown unduly fastidious about such trivialities; yet who, looking back through the long vista of years, can contemplate without a shudder the condition of that tablecloth when its month's servitude was over?

It is easier, however, to jeer at the honorable efforts of mankind than to arrange our own economies on a strictly satisfactory basis. Beyond a rational and healthy impulse to save on others rather than on ourselves, few of us can boast of much enlightenment in the matter, and even our one unerring guide is in a measure neutralized by the consistent determination of others to exert their own saving powers on us. The out-and-out miser is at best a creature of little penetration. He cheats himself sorely throughout life, and gains a sort of shabby posthumous distinction only when he is long past enjoying it. The true economist is, if we may believe Mrs. Oliphant, a *rara avis*, as exceptional in his way as the true genius. She endeavors, indeed, with much humility, to describe for us such a character in *The Curate in Charge*; but, while laying all possible stress on Mrs. St. John's extraordinary proficiency, she does not for a moment venture to hint at the secret of her power. "I don't pretend to know how she did it," confesses this

discriminating authoress, "any more than I can tell you how Shakespeare wrote Hamlet. It was quite easy to him and to her, but if one knew how, one would be as great a poet as he was, as great an economist as she." This is a degree of perfection to which we may not well aspire. Shakespeare and Mrs. St. John lie equally beyond our humble imitation. We do not even feel ambitious of such excellence, but

cherish the more contentedly those few finely selected frugalities, those car-fares and match stumps, those postage stamps and half sheets of paper, those dimly lighted rooms and evaded custom-house duties, which, while they may not leave us much richer at the year's end, have yet a distinct ethical value of their own, and, breathing an indescribable air of conscious rectitude, serve to keep us in harmony with ourselves.

Agnes Repplier.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

XX.

BAINTREE lifted his sleek black head for a moment, and covertly surveyed his fireside companion, whose eyes were fixed meditatively on the coals. There was an expression of acute though surprised comprehension in the face of the crafty mountaineer; his elevated eyebrows, keen, quick glance, and thin pursed lips betokened much deft and agile deduction and analysis, although none of these swift processes were indicated in the brooding and reflective mien into which he had relapsed before Rathburn's attention once more reverted to him.

"Marcelly air pritty enough," he said, still spreading his thin fingers to the blaze. "Thar ain't no two ways 'bout'n that. I reckon a man mought take a righteous oath ez thar ain't sech another lookin' gal in the Newnited States — but she ain't like them young citified Glaston gals, what walks with par'sols, — in no wise like them ez walks with par'sols," he repeated the phrase with relish of its aptness, for to him it expressed the totality of the status. "An' she don't know none of the things they know. Why shucks! even the men-folks in the mountings air a thousand million o' miles

away behind the times. I fund that out through jes' goin' ter jail in a sure-enough town. I reckon they would fall down stunned ef they war ter see a three-story house. I'll be bound they would be plumb afeard ter go inside o' one, thinkin' bein' so high it mought fall in onto them an' mash 'em tee-totally!" He looked up half laughing, half sneering at the thought of his compatriots' ignorance, and Rathburn's face wore a responsive gleam, — Jake Baintree's attitude of superiority expressed so definitely how relative a thing is sophistication!

"The folks in the mountings don't know nuthin' sca'cely," he went on, evidently bitten by that tarantula of decrying the home-keeping things characteristic of more learned travelers in wider circuits. "But they won't b'lieve that, though. Why, even me — I useter think thar war n't no kentry but Tennessee, an' No'th Carliny, an' Georgy, an' sech. It liked ter hev knocked me down whenst that man ez war my cell-mate in Glaston — ye 'member, he hed a chronic mis'ry in his throat — an' bless the Lord, he showed me Ashy an' Africky an' Europe on a map he hed, an' I could n't sleep none that night — the news liked ter hev tuk my breath away!"

He reached behind the chair to the woodpile, lifted a great log split in half, and flung it on the fire, which sent up a myriad of sparks and a cloud of smoke, and then seemed to dwindle in discouragement for a season, only now and then emitting a timorous blue or yellow flame to coil like a thong around the bulk of the wood, disappearing the next moment in the slowly ascending gray wreaths that had usurped the place of the dancing blazes. The room had grown very nearly dark. Rathburn could ill distinguish the crouching figure, with its elbows on its knees, seated in the rickety chair on the opposite side of the hearth. It seemed lighter without than within. He could see through the rift in the batten shutter a section of the deeply purple sky, athwart which the leafless twigs of a bough near at hand moved fitfully, fretted by the wind. Once in their midst a great white star shone, pulsating in some splendid ecstasy, and then the clouds surged over it anew. The lash-like blaze sprang out once more about the log, and he caught Baintree's eye, still illumined with a jeering laugh, and a twinkling appreciation of the incongruity between his present fully-posted estate and his former ignorance.

"Did ye see Eli?" he demanded presently.

Rathburn nodded.

"Hev he got sensible agin?" asked Baintree, remembering his delirious condition when they visited the house together.

"He talked very sensibly indeed, this evening," the physician replied evasively, the professional punctilio instantly on the alert, "especially about lynch-ers and law-breakers generally — sound views."

Baintree became suddenly rigid.

"Ye war n't fool enough," he said, sitting stiffly upright, "ter go tellin' Eli Strobe, the off'cer o' the law, 'bout'n them men *by name* — they'd hang ye

fur a informer, ef they hed nuthin else agin ye, ef enny of 'em fund it out."

"*That* for their slip-knots!" cried Rathburn, snapping his fingers and laughing in gay bravado. "I'm not in collusion with 'em, and I'll do nothing to protect 'em. I'll give 'em away every time!"

Baintree visibly winced at the mere idea of this defiance. He made no response for a moment, but looked doubtfully over his shoulder at the broken batten shutter. It shivered and shook as if in sympathy with his glance.

"The wind is harsh ter-night," he said again.

"I'm through with this skulking and hiding," said Rathburn, the superficial composure and friendly tone that he had maintained giving way suddenly. "I'll say what I mean, and what I think, and what I feel. And I'm going to hire twenty — fifty hands — to sink shafts in both those gorges where the best indications are."

Baintree had been startled by his sudden change of tone, and had listened with relaxing muscles and lips parted. A certain hardening took possession of his features as the final words fell on the air. A covert triumph, a definite appreciation of his own superior cleverness, shone in his eyes, incongruously enough with the mild tenor of his speech as he said, "Waal, Eugene, I wish ye well — I wish ye well! Ye an' me hev been mighty frien'ly tergeth'er an' I hev enjoyed yer comp'ny."

Rathburn, tilted back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, looked, with curling lip and sarcastic, glowing eye, the sneering protest that it was futile to speak. Since he had been so free with his company he could not logically quarrel with Baintree for presuming to find it agreeable.

"I be sorry ye hev got tired o' me. I ain't ez school-larned ez ye, though I ain't like a ignorunt mountaineer, nuth'er. I hev larned some in books, an' I

be one o' them ez kin larn out'n 'em, too. Thar 's a heap o' things I know — through jes' bein' knowin'." His look was the very essence of boastful slyness as he cast his eyes up obliquely at the flushing face of the young townsman. He had his elbows once more on his knees, and his chin in his long bony hand, and his drawl was not as distinct, thus hampered, as it might have been. "Eli Strobe hev been ter Glaston time I war war tried, likewise Teck Jepson. They never larnt thar what I larned 'bout town ways; they never seen thar what I seen! Though Teck Jepson hev got sech a survigorous vision ez he kin view the prophets o' the Lord lopin' around the Big Smoky Mountings! — when the men never war out'n Ashy in all thar born days, 'ceptin' they hed a sorter stampin'-ground o' captivity in Egypt." He gave the self-flattering laugh of conscious cleverness, and then went on with that manner compounded of mock-humility and fraternal familiarity that had become so offensive to Rathburn. "But I ain't ekal ter sech ez you-uns, Eugene, an' I don't wonder none ef ye hev in an' about hed enough o' me. I don't wish ye nuthin' but well. Mebbe ye mought hire some o' them men ez war along o' Teck Jepson at the blacksmith's barn ter-night ter kem an' dig an' sink shafts." He rubbed his chin in pretended cogitation upon ways and means. "Folks in Brumsaidge ain't gin over ter diggin' much — seems ez ef it in an' about kills 'em ter hev ter scratch the top o' the ground enough with thar shallow ploughin' ter put in the leetle bit o' corn an' sorghum an' sech ter keep the life in 'em. But mebbe ef ye war ter hire 'em, they would be cured o' thar dad-burned laziness, an' would jes' jump fur jye fur the pleasure o' diggin' down sixty or sebenty feet in the hard groun'. They would git used ter giant-powder an' sech, too, arter a while — an' would n't 'low the Devil was in it."

Eugene Rathburn was chewing the

end of his mustache, now and then pausing with his white teeth set, and looking at Baintree with antagonistic eyes, his anger held in bounds only by the sense of being at a disadvantage, and the demoralizing effect of sustaining an unrequitable rebuff, — for Baintree's sarcasm admitted of no successful retort. It was merely for the sake of going through the motions of self-confidence and asserting independence, that he said in an off-hand way, "Oh, I meant laborers from Glaston — Irish ditchers; they are willing to dig, I fancy."

Jake Baintree affected to receive this with solemn consideration. "Yes, sir! *They'd* dig. Useter see a gang a-work-in' on that thar new railroad — whilst lookin' out'n the jail window."

It seemed a wide and varied expression of the world and of life that that jail window had given upon, so much had the crafty observation been able to glean therefrom.

"*They'd* stonish the mounting folks! Thar ain't no sech dirt-slingers nowhar. But 'pears like ter me, Eugene, they mought be sorter expensive — ef — ef, ye know — it war ter turn out ez thar *war n't* silver in payin' quantities. Ye know bes', Eugene, what with yer book-larnin', yer g'ology an' sech, an' yer leetle assayin' consarns, but ez fur ez I kin jedge, ye air powerful welcome ter enny min'ral in them two gorges. I'm willin ter gin ye my sheer!" He had spoken gravely, but suddenly a glancing smile lighted up his eyes and curved his lips with so spontaneous an expression of malicious enjoyment that it seemed in his rare relish of the situation his will had lost control of his muscles. He instantly recovered himself, and although he noted the fact that Eugene Rathburn, quietly looking at him, had marked the dropping of the mask, he went on in the same mock-fraternal vein, "I dunno ez I be hopeful 'bout'n it, Eugene — but I wish ye well, I wish ye well, Eugene."

Rathburn was holding his every muscle in a sedulous placidity. There was a conscious, intent, exacting calmness upon his face and in his voice.

"Baintree," he said slowly, "I am glad I slept to-day. I am glad I have my nerves abnormally under my control. Otherwise I should kill you, — I should strike you dead where you are. No man under ordinary circumstances could resist the temptation."

Baintree cast a searching glance upon him; then emboldened by his quiescent aspect, he sneered as he laughed.

"Then I'm glad, too, ye slept. Thanky kindly, sir! But I hain't slept none. An' I know ye would n't 'low ez I war right perlite ef I war ter kill ye an' take yer life, kase I hain't hed my nap. I'm glad, too; I never s'picioned afore how much interest I oughter take in yer sleepin' sound an' satisfactory."

Rathburn felt the blood rush to his temples, and he heard his hurrying pulses beat surcharged with the impetus of rage. He did not stir. He still sat with his hands clasped behind his head, his chair tilted on the hind legs. He looked very trim, and sinewy, and lithe in his close-fitting blue flannel shirt and trousers, with the well-shaped high boots coming to the knee, in contrast with the long and lean Baintree, upon whose gaunt frame his ill-made brown jeans hung with many a crease and wrinkle. Beside the florid young physician, the jail-bird seemed to have no blood in his veins, so pallid was his clearly-cut face, so black his sleek hair close to his narrow head. As they steadfastly gazed at one another, the comparison might have interested a third party looking on in the firelight, now richly aglow once more; but they were alone in the vastness of the Great Smoky Mountains, the slope of this lofty dome inhabited by naught else save bear, or panther, or wolf. Only the mist peered in at the rift of the battened shutter, white-faced, and wild, and disheveled, fleeing forever before the

ousting wind that made the brooding, silent thing a vagrant. It seemed as if to escape the antagonistic element that it sought to enter the rift in the shutter, sending in a timorous wreath, slow-stealing, pausing aghast in the glow of the fire, and disappearing in the instant.

As the two comrades faced each other it was hard to say which had the advantage, the clever man with the aid of culture, or the clever man so clever despite the lack of culture.

Baintree's insidious sarcasms, with their ever-ready thrust, had acquired an edge from the attrition with his malicious mirth. And Rathburn found that his seriousness weighted his anger and, since he would not sanction its outburst, made his defense clumsy.

"I don't understand you, Jake," he said at last in a mollifying tone, — "to save my life I can't understand you. You go fooling me along with a bait of rich float from month to month pretending to show me where you found it. And when I tell you that it is impossible that you could have found it here, and there, and elsewhere, because the formation proves you a liar, you make out all at once that you were mistaken, and we plod about, and you affect to recognize other landmarks, and so we have the whole tomfoolery over again. If you were half as smart as you think you are, you would realize that you can't light hap-hazard on any similar rich spot — you have got to go where you found that piece of float, and follow it up or dig there."

"Laws-a-massy, Eugene," said Baintree, adopting in turn a more pacific tone, and holding out both empty hands with the palms upward as if to express a vacuity of unworthy intention, "don't I try an' try ter find the percise spot, an' ef I fool ye don't I fool myse'f too? 'T war toler'ble long ago whenst I fund that rock, an' the Big Smoky Mountings seem sorter roomy whenst ye take ter huntin' fur one percise leetle yard med-

jure o' groun', whar a boy five year ago picked up a rock."

Somehow as he became less acrid the temper of the other waxed stronger, feeling the opposition lessen. With this spirit encroaching upon his self-control Rathburn said suddenly, "I don't believe one word of it. You know the spot well enough. You are afraid to go to it."

Baintree, whose attitude remained unchanged, barely having had time to shift the deprecating earnest look he had worn to a defiant sneer, seemed petrified for one moment as he sat still holding out his hands, his laugh rigid on his startled face.

"'Fraid!" he echoed, glancing over his shoulder at the spectral mists that came in at the crevice in the shutter and paused at the sight of the fire, and shivered into invisibility. "'Fraid!"

Suddenly the rain came down on the roof with a thousand tentative touches upon the clapboards, as if to try their sonorous capacities, and elicit what element of melody so unpromising an instrument might add to the music of the storm. Through its iterative staccato beat, one might hear the blended, unindividualized fall of the floods in the distance, a low, mellow resonance. A chill blast came in under the door. The chimney piped. The pallid mists were torn from the rift in the shutter, and one could see upon the black and limited space of darkness without certain fine gray palpitating lines of rain, close at hand, continuously shifting, but never ceasing nor breaking into drops.

"I believe," continued Rathburn, "that the silver is at the spot where you ki— where that man Samuel Keale lost his life." He did not fail to note that Baintree winced at the name. "And you are afraid to go there, and—ignorant fool that you are!—you think because silver is there, it is anywhere else, and if we dig hard enough we will find it *somewhere* in the mountains."

Baintree said nothing. He sat moistening his thin dry lips with the tip of his tongue, and looking at Rathburn with eyes small, bright, and with an expression that reminded him of the eyes of a rat in a trap, timorous, furtive, and bespeaking mercy that it did not hope to receive.

"Where is that cave? Tell me that," urged Rathburn, all his eager desire for the hidden treasure goading him anew with the recital and the recollection of how long he had been forced to dally upon the verge of an opulent discovery.

"Where is that cave?" he demanded. He was fain to raise his voice to be heard above the din of the elements, and the commanding tones added to the sense of power that possessed him more and more as Baintree's confidence collapsed. "I don't ask you to tell me where the float was found—simply where is that cave?"

Still Baintree met his eye like a caged and helpless thing. He nevertheless had something in his power,—to be speechless; and as Rathburn perceived a resolution in his dumbness he persisted more vehemently.

"Tell me! Tell me! Then, if you won't, Teck Jepson will be ready enough to tell me where he found the man's coat and hat, and I suppose the cave can't be far away in the gorge. I shall find it—I shall find it—I shall never cease to search until"—

As he spoke he caught a glint of triumph in Baintree's eyes. He realized how far afield his hopes had carried him, that long and devious distances lay between the spot to which he might be guided and the spot he sought.

With a sudden savage cry and the agility of a panther he flung himself upon the man at the fireside and grappled at his throat.

"Tell me!" he ground out between his set teeth. "Tell me!"

A hoarse, half-strangled, intermittent scream for help filled the log-cabin, and

penetrated to the stormy voids of the wilderness without. How vain! The heedless rain beat upon the roof. The unrecking wind passed by. They were alone in the lofty fastnesses of the mountains, and one was at the mercy of the other. Eugene Rathburn had never thought to put his knowledge of the mechanism of the human throat to such uses, but the mountaineer's superior strength had enabled him only to rise and to writhe helplessly upon the verge of strangulation, under the scientific pressure of those fine and slender hands upon his bare throat, practically demonstrating how nearly a man may be choked and still live. For now and again their grasp relaxed, not to permit that hoarse, futile cry that twice and thrice ensued, but as the essential means of an answer to the question, —

"Tell me, where did you find it?"

Baintree, taken by surprise, his eyes starting out of his head, his face almost purple, both unnerved hands grasping Rathburn's lifted arms, seemed in these intervals, in catching his breath, to regain a modicum of his faculties. He ceased his instinctive efforts to tear away the strong clutch at his throat. He swiftly passed his arms around the waist of his assailant, and with a sudden wrench sought to fling him to the floor. But the lithe Rathburn kept his feet, and the two went staggering together across the room; crashing over the chairs; dragging the saddle that lay on the floor under their clumsy, stumbling steps, the stirrup-irons clattering on the puncheons; now swaying this way and now that; overturning the table, with its scanty store of crockery breaking unheeded on the hearthstone. The red firelight, sole witness of the strife, flickered bravely on the brown walls; the green wood, with the sap still in the fibres, sang a mellow elfin song, fine and faint, all unheard. Their shadows had lost the pacific habit of many evenings of fraternal communings when

the silhouettes smoked many a pipe in Barmecidal fashion, and drank together in dumb show, and imitated their hilarious, genial, and hopeful gestures. Now, adopting their example anew, they reeled furiously after them as they went.

Baintree's vise-like grip failed only when the strong pressure on his throat was renewed; his wind-pipe seemed to close; the strength of the convulsive struggle, in which all his unconscious physical forces were asserted, proved futile. There was a different expression in his bulging eyes — he was beginning to believe that the reply to the question was the price of his life. Perhaps Rathburn noticed and interpreted the sign of subduement. The pressure of the strong deft fingers, where no equal strength, uninformed by a certainty of knowledge, could have availed, relaxed again.

"Where did you find the float — tell me!" he reiterated.

"I never fund it," Baintree gasped. The fingers tightened on his throat, then the grasp loosened, for he was about to speak again. "Sam'l Keale fund it."

"Where — where?" demanded Rathburn, his teeth set hard and his breath fluttering.

"I dunno," gasped the victim, — "he would n't never tell me!"

"You killed him for that?" Rathburn asked swiftly — suddenly his fingers began to tremble. Had he too been tempted to this hideous crime through the lure of that bit of float? "What ever became of him?"

He asked the question less with the desire of response than an instinctive effort to elude even to his own conscience the tracing of so repulsive a parallel. But Baintree could not divine his train of thought nor that aught had served to weaken that clutch upon his throat save the wish to facilitate reply. He was in momentary expectation of its renewal. He had yielded and yielded utterly.

"I never knowed," he sputtered, — "ez the Lord air my witness I never knowed. He jes' disappeared one day, an' I traced his steps ter the mouth o' a cave, — thar hed been a rain, — an' I never seen him agin."

"Was the cave where Jepson found his hat and coat?" Rathburn demanded.

"Naw!" exclaimed Baintree, his eyes growing suddenly intent with anger. "Naw! Ef I hed knowed at the trial ez Teck Jepson war a-goin' ter find them old clothes in the gorge, an' make sech a power o' a 'miration over 'em arterward at the baptizin', I'd hev tole whar the cave war sure enough whenst they put me on the stand. An' Teck Jepson would n't hev liked that so mighty well, I reckon, kase all the kentry knowed ez him an' Sam'l war at loggerheads fur years an' years."

"Why? — what would Jepson have cared?" cried Rathburn.

It was only in the revived interest of the moment that his muscles grew tense, but his grasp had the intimation of coercion to Baintree, who instantly responded, with a nod of the head, —

"Kase the cave's on his land — in Teck Jepson's woods. That's why! An' folks war powerful worked up an' excited then, an' mought hev s'picioned him."

Rathburn's hands fell from his throat to his shoulders. "Jake," he said, amazed, his voice bated with uncertainty and excitement, "why did you never tell this before, if you had no hand in his death — if, in fact, he is dead at all?"

"What did I want ter tell fur? How'd I know what ter tell an' what not ter tell? Nobody knowed how nuthin' would strike the jury — not even the lawyer. An' I 'lowed ef they fund Sam'l thar," — he shivered a little at the suggestion, — "he'd hev looked turrible, mebbe, an' hev hed his boncs bruk — an' that would hev made it all go harsher

at the trial. Ev'rybody knowed he had been consortin' with me, a-sarchin' fur silver, an' war seen las' along o' me. So I jes' purtended I could 'nt find the spot agin, an' the steps ez led ter the cave; it hed rained mo', an' the groun' war washed up cornsider'ble. An' they all 'lowed 't war up in the gorge whar them clothes war fund. Why n't I tell, an' why n't I tell?" he reiterated. "I be sorry now I hev tole what I hev tole."

He cast his brooding, anxious eyes absently about the room with a harried, hunted look. Evidently the disclosure he had made was of paramount importance to him, and precluded for the moment consideration or realization of the coercion which had elicited it.

"That's of no importance — you could n't be tried again for the same offense," said Rathburn reassuringly.

"Waal — *that* rule don't hold good in Judge Lynch's court," returned Baintree gloomily.

Rathburn walked away a few steps with his hands in his pockets. It was difficult to assume a casual air after the episode of the evening, but his efforts were aided by Baintree's fixed attention upon the engrossing subject of Keale's disappearance rather than his recent injuries.

He stopped short suddenly. "Thought you and he were scuffling and playing when he fell into the chasm?" He looked at Baintree with a revival of suspicion.

"I 'lowed that whenst I war confused an' did n't know what ter say," replied Baintree. "We war n't playin' nor nuthin'. He lef' me a-diggin' in the gorge — an' lef' his hat an' coat thar — an' 'lowed he war a-goin' ter a spot ter peck at the rocks a leetle funder down; an' I waited an' waited, — I waited a week fur him, whenst I fund his track ter the cave — 'feard ter go home. He ain't kem yit."

Rathburn sank down into his chair beside the fire with a dazed, baffled

sense of loss. He was trembling with excitement, and exhausted by the struggle. His eyes were fixed, unseeing, on the fire, and he panted heavily as he drew out his handkerchief and passed it over his forehead.

"Why did n't you tell me before that it was he who found the float; that you didn't know where in this big, thrice-accursed wilderness it came from?"

"Kase I war 'feard ye would n't 'low 't war wuth while ter sarch, then," responded Baintree, with the promptitude of the instinct of self-defense. "I 'lowed ef Sam'l Keale, knowin' the lee-tle he did 'bout min'ral, could find sech ez that, ye with *all* yer book-larnin' could. What's the good o' yer g'ology, an' all yer other gear, ef ye can't?"

"I can't find silver if it is n't in the rock," said Rathburn. This was not said in the tone of a retort. A gnawing sense of shame, a burning self-reproach, had the ascendancy in his consciousness, — even the vanishing prospects of wealth, diminishing gradually in the far perspective of probability, were secondary for the time. He could not justify his deeds — he blushed for his motives. He felt in this cooler moment of reflection as if he had suffered some metamorphosis — some translation into another sordid entity, whose every impulse was followed by an anguish of remorse. He looked down at his hands, still red and smarting with the strain to which he had subjected them, as if he could hardly endure to acknowledge them after the work which they had done for him so well and cleverly. His lids drooped a little as he looked up at Baintree, and he evasively glanced hastily away.

"Jake," he said in an embarrassed and husky tone, — the mountaineer had seated himself opposite, and was unwinding a large handkerchief which he had worn around his throat, the folds, as they fell, showing the bruised and swollen flesh, — "I am sorry I got to quar-

reling with you. I don't know what in the world made me do it."

Baintree paused in unrolling his neck-gear, and glanced keenly at the troubled and downcast face.

"I dunno what made ye do it, nuther. I be sorry, too. I hev got reason ter be. An' if ye call it *quar'lin'* — it's toller'ble survigrous *quar'lin'*, I will say."

The flames in the chimney covered as the wind swept down, and crouched like a beaten thing. The smoke puffed into the room. The gusts had a wild, insurgent, menacing note. The batten shutter rattled. The rain redoubled its force upon the roof. The place seemed infinitely solitary, and distant, and forlorn.

"I wish I had never heard of the silver. I wish I had let it alone," said Rathburn, from out his moody reflections.

"That ain't goin' ter do ye no good," declared Baintree suddenly. "Ye'll go right back ter it, same ez a frog ter water. Them ez hanker arter it hev got the love of it rooted in 'em. Hey, Lord! I 'lowed wunst ez I hed enough o' it. I 'lowed thar war a everlastin' curse on it. Arter Sam'l Keale, he jes' vamosed like he done, an' they 'rested me, an' I hed ter go ter jail an' be tried fur my life — an' paid everything I hed in the world, even my gun, an' my pistol, ter the lawyer, fur defendin' me — I 'lowed 't war kase I hed hankered arter the silver ez the Lord hid away in the hills. An' I did n't keer no' mo' fur it then. Not even whenst ye kem ter physie me, an' seen that piece o' float I hed kerried jes' by accident in my pocket. Not even whenst ye 'peared so streck of a heap, an' kep' sayin' how rich, — how rich 'twar. Naw, sir! An' whenst I kem home, I tuk cornsider'ble pains ter git religion. I 'lowed I war n't goin' ter gin the Lord no mo' excuse fur goin' back on me. I got religion an' sot out ter save my soul. I hed hed enough o' sarchin' arter silver an' hevin'

nuthin' ter kem o' it, so I hed sot out a-sarchin' arter salvation. I wanted ter find suthin' this time! I wanted ter be a prosperous saint o' the Lord, an' what with knowin' how ter read an' write, I mought git 'lected ter office some day, ef I stood well in the church. Could n't find salvation, nuther! This hyar Teck Jepson kem a pouncin' down on me at the very water's aide, whenst I war a-goin' ter wash my sins away, an' git the right sperit ter lead my feet ter heaven, an' he war a-totin' Sam'l's old gyarments what I hid ter be rid of 'em, an' Pa'son renounced me. So now I hev got ter go ter hell — but hevin' lived sech a life in Brumsaidge ez hev been my sheer, I reckon 't won't be sech a turr'ble change ez most folks find it."

"Come, Jake, you don't have to be baptized to go to heaven!" exclaimed Rathburn. He was looking at his fire-side companion with an anxious commiseration upon his deprecatory, flushed face, despite the laugh that fluctuated over it.

But the rustic, however he may be awakened to a sense of his ignorance of mundane matters, stoutly maintains all the arrogations of a spiritual adept. The mountaineer sneered the theological proposition scornfully away.

"Ye dunno nuthin' 'bout'n it — I hev hearn ye say things ez makes me 'low ye ain't haffen a b'liever; ye 'pear ter sense religious things mighty porely! Ef ye read the Bible mo', an' yer g'ology an' min'rology, ez ye call 'em, less, ye 'd be mo' able ter entertain the sperit, ef ye ever war ter hev a chance."

As he shook his head drearily over the fire, the sombre reflections evoked by his review of his forlorn, distraught fate imprinted on his pallid, clear-cut face, his throat momentarily showing more definitely the marks of the fingers that had clutched it, his poverty, and its concomitant hopelessness, despite his native cleverness, expressed in his rough jeans clothes, and his broken boots, and

his bent old hat, Rathburn's heart smote him anew.

"Jake," he said, an insistent inward monitor clamoring for confession, "you don't know how sorry I am that I was so — so harsh." He adopted in his uncertainty a word that Baintree often used; it expressed for him many phases of the physical and temporal world. "You don't know how badly I feel about it."

"Waal," said Baintree, carefully abstaining from any intimation of being appeased, although he made no definite sign of resentment, "I feel toler'ble bad myse'f." He touched his throat with a gingerly gesture, as he rearranged his neck-gear. It appealed to Rathburn with all the power that the sight of physical injury, however slight, exerted upon him. He could without compunction have brutally lacerated his fellow-creature's sentiments, but for his cuticle he had a humane professional regard, and remorse found him an easy prey.

"I'd give a hundred dollars if I had n't done it," he said.

"Waal — I would n't," Baintree protested, with mock earnestness, "kase I never hed a hunderd dollars in all my life ter give," he added dryly.

Rathburn turned aside, clearing his throat with a sound that was much like a stifled groan.

There was silence for some moments, except for the ceaseless splashing of the water into the gullies below the eaves, and the sharp staccato beat of the rain on the clapboards above. The roof leaked in more than one place, and now and then a solemn, intrusive series of drops fell upon the floor, with a deliberate iteration of chilly intimations. Once Rathburn fancied he heard a wolf howl at no great distance, and then doubted if it were not the wind sounding a new and savage pipe.

He began to fancy that Baintree, relishing his contrition, was disposed to

make the most of it, and give him as much to be sorry for as his capacity for repentance could accommodate. But he strove to banish this caviling mood, incongruous with the injury he had done, and the regret and humiliation that it had entailed. His perceptions, however, could not be denied the prominent lugubriousness of Baintree's mien, albeit his mental faculties were interdicted any deductions therefrom.

Baintree's voice had a latent reproach in its very tones as he went on:—

"An' then whenst I war a-tryin' ter git over that back-set—findin' out thar war n't no mo' room fur me in heaven than thar war on yearth—up ye hed ter pop, like a devil out'n a bush, a-goin' ter sarch in the mountings fur silver, sech ez that float ez I hed. An' ye got me set ter honin' an' hankerin' arter silver an' sech—whenst I mought hev knowed ez Satan war in it, through Sam'l's takin' off bein' so durned cur'ous." He rubbed his hands silently for a few minutes as he looked at the fire. "That war the reason I tuk ye ter Jepson's old cabin ter bide a-fust—I 'lowed ye mought find sech float 'mongst them steep ledges an' rocky slopes."

Rathburn looked up at him with an alert and kindling eye. His sense of humiliation, his wounded conscience, were forgotten in an instant. "We never went near the cave!" he exclaimed. "That was where the fellow was going. That is where you tracked his steps, Jake." He rose to his feet and leaned over and clapped his comrade on the shoulder. "We'll find it yet. There's the ore. We'll explore the cave!"

The color had flared into his face; his full, red lips curved hopefully under his yellow mustache; his hand stroked it with his wonted alert, confident gesture.

The mountaineer looked up at him with a face cadaverous in its extreme pallor and the elongation of all its traits. His remonstrant eyes had a presage of

hopeless defeat in the midst of their anxious entreaty.

"*That* won't do, Eugene," he said, in palpitant eagerness. "Laws-a-massy, boy, we can't go rummagin' round a dead man's bones fur silver!"

He seemed to take note of the unmoved resolution in Rathburn's face. In his despair and fear he sought to assume a casual air of confidence which might impose upon his companion, however little root it had in fact.

"But shucks! ye would n't *dare* to go a-meddlin' round dead folks. Ye know ye be afeard o' 'em!"

"*I?*" exclaimed Rathburn, looking down at him with a bantering smile, "*I?*—afraid of dead men's bones?"

Looking up into his flushed, handsome, triumphant face, full of life, and light, and spirit, Baintree quailed. For did he not remember, so late though it was, his coadjutor's profession? And had he not once seen, in the back room of Rathburn's office, a bleached white skull that the young physician considered a beautiful thing? The sight was renewed to his recollection with the vivid dread of a nightmare. He felt a suffocating pressure upon his chest. He did not move as he sat staring into the limited, dull, and dreary scenes of his memory. A hoarse, wheezing, half-smothered, unconscious cry broke from his lips.

"Why, Jake!" Rathburn began, in a cheerful, rallying, reassuring tone; but the mountaineer had started to his feet, and the impetuous torrent of words would not be stopped.

"Ye air puttin' a rope round my neck! Ye—knowin' the Brumsaidge boys like ye do! Ef they war ter find his bones—ye know, ye know what would happen! O God A'mighty!" He struck his long, lean hands together as he held them above his head. "An' ye'd do it! Ye'd put a rope around my neck fur the bare chance, the bare chance o' findin' the silver! O Lord! I hev been gin over—plumb gin over!

What ailed me," he went on, in futile self-reproach, — "what ailed me ter tell the true place, many a lie ez I hev tole? Even the Devil fursook me, — never whispered me nare lie ter tell this time, — this time, when a lie would hev saved my life! What ailed me ter tell the place — the place" —

"Oh Jake, stop — *hush!*" exclaimed Rathburn, irritably.

"Oh, I never 'lowed ez ye'd sarch that spot — ez ye'd put me in danger — the man ez gin ye all the chance ye ever hed" —

"Mighty good chance!" sneered Rathburn, losing patience. "A piece of float that another fellow found, God knows where, — stop that racket, Jake!"

"Stop!" cried the mountaineer, still clasping and unclasping his hands above his head as he moved convulsively about the floor. "Why n't ye ax that thar worm in the fire," — he pointed his quivering hand at a wretched, writhing thing that the heat had summoned from its nest in the rotten heart of the log forth into the midst of the flames, to turn hither and thither in a futile frenzy until consumed, — "why n't ye ax that worm ter stop?"

"Go on, then, and have a fit," said Rathburn coolly, "or work yourself into a fever." He pointed to a small medicine-chest. "Shan't cost you anything, — got that advantage over the worm."

His ridicule and his assumption of indifference were salutary. Baintree paused, looking restlessly about for a moment, then he returned to the hearth, shoving his chair with his knee back into the corner where he had sat before. His fear was not allayed, however, nor his sense of injury assuaged.

"Oh, ye air a mighty aggervatin' cuss, Eugene Rathburn!" he declared, lowering hopelessly at him across the hearth. "Ef I hed lived the life other men do, an' hed hed my sheer o' the good luck other folks gits, I'd hev too much sperit

ter let ye kerry things like ye do. I'd kill ye afore I'd let ye harm me!"

"I ain't going to harm you," said Rathburn casually. He did not even remember his clutch on his comrade's throat.

"Ef I hed n't been through with jes' what I hev been through with, ye would n't treat me so. Ye would n't dare treat another man — Teck Jepson, say — this-a-way."

"Now I'm not afraid of Teck Jepson; you can bet high on that," Rathburn protested, with a sudden flush. "You are such a fool, Jake, though you think yourself very smart indeed, that you make all sorts of mistakes, and you want me to make them, too. You ought never to have said that the man fell into a cave or chasm — for you don't know it." A sudden doubt crossed his mind, and he cast a quick, suspicious glance across the hearth at Baintree, whose trembling hands were spread out to the fire, his pallid face bearing that recent impress of a strong nervous shock, indescribable, but as unmistakable as the print of a blow. "You ought never to have hid his coat and hat, — and, by the way, the Broomsedge despot took no measures to punish you for that, — and I dare say if the man's bones were found in a cave on *his* land, people would like to know how *his* cave came by them."

Baintree looked up with a sudden flash of his former sly intelligence, then bent his brooding eyes once more on the fire.

"Especially," Rathburn continued, after a pause, "as they were always on bad terms. You would be in a better position to stand such a discovery than Jepson, for the jury has said that you had nothing to do with his bones. What did Jepson quarrel with him about?"

Baintree never spoke of the victim of the catastrophe save with a bated voice and a strained, anxious expression,

almost a contortion, in its speculative desire to detect the lack of confidence that was the usual sequence of his words.

"Bout'n the way he treated his wife."

"His wife? — thought he was a young fellow, a mere boy."

"He war married young, —'bout twenty. Gal war young, too. They did n't agree tergether. Some folks 'lowed he beat her, but Sam'l's kin declared they jes' fought tergether — her bein' ez survigrous ez him. But Jepson, bein' the gal's cousin, went over thar one day whenst she hed her head tied up, 'lowin' her husband hed busted it, an' he gin Sam'l a turr'ble trouncin'. *He* hed *his* head tied up arter that. Jepson set store by the gal, bein' her cousin, an' 'lowed she shouldn't suffer through hevin' no brother nor dad."

"She did n't mourn her loss, then?" suggested Rathburn, with a jeering smile.

"Took on turr'ble a-fust, an' married agin 'fore the year war out."

"Glad to get rid of him, eh?"

"*He'd* hev been mighty glad ter git rid o' *her*. Useter 'low sometimes ez he'd run away from her ef he hed ennywhar ter run ter, an' from Jepson, too. He war turr'ble 'feard o' Jepson. He useter 'low sometimes ez he wisht he hed never kem from North Car'liny, whar he useter live an' work in a silver mine. It gin out, though, an' war n't wuth nuthin' ter its owners."

"I wonder," said Rathburn speculatively, "if that is n't where he is right now."

"Hed n't been hearn on thar time o' the trial," said Baintree.

"Or else," pursued Rathburn meditatively, "if in trouncing him, according to his royal prerogative, Jepson might not have overdone the chastisement, and stowed away the evidences of how justice had overborne mercy in that cave of his."

Both would have liked to credit this, but Baintree shook his head.

"I don't believe he fell into any

cave," Rathburn presently resumed, — "a deft-footed mountaineer! He either went in there searching for silver, or he was put in there for some purpose, or he has run away from his matrimonial infelicity and the despot of Broomsedge Cove."

He paused to kick the chunks of the logs together, between the stones that served as fire-dogs, for they were burnt out now save for their bulky and charred ends. The flames leaped up anew. The smoke had ceased to puff into the room, but its aroma, with the pungent fragrance of the wood, lingered in the air. The worm, in which Jake Baintree had descried a parallel of cruelly perplexed anguish, was gone, and the world was as if it had never been. The sinuous contortions of his fear and harassment continued with hardly more hope of ultimate rescue. Nevertheless, like the worm, he could but strive.

"Eugene," he said, "let's leave the cave alone. Su'thin' dreadful will kem o' it ef we go meddlin' thar. Ye know ye don't want ter put me in no danger wuss'n I be in now. Ye would n't, now would ye?" in an unctuous, coaxing voice, and with an appealing eye.

"Why, not for worlds, Jake, not for worlds!" exclaimed Rathburn heartily.

A sigh of relief was on the lips of the suspected man, a look of renewing life in his jaded eye. There had not yet been time to evolve doubt, suspicion, qualification, before Rathburn spoke again.

"Nothing that I am going to do can injure anybody. I was placed in far greater jeopardy by your concealments and mystery about the forge than ever you will be by anything I counsel or do."

"Ye mean ye won't go ter the cave?" said Baintree, his lips dry and moving with seeming difficulty.

"Now don't be an ignoramus and a fool, Jake. Of course I shall look for more of the float about the cave. I be-

lieve that's where the man found it. I should be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum if I did n't search there, and that's just what you are. No harm in the world can come of it." He was silent for a moment. "Why," taking a bit of paper from his pocket and deftly rolling a cigarette, — "why, Jake," — he spoke in answer to Baintree's silent look, — "what would you have done if, some of those days when we were at Jepson's house, I had stumbled on the mouth of that cave?"

He cocked the cigarette between his teeth, its tiny red tip brightly flaring, for the room was growing dull and dusky, and looked with an expression of good-natured argument at Baintree across the hearth.

The mountaineer's ruminative eyes were fixed upon him. "I tuk good pains ye should n't," he admitted, in a tone, however, which implied that he had yielded the previous points of controversy. "I never guided ye in that d'rection."

Rathburn took his cigarette from his mouth, emitted an airy wreath of smoke, and shook his head seriously from side to side. Then as he smoked on he said, "I have a very pretty quarrel with you, Jake. By your own confession, you have systematically deceived me for a matter of six months or more. You made me believe that *you* had found the float, and of course knew where you found it, when you were only trying to get the benefit of such scientific knowledge as I had, — to discover mineral where there was no reason to believe it to be. If you were not so ignorant you would n't have tried a foolish, hopeless dodge like that. You have made me work very hard at this wild-goose chase, digging, and tramping, and blacksmithing, and *you* got me into a scrape that might have cost *me my* life. Indeed, but for that timely warning that put me on my guard and made me behave like a man instead of a sheep-kill-

ing dog, I believe it would have cost me my life."

His face grew grave and conscious at the thought of Marcella. He sat silent for a moment or two, looking steadfastly at the fire and rolling the cigarette delicately between his fingers.

"It is absurd, because you are afraid of this and afraid of that, to ask me to give up the whole thing or go and search where there are no indications, or very slight ones, as you had me do all summer, when you knew where the only chances lay. But I forgive you, and I'm not going to do anything that can possibly injure you."

Baintree was sitting so still in the dusky gloom of the darkening cabin that he hardly seemed alive. With the brown color of his coat dimly suggested on the darker tones about him, he looked like an effigy of a man rudely fashioned from a root.

"What be ye a-goin' ter do?" he demanded.

The lack of candor could hardly be urged against Eugene Rathburn among his many and conspicuous faults.

"I'm going to search that cave from end to end, if the good Lord spares me," he asseverated. "That's what I'm going to do. There's nothing there that I shan't find."

His cigarette, so far spent it was, required some deft manipulation that it should not burn his fingers or lips and yet yield the last treasures of nicotian luxury that it contained. His eyes were fixed upon it, and he lost the look with which Jake Baintree received this unequivocal statement. When he glanced up, the mountaineer had risen and was filling his pipe from some tobacco on the mantel-piece.

"Going to smoke again?" asked Rathburn. "Well, good-night to you, for I'm going to turn in."

He had found that a thick rug and a heavy blanket comported more nearly with his idea of comfort than did the

lumpy shuck mattresses of the region. One end of the drapery of this primitive paraphernalia placed over the saddle served as pillow, and as he lay thus upon the floor before the dying fire he seemed to take scant heed of the vigil of the silent, watchful figure, still erect in his chair, and still smoking his pipe. Only once the young townsman stirred after he lay down. "How good the rain sounds on the roof," he said drowsily. A few moments afterward he was doubtless asleep — a sound, dreamless slumber, the close counterfeit of death, motionless, silent, deep. Nevertheless Jake Baintree hardly felt sure of its genuineness until after he had arisen and arranged his own pallet with some unnecessary stir, that might have seemed an experiment to judge if the sleeper would rouse again on any slight provocation. Then he sat down once more and meditatively eyed the red embers dwindling, still dwindling, in the white and gray ashes.

The monotone of the rain still beat on the roof; he heard the wind from far away; the vague stir of the crumbling fire was distinguishable, although it might seem so fine and subtle a rustle would have been lost in the sound of aught else. The muffled figure on the floor was still discernible in the red glow; even the yellow hair showed in a dull gleam amidst the umber tones of the shadows. Jake Baintree's eyes were upon it as with a careful hand he reached into a crevice of the jamb of the chimney and drew forth something that had a sudden steely glitter even in the semi-obscurity, and laid it cautiously on his knee.

He did not move for some time afterward, although in the increasing dusk his shadowy figure could hardly have been distinguished from the inanimate shadows about him. Presently his hands were moving softly to and fro with swift, industrial intentness.

Even the embers seemed to cling to

life and yield it with the reluctance and vacillating struggle pathetically typical of the passing of human breath. Their sparkle, and verve, and flamboyant energies were all spent, but suddenly they sent forth an unexpected red glow, strong in the midst of the ashes, that was like the transitory revival in the last flickering moments of a doomed creature.

It irradiated Baintree's wary bright eyes fixed abruptly upon it, as he sat in the corner. So sudden was its flare that he had not an instant to prepare for it, and a whisking feather in his hand still mechanically moved to and fro as he oiled a pistol, now and then dipping it into a tin vessel that stood on the jagged edge of the jamb beside him. It was poised and motionless the next moment above the weapon, as he gazed with alert anxiety at the sleeping man upon the floor. The room was fully revealed in the melancholy red suffusion; Rathburn's face was distinct with its far-away, unconscious expression. He did not stir; he saw naught of what he might have thought strange enough in the dead hour of the midnight, — Jake Baintree slipping cartridge after cartridge into the six chambers of Dr. Rathburn's neglected revolver, not loaded before since he had come to the mountains in August.

XXI.

The storm wrought great havoc in the aspect of the outer world. The dull light of the autumn days that ensued served to show how the red and gold of the leaves had faded, and what resources of brown and a sere tawny gray the ultimate stages of decay held in store. They were thickly massed on the ground now, and most of the boughs were bare and wintry, and swayed, black with moisture, against the clouds, that in their silent shifting illustrated an infinite gradation of neutral tints between

pearl and purple. Yet they seemed still, these clouds, so imperceptibly did each evolution develop from the previous presentments of vapor.

Far away the gray mountains appeared akin to the dun cloud-masses they touched, as if range and peak were piled one above the other almost to the zenith. Certain fascinating outlines of the distance, familiars of the fair weather, were withdrawn beneath this lowering sky, and strangely enough the landscape seemed still complete and real without them, as if they had been merely some fine illusions of hope, some figment of a poetic mood, painted in tender tints upon an inconstant horizon. Close at hand the heights loomed grim and darkly definite. In dropping the mask of foliage they showed fierce features hitherto concealed, — gaunt crags and chasms, and awful beetling steepes; ravines, deeply cleft in the heart of the range; torrents, flung headlong down the precipices to be lost in the river; many sterile, bare rocky slopes.

To Marcella a new glow of interest was shed upon the sombre scene; often she looked up at those more open expanses, wondering where, in the vast bewilderment of the fastnesses, the stranger and his mountain guide had made their temporary home. Far away as they were, he seemed near in the definiteness of her new knowledge of him. And this she supplemented by knowledge not so definite. With this basis for speculation, her imagination constructed, with all the ease of that airy workmanship, a status for his previous life, endowed him with a series of predilections and prejudices, and many noble ideal qualities with which Rathburn might have found himself somewhat embarrassed, having had but scant experience with such fine æsthetic gear. There were circumstances connected with his recent danger which gave her an intense satisfaction, — she had requited the good deed he had done that

night when he had come to her father's aid through the storm. She had repaid the debt four-fold. She remembered, with a certain soft elation, how he had recognized the risk she had encountered, how he had esteemed it of no slight magnitude. It might have been vanity, it might have been some tenderer thrill astir, but it was sweet to her to hear again — as so easily she might, when she would — the quiver in his voice when he had declared that an angel of mercy, an angel had rescued him! Often she paused at her simple tasks to recall anew those fervent words, those earnest, swift glances, which said so much that the subtlest words might fail to convey. His gratitude held all the finest essences of the incense of flattery, and she recognized a unique delight in the fact that the words and the glances were so cleverly calculated for her alone. Always her lips curved, with that rarest relish of laughter, when it is for joy alone, unmarred by any element of scorn or ridicule, when she remembered her grandmother's satiric flouts at his "nangel" and subsequent speculation as to which of the mountain girls he deemed, in his sentimental folly, bore any resemblance to a celestial being. These thoughts were undulled by repetition. They bore her company coming or going, spinning or weaving, and most of all, in her out-door tasks they kept pace with her loitering footsteps. It was not until one afternoon, on a bleak hillside, that into this inner radiance of thought and spirit a certain shadow fell — a shadow as gray, as chill, as prophetic, as if it were akin to the gray, chill, prophetic shadows of the day that stood, dejected, on every slope, and waited as for a doom. She had gone out to salt the sheep, and she carried a gourd of salt in her hand. Her bonnet — it was of a gay yellow calico — hung on her shoulders, the strings knotted about her neck, and her heavy, waving brown tresses falling over it almost hid its assertive color beneath their

curling luxuriance. Her dress was of a more sombre tone; it had encountered disasters in its dyes, and had not withstood the test of soap and water. It was difficult to say whether the result were a darkly brownish green or a darkly greenish brown. It was not incongruous with the dulling tints of the landscape; as she stood, it served to define her light, lithe figure distinctly against the tawny stretches of broomsedge behind her, that rose gradually to the summit of the hill. There seemed the full development of its tentative shade in the dark green of the pines clustering along the background of the mountain. Gray rocks cropped out of the red clay gullies that scarred the descent at her feet. In all the monotony of the scene, the flaring yellow about her throat seemed a triumphant climax of color, so luminous and intense it was. Her eyes were fixed on the gray sky opposite, for she looked far over the sere valleys where it bent its great concave to a low level. Her hand hesitated as it was thrust into the brown gourd that she held. The sullen elements had no power to dim the fair, rich tints of her face, and grave though it was, it bore the happy trace of recent smiles. The sheep pressed close about her, the black sheep of the flock, all unaware of his unenviable metaphorical notoriety among men, preferring his claim for salt with calm assurance. She was motionless for a moment, then, as if the thought had come to her for the first time, "Why hev he never, never kem agin?" she said.

Her mind went back slowly, with a benumbing anxiety to count the days, knowing they were not few. It was difficult to differentiate them, they were all so alike — so alike in thought. As she reviewed the trivial incidents that might serve to individualize them, keeping a tally with her fingers on the gourd, she began to realize what she had not noticed before, — that lately

there had been many visitors at the house, not her own, nor her grandmother's; men, chiefly, wanting to see Eli Strobe. The doctor's orders had precluded their entrance, being rigorously obeyed since they subverted the pride of the women, who had sought to shield Strobe's infirmity from general observation in Broomsedge Cove.

"We-uns don't want 'em 'round hyar a-crowin' over Eli in the pride o' sech brains ez they hev got, till he hev hed a fair chance ter git well," Mrs. Strobe had said to her granddaughter. "Folks knowed ez he war out'n his head with fever an' his mind wandered some whenst he war fust knocked down, but nobody suspicions ez he hev plumb gone deranged 'bout killin' Teck Jepson 'cept-in' them two doctor men an' Andy Longwood, an' I know they ain't goin' ter tell."

Many, then, had been to the door of late, but the yellow-haired young stranger had come no more, and Marcella wondered, with a dull presage of gloom, would he ever come again.

When next the chords of memory vibrated with his declaration that an angel had saved him it had a jarring clangor of doubt, of ridicule, that made its wonted dulcet iteration a discord. Human nature is not generally so recognizant of celestial condescension and kindness that much is necessarily implied in the protestation of equivalent gratitude and indebtedness to an earthly benefactor. Marcella did not realize this. Was it thus, she asked herself, that he would have passed her by if he had felt in his heart the word upon his lips?

Now and again the gourd in her hand was nudged by the soft nozzle of a sheep, and she would once more bethink herself to cast a handful of salt down upon the rock as they pressed about her. There was no other stir in all the broad spaces she overlooked save the vibrations of the wind in the bare boughs that clashed together with a dull rattling

sound, and the rustling shiver through the tawny tufts of broomsedge.

She gave a great start when her eyes were suddenly concentrated upon an object in the midst of its tall growth halfway down the hill, beginning slowly to move, to rise. It seemed to her suddenly recalled attention, still dazed by the transition from the world of thought to the more exigent material sphere, as if it were some gigantic mushroom toiling up the ascent, having just come in sight above a projecting knoll of earth. Beneath the broad bent hat she presently discerned a chubby dark-eyed face, and the rest of the person of a fat young fellow-creature of the age of four, perhaps, arrayed in a short, stout homespun skirt and a straight waist tightly encircling a singularly round body, was revealed to view.

So unexpected was this apparition, despite its simplicity, that as she gazed she was not aware that a man had ascended the hill further to the right, and stood leaning on a long rifle silently contemplating her. Not until he spoke did she turn. Then she looked at him with a start.

"Ain't ye goin' ter gin me nare word, Marcell'y?" said Teck Jepson.

She flushed deeply. She had a sense of discovery, as if he might have read in her unguarded face, before she was conscious of his watchful eyes, the thoughts that had silently hovered about Rathburn. Taken thus at a disadvantage, she forgot for a moment her anger toward him.

"I never seen ye — howdy," she said meekly.

Her flush was instantly reflected on his face as the red glow of a sunset irradiates the alien eastern sky. There was a new light in his eyes. She detected in his voice something of the impetus of the false hope that lured him, although he only said casually, as if seeking to formally acquit her of any discourtesy, —

"I seen ye war noticin' Bob, thar, — he air a mighty s'prisin' sight down in the valley, I know."

Even so slight a pleasantry seemed odd from him, so exacting a gravity he bore in his daily walk and conversation. She subtly understood it as the out-gushing happiness of the mistake under which he had fallen; so trifling a hope, so slight a relenting counted for much in the depths of despair into which he had sunk. She would have been glad to undeceive him, but she was still agitated and confused by the sudden severance of her troubled and absorbed train of thought, and the abrupt surprise of his presence here. She merely said, "Air that leetle Bob Bowles, yer nevy?"

He nodded, his face relaxing into its infrequent smile as he looked down at the plodding plumpness approaching through the broomsedge.

"He air visitin' ye, then, I reckon."

"Not edzac'ly; he hev runned away from home."

The fat Bob sat down upon one of the outcropping ledges of the rock near where the sheep crowded about Marcella, at whom he looked with apprehensive eyes. Mrs. Bowles was the only woman in his very restricted social circle with whom he was acquainted, and his experience with her did not tend to foster confidence in the sex.

"He looks at me ez ef he 'lowed I'd hurt him," cried Marcella, flushing and suddenly affronted. "I never knowed I war so turr'ble ez all that."

"Bob — Bob, ye look the other way!" Jepson admonished him.

But Bob, with scant regard, evidently, for his mandates, continued to gaze winningly up at the fair face of the girl, meeting her indignant and wounded eyes. Detecting at last a protest in her expression, he lifted his chubby arm and crooked it over his head, a forlornly inadequate guard against the blow he expected.

"He thinks I'd hurt him!" she cried

in an aggrieved tone. "Why, don't ye know I would n't fur nuthin', — fur nuthin'?"

She sat down by him on the rock and took his hard little sunburned hand in her soft clasp. His eyes were alight and alert with fear. With a wonderful show of elasticity he edged bouncingly along the ledge to evade her overtures; but a sheep had lain down across the rock, and although he pressed close into the wool of the creature, it did not rise, and he was at the mercy of his captor. She still held the gourd of salt, and the flock crowded about with insistent, rum-maging nozzles. One of the sheep, standing on the higher ground behind her, looked pensively over her shoulder at the broad mountain landscape, the delicate, slender head of the animal almost touching the bright hair so heavily curling on her yellow sun-bonnet, still hanging loosely about her neck.

The graceless Bob! Jepson could only lean his six feet of helplessness upon his long rifle, and earnestly breathe that sinking hope against hope known only to those who have callow relatives placed in a conspicuous and exacting position, with every opportunity for lamentable infringement of etiquette. Did ever so doubtful, suspicious, and terrified a look meet such suave, sweet, smiling eyes? Was ever a round, dodging, bullet head so evasively shifted from beneath so light a caress as the touch of those falling curling tresses? How wasted, how inopportunistly wasted on Bob her soft words, —

"I love ye — an' I want ye ter love me!"

But Bob, who evidently harbored a distrust in amazing disproportion to his small size and his tender years, was proof against even so enchanting a siren. He merely knitted his limited eyebrows in perplexity because of the unexpected nature of the attack, for that unhappy and striking developments were to ensue he did not permit himself to disbe-

lieve for an instant. He left his hard little hand in hers, for his theory that least resistance resulted in the minimum smart had been proved often enough to commend it. A short little puff of breath — in an adult it might have been called a sigh — escaped from his half-parted lips, and betokened suspense.

"How ye all mus' hev treated him up on the mounting!" Marcella exclaimed, flashing her angry eyes upward at Teck Jepson. "He's 'feard — an' jes' see the leetle size of him! He's 'feard; he would n't dodge that-a-way ef he hed n't been hit a heap o' times fur nuthin'. Who treats him so mean?"

Jepson hesitated. Certainly he owed naught to Mrs. Bowles, but they had been of the same household, and he had a certain reluctance to expose her to scorn and contumely, however richly merited.

She noted his hesitation and broke forth impulsively, "I don't wonder ye look 'shamed of it. I mought hev knowed it!"

He shifted his position suddenly, and as he gazed at her, still leaning on the rifle, his eyes widely open, his lips parted, his breath coming quick, it might have seemed that he had need of his weapon to uphold him, — he was shaken as if by a blow.

"Marcelly!" he exclaimed, — and the voice hardly seemed his, so unlike was the husky quaver to his wonted full, mellow tones, — "kin ye think that o' me, — ez 't war me ez hev persecuted that thar leetle bit of a critter?"

He paused and looked about him with an air of finality. His nerves were still distraught; his lip quivered. She sat, a little pale and shaken by the sight of his agitation, gazing up at him from under her eyebrows, and hardly lifting her head, expectant, waiting, and making no sign of denial.

"Waal," he said, drawing himself to his full height, "this finishes it. I hev b'lieved, I hev lived in hope ez some

day ye mought kem ter keer fur me, 'spite o' all that hev kem an' gone. But now ez I hev fund out how awful mean ye think I be, ez ye kin b'lieve fur one minit ez I hed enny hand in tormentin' a leetle trembly soul like that, I'll gin hope up. I'll trouble ye with my feelin's no mo'. An' I'll never forgive ye whilst I live!"

Marcella sat quite still and with downcast eyes during this outburst. There was something very like a sob in his throat as he spoke the last words, but when she glanced up again his face was so calm, his gaze so loftily discursive as he cast his eyes over the landscape, his attitude so impressive and striking, that she interpreted this serenity of pride as triumph, and she suddenly felt a goad in his last avowal.

"Waal, strange ez it may seem," she said, tossing her hair backward, and the breeze, catching the locks, flinging them gayly about, "I kin live without it. An' I hev hearn ye talk 'bout yer feelin's an' sech till thar's mighty leetle entertainment lef' in 'em. An' treatin' this hyar leetle chile mean, till he looks ter be beat ef a body glances thar eye at him, 'pears ter me mightily of a piece with bein' the captain o' a gang o' lynchers an' sech evil doin's."

There was a momentary silence. Her eyes, restless, unseeing, wandered vaguely over the broad brown expanse of valley and mountain. Once more she be-thought herself of the sheep, and poured the salt out of the gourd on the ground. The excitement of the moment pulsed heavily in her temples; she felt a vague, gnawing pain at her heart, and she was unhappy.

The cause of all this trouble hardly comported himself in a congruous manner. Bob was relieved when her attention was diverted from him, and gave a fat little sigh of content. He sat for a moment quite still, looking very rotund in build, contemplating the resources of the scene for juvenile enjoyment. Then

leaning forward, he placed his broad white wool hat on the unsuspecting head of a sheep near at hand, and it was difficult to say whether the smothered "baa" that proceeded from the eclipsed beast, or its groping as it rose to its feet, or its unique aspect as it stood, with the hat on its head, uncertain what might ensue, was the chief factor in eliciting a low, jovial chuckle from the distended gleeful lips.

But neither of his elders noticed the wiles of the callow martyr, for Jepson's attention was fixed upon the revelation contained in Marcella's last words, and she was nervously biting her lips in futile regret that they had thence escaped.

"I hev no call ter gin account o' sech ez I do ter you-uns," he said, with that serene arrogance which she had always felt was intolerable, and which she had in vain sought to reduce. "I'd hev been mighty pleased ef ye hed thunk well o' my deeds an' could hev put enny dependence in me, but ef ye don't, it don't make me think no ill o' myself nor my aims. I ain't got two faces, ter turn this one, an' ef ye don't like its looks, turn that one. I be guided by sech light ez the sperit hev revealed ter me, an' I don't ax ye nor enny other human ter show me the way an' guide my feet." He paused, looking reflectively at the broomsedge waving about his high boots; then he recommenced suddenly. "Bein' ez ye hev got a interus' in the man ez tole ye I war a captain o' a gang o' lynchers, ye hed better warn him not ter let his jaw wag too slack, — not about *me*; I ain't keerin' what he say 'bout *me*, but them t' other men mought hear o' his talkin' too free, an' I ain't round about the *Settlemint* much, an' could n't hender 'em ef they war ter set out ter do him a damage. Tell him that. They air powerful outdone with me ennyhow, kase I would n't gin my cornsent ter sech ez they wanted that night he kem ter the forge."

Marcella hardly breathed, so strong upon her was the terror of jeopardizing the safety of Rathburn, who was rash enough at best.

"How do ye know who tole me?" she demanded, gazing up at him with a feint of defiance in her contracted eyebrows and curling lip. "Ye may be talkin' 'bout one man, an' me 'bout another."

He looked straight into the clear depths of her eyes. They faltered suddenly, and the long lashes fell as he said, —

"Naw, we be both talkin' 'bout'n that Doctor Rathburn, ez he calls hisse'f, — that be who we air talkin' 'bout."

She leaned back silently against a rugged bowlder amongst the outcropping ledges, the gourd, empty now, the neck of it still in her listless hand, lying beside her on the trampled broomsedge. Her greenish-brown dress was much like the mosses in the fissures of the gray rock, against the cold monotone of which her fair young face seemed so delicately and finely tinted. The flock had scattered, feeding amongst the brambles and on tufts of grass that seemed, beneath the fallen leaves, to have escaped the frost. The sheep that had worn the hat rid himself of it at last, and looked on stupidly when the little mountaineer, with an agile elasticity of gait incongruous with his infantile rotundity, ran out and triumphantly crowned another, slipping back to his seat beside Marcella, and attracting no notice save from the placid flock, pausing to gaze in mild-eyed wonder.

"I ain't lookin' ter see that man agin," said Marcella, her eyes fixed on the summits across the broad valley. "I can't tell him."

She paused, in the hope that he might ask if she had not seen him lately, but Jepson could be betrayed into no unseemly show of curiosity, and she was presently fain to continue.

"I ain't seen him sence he war at

our house that night. I dunno what's kem o' him."

He stood impassive, silent, leaning upon his rifle, which he held with one hand, while the other was thrust in his leather belt. When she spoke he looked down at her, and his eyes met hers, but when she was silent he glanced with grave preoccupation at the leaden sky or the sombre ranges.

"I 'lowed mebbe he hed gone home," she said, after one of these intervals. A pensive wistfulness was on her face. Her eyes saw far into the dreary desert of vague absence with no return in view. Her attitude became more listless. The despondency of a fresh disappointment was upon her. It was so recently that she had become definitely aware how long it had been since he was at the house, how fully the recollection of his words had sufficed in the certain expectation of his return, that she was for the first time canvassing the probabilities. She looked up appealingly.

"Mebbe so," he replied non-committally.

She gave a sudden quick gasp, and turned pale.

"Them men — them men, mebbe, hev tuk him at las'. They waylaid him agin, — hev they? — hev they?"

"Not ez I hev hearn on," he replied.

His evident lack of excitement in regard to the possibility roused her anger anew. Her nerves were all a-quiver under the unexpected strain. She hardly sought to control her words; they were a relief to her tense, overwrought anxiety.

"How kin ye stand thar an' 'low, 'Not ez I hev hearn on,' ez keerless ez ef I war a-talkin' 'bout a fox ketched in a trap? Ye *don't* keer, Teck Jepson, ye *don't* keer! Ye'd jes' ez soon he would be kilt by them mis'able Brumsaidge rangers ez not. Ye air a cruel, blood-thirsty man! Ye *don't* keer ef the innocent stranger war kilt."

Despite his protestations of independ-

ence of spirit, he was roused to defend himself against this imputation.

"Ef I hed n't keered," he said, his lip curling with a scornful half laugh, and his eyes far away, "I would n't hev gone with them fellers at the barn. I 'lowed I could hender 'em from doin' ennything onjust, or hasty, or mischievious, though ef the stranger hed been at enny wicked device, I dunno ez I would hev pertected him an' sot him free like I done."

Marcella's heart was throbbing with contending emotions, the dominant feeling a resentment that Teck Jepson should thus credit himself with the humane and generous rescue of Rathburn, the merits of which that young gentleman's rhetoric had greatly exalted in her estimation, for she had thought it a simple, natural, matter-of-course action when she had first been moved to do aught in his behalf. She had logic enough to realize, however, that her timely warning and Rathburn's clever boldness would have availed little had not Jepson's mood been judicial, and the sway which he exerted over his comrades perfect and complete. Nevertheless her claim was not to be easily belittled. Her ingenuity renewed its hold.

"Then," she said, "ye let him off, I'll be bound, not kase ye knowed 't war right an' jestic, but jes' kase ye fund out ez 't war me ez hed warned the man, an' ye 'lowed 't would put me in a good humor with you-uns ef ye war ter help me out an' save his life. Ye done it ter please me."

He was not quite sure he understood her at first. He seemed dumfounded; then, as the light of comprehension dawned in his eyes, he looked down into her face and laughed.

"Kem, Bob," he said, turning away, "it's time we-uns war a-travelin'."

But Bob had met a young friend of somewhat his own tastes and disposition. A lamb had strayed near where he was sitting, and the two had spent some

profitable moments in gazing silently at one another with that irresistible curiosity and manifest fellow-feeling which infancy has for infancy. What they thought each of the other no one can ever say. That the scrutiny was not mutually derogatory in its results may be inferred from the fact that the lamb leaped suddenly to one side on its slender, knobby little legs, with a sort of aquiline alacrity, and kicked up some very frolicsome heels. Whereupon Bob mitigated the intensity of his stare, and began to run about nimbly with his short skirts flying, his round body very straight, his agility seeming necessarily somewhat knock-kneed in order to give free play to such redundant calves. He showed a very merry pair of heels, that served him as well as the lamb's two pairs, and neither of the blithe young things took the smallest notice of Jepson's summons.

Marcella gave them no heed. She had never been so deeply wounded as by Jepson's evident surprise, his laugh, disclaiming the motive to please her. Always he had seemed to her secretly subservient to her power, however he might seek to assert his own independence. She was amazed that he would openly and disdainfully disavow any influence of hers upon his actions. She was humiliated that she should have suggested it, to receive a renunciation rather than a protestation. It was as if he had told her that he did not love her so much as she thought — not so blindly, so idolatrously. She had over-flattered herself; her vanity had palpably convicted her. Strangely enough she was not angry. Every emotion was absorbed in the perception that he did not love her as she thought he did — he had laughed at the supreme power which she assumed to wield over him.

She glanced up at him aslant under her long lashes. He was not looking at her. He had shouldered his rifle and was advancing upon the swiftly

revolving Bob and his nimble four-footed acquaintance.

"Kem on, bubby. Kem on, Bob. We-uns mus' go home now."

But the gleeful Bob, with distended ruddy cheeks, and two rows of snag-gled white teeth, and gleaming eyes almost eclipsed in rolls of fat, continued his merry round, finding a new joy in flapping his arms, in which he had an advantage over the lamb, who had no arms to flap, and who often paused with meditative lowered head to gaze at these gyrations.

"Kem on, Bob — or I'll make ye! Ye'll repent it, sir! Kem on!"

And once more he approached the elusively whisking Bob. "Kem on! Like a good boy." He resorted to entreaty.

But Bob evidently disbelieved in retribution from this source, and was hard-hearted enough to disregard softer suasion.

As Marcella looked on, a little uncertain, a new light was shed upon her mind.

"He be a powerful obejient chile!" she remarked, with a little satiric laugh.

"He's young yit," returned Jepson, flustered and mortified. "Whenst he gits a leetle older he'll do better. Bob, I'll let ye tote my shot-pouch, like ye love ter do."

But Bob, with a soul above bribes, circled as before. Marcella, with an arch sidelong glance, turned her eyes from him to Jepson. "How mean ye must treat him! How 'feard o' you-uns he do be!" she exclaimed with laughing irony.

A flush rose suddenly to his brow, and she saw anew how deeply wounded he had been by the ignoble and odious accusation. Little wonder, since he felt it so, that he had declared he would never forgive her.

"I furgot he hed a stepmother," she faltered by way of excuse.

"I never said nuthin' agin his step-

mother," he rejoined sternly, darkly frowning.

Bob was beginning to show signs of exhaustion. As Jepson turned toward him again Marcella gave a sudden start. She felt she had done him a grievous injustice and she repented it. With some vague apologetic intention she sought to detain him on some pretext, — on any pretext, — and she spoke upon the impulse of the moment.

"Mus' I tell the folks at home ez ye never wunst thunk ter inquire arter them?" Her eyes were dewy and bright; a faint flush was in her cheek; the tender curves of her red lips wore a half-smiling sweetness; as she lifted her head upward to look at him, the hair curling on her shoulders fell still further down over the dangling yellow sun-bonnet.

He turned a changed face. "I war 'feard ter ax, Marcella," he said, in his low melancholy drawl. "I know ye feel so hard ter me 'bout'n Eli — an' I never kin forgive myself, though I never went ter do no harm. I hear 'bout Eli constant — 'thout hevin' ter harry yer feelin's by axin' ye arter him."

The girl felt a certain reassurance, a satisfaction that in this at least he had not changed. Since he had wrought so grievous an injury to Eli Strobe, remorse was the meet sequence. But her alert intuition presently apprehended a tone not altogether applicable to the past.

"He air thrivin' toler'ble, now," she observed.

He glanced at her with the keen suspense of an unexpected hope shining in his eyes. "Then what they say at the *Settlemint* ain't true!"

She felt a sudden fear clutch at her heart. Her face paled — her eyes dilated.

"What air they sayin' agin him at the *Settlemint*?" she asked, trembling, yet roused into instant defiance.

"'T aint faultin' Eli noways," he explained anxiously. "They 'low, though,

ez his ailment hev streck his brain, an' he hev gone deranged."

Her short, sudden scream rang out shrilly in the dull silence of the gray afternoon. She sprang to her feet. "Who hev tole that — who hev tole that on him? I'll be bound them sly foxes at the Settlemint air plottin' su'thin agin him. They won't gin him time ter git well, an' they don't want ter let him be constable, what he hev done been 'lected ter be. Who hev tole it? Who hev tole it?" Her eyes flashed an insistent inquiry at him and he could only reply doubtfully, —

"I dunno, Marcelly. I jes' hearn a whole pack of 'em at the store" — she winced visibly at the idea of this wide dissemination of the rumor — "a-talkin' bout'n it. But I dunno who set it a-goin' fust."

"I do!" she exclaimed frantically. "That stranger — he 'peared tickled ter death whenst he fust noticed it. Never seen a man so streck by nuthin' in yer life. Tuk an' felt his pulse, sir, an' 'peared like he'd ruther hear sech foolishness talked 'n the sober wisdom o' Sol'mon! I war mad then — but what through bein' called a nangel" — She broke off suddenly. "'T war him — 't war him — kase nobody else knowed it. Dad hain't seen nobody else 'ceptin' him an' Andy Longwood one day, — but Andy hain't got larnin' enough ter feel folkses pulses an' sense thar shortcomin's an' sech. 'T war him! 'T war him! Oh, ye air all alike. I never see nobody ez I take a notion air mighty good an' fine, an' I go round like a fool studyin' 'bout 'em all day, but what — ef I know 'em long enough — I find out they air jes' plain common men-folks sech ez hev been sence the worl' began, — jes' like Adam, rather guzzle a apple 'n bide in Paradise." She smiled reflectively, a scornful retrospection, as if the thought of some past folly were both bitter and ludicrous.

"Waal," she resumed, turning upon

him, "what war they 'lowin' at the store they war goin' ter do 'bout'n it?"

He shifted his weight to the other foot, then leaned heavily on his gun. "I hate ter tell ye, Marcelly," he said with a low-spirited cadence. "I hoped 'twar n't true."

"I mus' know," she asserted insistently.

"Waal," he reluctantly began, "they 'lowed ez some o' them 'smart Alecks' of politicians an' sech hed gin information ez thar war a crazy in the county ez oughter be restrained o' his liberty." A short exclamation, little less than a scream, came from her with an accent as if it were wrung forth by physical pain. "Ef the county court app'int's the sher'ff ter summons a jury fur a inquisition o' lunacy, an' they see Eli an' 'low he air insane, they think they kin git up perceedin's ez will take away his office."

She listened silently as she stood holding the empty gourd in her hand. He felt as if he were pronouncing a sentence of some terrible doom, in thus destroying her pride. She esteemed the humble office so high and noble an estate, its shattered incumbent the chief of men!

"Marcelly," he said, "look here. No matter what ye want ter do 'bout'n it, ef ye kin do ennything, I stand ready ter help. Promise me ye 'll let me know. Promise me ye 'll let me help."

She looked up at him. Her lips were compressed. Her eyes were dry and steady. "Help!" she echoed bitterly. "It's you-uns ez hev brung all this torment on dad. An' now ye talk about 'help.' It's too late — too late ter help." Then she turned away.

He stood watching her as she went; her dull greenish-brown dress was visible a long way against the tawny tints of the broomsedge; the wind was rising and tossed her hair, for her head was bare, the yellow sun-bonnet still hanging upon her shoulders. A leaden cloud

was coming down the opposite mountain side, rapidly advancing across the valley; she seemed to be going to meet the storm, and suddenly it was as if she had been caught up in it. The sombre

vapors enfolded her; there was a swift, transient, ocherous gleam, then she was seen no more, and the dreary sound of the invisible rain falling, falling in the beclouded valley filled all the air.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE PIONEERS OF OHIO.

THE thirty years of Ohio life which followed the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 may be summarized as the long struggle of the pioneers with the forest and bad roads; they were literally getting out of the woods. The first migration of the traders and the hunters was past. The murderous foes of Logan, Cornstalk, and the Moravians had disappeared. The early settlers who followed them had, by a sudden revolution, set up a State and begun a new order of things. Then came an immigration, attracted not only by rich land and love of adventure, but by the strong prestige which the free State, built upon the Ordinance of 1787, had at once acquired. The immigrants were not merely admirers of free commonwealths in the abstract, but numbers of them were men from Kentucky, Virginia, and States further south, who brought their slaves with them for emancipation. A reaction followed upon this movement. The masters, with the best intention, had unwisely set the freedmen adrift in a wild, uncultivated country, without fitness or capacity to provide for themselves. Bad results followed, and harsh legislation was resorted to as a check. Laws were passed, not only to restrain the settlement of negroes, but to expel them. Among other measures, they were made incompetent as witnesses in any suit, criminal or civil, where a white person was a party. Violent outbreaks occurred in which expulsion, under these laws, was cruelly enforced.

The times were every way hard. The straits to which the forefathers of the State were reduced, in public as well as in private life, are to be seen in the pictures of their first capitol at Chillicothe, of hewn logs, two stories in height, with an imposing front of thirty-six feet on Second Street, and twenty-four feet on Walnut. Its grand feature was fifteen glass windows, each of twelve panes, eight by ten inches in size, a degree of splendor thought to be unequaled in the Territory until eclipsed by the Blennerhassets. Here sat the territorial assemblies in St. Clair's time. Its successor, erected by Ross County, in 1801, to accommodate the assembly and the courts, far surpassed it. This probably was the first public edifice built of stone northwest of the Ohio. It was about sixty feet square, surmounted by a belfry and lightning-rod, upon which the American eagle, with wide-spreading wings, long did duty as a weathercock. Here the convention which formed the Constitution of 1802 and the state legislature, for many years, held their sessions.

The millions who are dwelling in peace and plenty in the broad farms and busy towns of Ohio to-day can get no realizing sense, from mere words, of the hardships by which their prosperity was earned. The toilsome journey, the steep mountain-ways, the camping-out where there were no inns and hardly a road to guide them, were as nothing to the dreariness which, at the journey's

end, confronted the immigrant and his devoted wife and tender children. The unbroken forest was all that welcomed them, and the awful stillness of night had no refrain but the howl of the wolf or wailing of the whippoorwill. The nearest neighbor often was miles away.

Their first necessity was to girdle the trees and grub a few acres for a corn crop and truck patch, sufficient for a season. As soon as the logs were cut a cabin was built, with the aid of neighbors. Necessity invented the "house-raising," as it did log-rolling and corn-shucking. This habitation, with its clap-board roof, its single room and door, if any, swinging upon wooden hinges, with no window but a patch of greased newspaper between the logs, and no floor but the ground, was often finished at nightfall on the spot where the trees had stood in the morning. The daubing of the chinks and wooden chimney with clay, and a few pegs in the interior for the housewife's draperies, were all that the Eastlake of those days could add to the primitive log cabin.

But food, rather than shelter, was the severest want of the pioneers. True, the woods were full of game, but venison, turkey, and bear meat all the time became tiresome enough. There was no bread nor salt. The scanty salt springs were therefore precious. The Indian corn, when once started, was the chief reliance for man and beast. The modern Ohioan may know of hominy, but the art of making hoe-cake, ash-cake, johnny-cake, the dodger, or a pone is lost. This crop, convertible also into bacon, pork, and whiskey, soon became the staple of the country. The want of mills at first led to singular devices. Corn was parched and ground by hand or by horse-power. At Marietta an ingenious application of power was obtained by bracing a mill-wheel between two boats anchored in the current of the Muskingum, — a powerful mill-race without a dam.

The furniture of the cabins and the dress of the people necessarily partook of the same absolutely rustic simplicity. Excellent tables, cupboards, and benches were made of the poplar and beech woods. The buckeye furnished not only bowls and platters for all who had no tin or queensware, but also the split-bottom chair still in popular use. Bear-skins were bed and bedding. The deer-skin, dressed and undressed, was very much used for clothing, and the skins of the raccoon and rabbit formed a favorite head-gear. But wool and flax soon abounded, and spinning-wheels and looms became standard articles in every house. The homemade tow-linen and woolens, or mixed flannels, linseys and jeans, constituted the chief materials for clothing. For dye-stuffs the hulls of the walnut and butternut and a root of bright yellow first answered, but were superseded by indigo and madder, which became almost uniformly the colors of the hunting-shirt and the warmus. These primitive fashions gradually yielded, as store goods, together with iron and Onondaga salt, began to be introduced by the great Pennsylvania wagons, from Pittsburgh and the ports along the Ohio River. After the purchase of Louisiana considerable imports came from New Orleans by keel-boats.

The pioneers had pastimes and festivities also in their own way. Besides such gatherings as those already mentioned, there were the sugar-camp, the militia-musters, the bear-hunts, the shooting-matches, and the quarter-race. At these the neighborhood for miles around was wont to gather. The quilting-party also was a thing of joy in feminine circles. Here the housewife made a gala day for her friends by collecting them round her frame to put together one of those decorative works, a pile of which, to the pioneer mother, was esteemed of more honor than all the shawls of her modern granddaughter. A wedding, among people of the better sort, was

a three-days' festivity. The infare, or gathering, on the first day, included a variety of the sports above mentioned, according to taste and circumstances. Next came the nuptials, the invariable dance, and the feast. The guests closed the third day by escorting the bride to her new home, and the ride was not unlike that to Canterbury in style. The housewarming ended with another dance, in which there was no modern stiffness or dawdle.

Camp-meetings were another early custom, originally adopted to supply the want of Sunday worship. The country store, also, was an important centre, especially when the county-seats were distant. There was little money, and business was chiefly in barter for peltries, ginseng, beeswax, and such products as could be transported by pack-horses. Cut money, or "sharp shins," was a curious necessity of the times. For want of small change the coins, chiefly Spanish, were cut into quarters, and so circulated. By a law of the governor and judges, in 1792, it was enacted that, as the dollar varied in the several counties of the Territory, all officers might demand and take their fees in Indian corn, at the rate of one cent per quart, instead of specie, at their option. In trading, the deer-skin passed uniformly for a dollar. The bear-skin brought more, and the peltries variously less. Beaver were rare, and soon became extinct.

A curiosity of later date, when roads and wheeled vehicles became practicable, was the traveling museum. It consisted of three, four, or more box-cars, mounted on low wheels, and lighted by windows in the top. These, on arriving at the show places, were united, end to end, so as to form an interior gallery, through which the admiring spectators passed to enjoy the sights. Shelves and glass cases were filled with objects of every description, from the bones of the mastodon down to Dr. Franklin's veritable

penny whistle. Panoramas of colored engravings were exhibited through magnifying glasses, and the whole world was brought before the eye by the pulling of a string. The grand attraction was the gallery of wax figures, among which the most captivating were the Sleeping Beauty, Daniel Lambert, Washington on his death-bed, and perhaps the actors in the latest atrocious murder, all in one mingled scene.

Schools were an object of the very earliest interest to the settlers of Ohio. The first school was not the free school, however, for which Congress had set apart the munificent foundation of one thirty-sixth part of all the lands in the State. This was to wait until the gift should be ripe for the purpose. Pride and ignorance, moreover, were bitterly opposed to the free system. Schools were sustained for twenty-five years by the parents of the pupils, and though of divers sorts, were by no means inefficient. Hardly a township or village was without one. Generally they were of humble architecture, but had good teachers. The mixture of studies would be regarded now as heterogeneous. Discipline was of the most rigorous type. "Toeing the mark" was the test of decorum. At the teacher's desk there was commonly a straight line drawn or cut on the floor, to which every one of the class reciting was bound to stand erect under direful penalties if neglectful. Many of the men who taught these schools were of superior education, and the names of some are kept in grateful memory. One of them deserves more than a passing mention. This was Francis Glass, who about the year 1820 kept a school for the farmers' children in a remote part of Warren County. In the midst of this drudgery he conceived and wrote the life of General Washington in Latin, a volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages. After his death it was published by his friend, Prof. J. N. Reynolds, with the approval of

Charles Anthon, Drs. S. B. Wylie, Wilbur Fiske, and other classical scholars, as not only a literary curiosity, but, to use Dr. Anthon's words, for its easy flow of style, and the graceful turn of very many of its periods.

Another phase of the times is given by Judge Burnet, in his *Reminiscences*, when he speaks of the long journeys made by the judges and lawyers on horseback, through the wilderness and swamps across the Indian country, in the annual rounds of the courts. They traversed distances of sixty or eighty miles in these circuits without seeing the habitation of a white man, carrying blankets and supplies for their bivouacs, often made in swamps where the roots of the trees afforded the only bed. The Indians entertained them always with hospitality. Old Buckongehelas on one occasion made up a grand ball game on the St. Mary's for their diversion. Riding the circuit in company long continued to be the custom of the judges and the bar, the lawyers residing in only a few of the larger towns. If the traditions be credited, the old court-houses and the wayside must have echoed with a wonderful mingling of law and hilarity. Hammond, Ewing, Corwin, and Hamer all began their practice in this school.

It was not many years before these primeval conditions began to wear away. In the more fertile and accessible counties the farms and houses, with their grounds and blooming orchards, their well-filled barns and herds of cattle, horse, and swine, gave a new aspect to the country. Mansions of greater proportions and elegance were to be seen here and there, with interiors furnished with mahogany, mirrors, and all the fittings of life in the older States. The advance in the ways of polished society was a grief to McDonald, the biographer of the pioneers, who "well remembers it was in Mrs. Massie's parlor he first saw tea handed around for supper,

which he then thought foolish business, and remained of that opinion still." The earliest of these stylish mansions was that of the Blennerhassets, built with a broad Italian front, at the head of a large island in the Ohio, near Parkersburg. Dr. Hildreth, in his *Lives of the Early Settlers*, has preserved a full description of this superb establishment, a paradise in the wilderness, and its accomplished builders, and shows that Mr. Wirt's picture was not so extravagant as has been supposed.

In state affairs the legislature had given evidence of its disenfranchisement by establishing eight new counties at its first session. By the year 1810 the number had been increased to forty-one, the population of the State, at that time, having risen to 230,760 in number. More than a third of the State had been cast into the Indian Territory. In 1804, the Firelands and all the Reserve west of the Cuyahoga, together with the military lands lying between the Reserve and the treaty line, were purchased from the Indians, and the proprietors of the Firelands incorporated by the legislature. Their names fill more than eighteen pages of the *Land Laws of Ohio*, where the towns, and the precise loss of each sufferer, in the raids of Tryon and Arnold, are recorded for history. The Connecticut Land Company caused their purchase to be surveyed into townships five miles square. Six of these, including Cleveland and Youngstown, were sold. All the rest were subdivided among the proprietors, by the close of the year 1809. Still the Western Reserve did not move.

In 1805, the directors of the Firelands put them in charge of Taylor Sherman, of Connecticut, as their general agent. His mission was accomplished by a full survey, allotment, and partition among the numerous owners, completed in 1811. Mr. Sherman however, contributed more than this to the history of Ohio. In 1810, he was fol-

lowed by his son, Charles R. Sherman, who had been educated and admitted to the bar in Connecticut, and was now settled in Lancaster. In that distinguished home of lawyers he took a prominent position, and was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State. He died in 1827, while on the circuit. In the earlier volumes of the decisions of that court, he has left an enduring monument of his rank, as one of the ablest lawyers and judges of the State. Among his children are General William T. Sherman and Senator John Sherman. Ohio, therefore, may attribute to the Firelands, and the misfortunes by which they were founded, no small share in her promotion.

Another treaty with the Indians, in 1808, secured a roadway between the Firelands and the rapids of the Maumee, with land a mile in width on both sides for settlement; also a roadway from Sandusky up to the treaty line. But how little it was worth is related by Daniel Sherman, who, in escaping from Huron County to Mansfield, at the Indian outbreak in 1812, did not find a cabin or clearing in forty miles. The statutes were prolific of new roads, new counties and schemes for developing salt springs and navigable rivers. But there was no money to make them.

A far more important measure was the movement by the Ohio Senators in Congress for utilizing the two per cent. fund, which had been pledged to the State for making a road between the Ohio River and tide-water. The special committee to which, on Mr. Worthington's motion, the subject was referred in 1805 recommended the route by way of Cumberland, which became the National road. Under an act of Congress, March 29, 1806, commissioners were appointed to lay it out. Wheeling was adopted as the crossing-place, on the Ohio, because it was not only on the direct line to the centres of Ohio and Indiana, but was safer for connection with

the navigation of the river. Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia ceded the right of way, and contracts were made in 1808 for constructing a turnpike road, metaled with broken stone, one foot in depth, and nowhere to exceed a gradient of five degrees. This, it was promised by Mr. Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, would effect a reduction in freight of one dollar per hundred on all the produce of the West, and its returns from the East. As this would be a gain of two dollars upon every barrel of flour and pork, it will be seen how vitally interesting it was to the people of Ohio. Their crops were profitless. Except on the Ohio, and the rivers running to it, there was no outlet for the immense production of which the State was becoming capable. Every year at the spring freshets, quantities of flour, bacon, pork, whiskey and the fruits of the country adjacent to the streams were taken in flatboats to New Orleans and the intermediate markets. This would have been a most profitable commerce but for the extreme hazards to which these frail and unmanageable craft were subject. The starting of these fleets annually was a spectacle of great interest at the towns on the Muskingum, Scioto and the Miami. Keel-boats, built in the fashion of canal-boats, but lighter and sharper, were also used with profit, as by great labor they could stem the current of the Mississippi, and the cargoes which they brought back were the earliest considerable imports of foreign goods. Numbers of sea-going vessels were built on the Ohio River, and freighted with produce to the West Indies or Europe. Marietta alone is reported to have sent to sea, before the war of 1812, seven ships, eleven brigs, six schooners, and two gun-boats. The entire commerce of Lake Erie, prior to this time, was carried on by half a dozen little schooners.

At the moment when the State, with a quarter million of people, an exuberant

soil, a dozen considerable towns, and the prospect of another British and Indian war overhanging it, lay like a young giant, bound hand and foot, occurred the signal event which was to give the Mississippi Valley an impetus to an illimitable growth. This was the launching and departure from Pittsburgh, in October, 1811, of the steamboat Orleans, first of the mighty fleet which put the currents of the great river to naught. On this voyage Mr. Roosevelt, who had superintended the construction for Messrs. Fulton and Livingston, with his young wife and children, Andrew Jack, the pilot, Baker, the engineer, and six hands, besides domestics, constituted the sole freight. The novel appearance of the craft and the speed with which it passed through the long reaches of the Ohio excited wonder and terror among the riparians. Few of them had heard of steamboats. Some supposed the comet, then near, had fallen into the river. War with England being expected, one little town was alarmed with the cry, "British are coming," and took to the hills. The Orleans being prevented, by low water, from passing the falls at Louisville, was employed between that place and Cincinnati, during this detention. On the Mississippi she incurred much peril from the effect of the extraordinary earthquakes, which continued from December until February. She reached her destination De-

cember 24th, but neither the Orleans nor the two steamers from Pittsburgh which followed her, in 1813 and 1814, returned to the Ohio. The first which accomplished this was the *Enterprise*, of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, under the command of Henry M. Shreve. In December, 1814, he took a cargo of ordnance stores to General Jackson, in fourteen days from Pittsburgh. After serving that officer until May, Captain Shreve set out for Pittsburgh, and in twenty-five days arrived at Louisville. For this wonderful feat, the people of the town honored him with a public dinner.

Commerce, though still suffering a check eastwardly, now shed some of its genial influence over the valley of the Ohio. The Lake shore, and the north-west portion of the State, remained inaccessible. It was not until August, in the year 1818, that the first steamer on Lake Erie, the *Walk-in-the-Water*, made her appearance, having been built at Black Rock, within a few miles of the spot where the Griffin was launched in 1679. New York, as early as 1811, had been agitated with the grand design of connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson. In response to her call, the legislature of Ohio, in January, 1812, had heartily resolved that the cost of such a work should be assumed by the United States. Poverty, and not her will, was at fault.

Rufus King.

PARTIAL PORTRAITS.¹

THE dearth of criticism at the present time might seem to indicate a decline of interest in literature on the intellectual side. The critical movement which began with the expansion of Eng-

lish thought in this century has lost its force, and is now apparently subordinated to the later historical spirit. Were it not for the somewhat weary contest of the rival schools of the novelists, and for the opportunity which the career of the new fiction in France and Russia

¹ *Partial Portraits.* By HENRY JAMES. Macmillan & Co. London. 1888.

affords, the field of criticism would appear exhausted. Arnold stands entirely by himself as the pure critic, interested in the spirit of literature rather than in its biographical side or its relations to the common movement of society. The group of pleasant and elegant essayists who are the successors of men of larger calibre, if not of finer perceptions, content themselves with very modest aims, and they do not hit above the mark. Mr. James is one of these, and his new volume is a good example to show to what extent reviewing on a small scale and what one may call the professional spirit have occupied the ground of one of the great departments of letters. When new books appear, something must needs be said of them; when new names rise into a sudden popularity, and much more when the acknowledged heads of literature die and are buried and have their lives written, an attempt must be made to define their qualities and take their measure; and always, it would seem, a novelist has something to tell the world of his art, and must, after the fashion of Goethe, free his bosom of that dangerous stuff, his opinion. Mr. James writes on these occasions and from these motives. Emerson, George Eliot, and Turgenev receive judgment from his pen, in the hall of the dead; Daudet and Guy de Maupassant are noticed, as the modern phrase is; and throughout all the essays there are confidences and particular criticisms which come from the professional sanctum of the author. The collection thus is made up of occasional pieces, adapted to the ephemeral life of magazines rather than to the requirements of substantial literature. It puts forth no claim to the highest critical value, but is no more than a bundle of papers full of excellent talk about books and their makers, and deriving their interest from the quick and nimble intellectual spirits of their author.

They are most agreeable to read, and especially in those cases in which the

author is still alive is there no offense in them. The treatment of Daudet is to be described only as caressing. The language is worried for its finest phrases and softest epithets to express the delight of the critic in Daudet's personal charm, literary style, and finished stories, and the work when done is a marvel of deftness; sincerity and compliment are seldom so happily married. Toward Guy de Maupassant Mr. James's temper is different. It cannot be said that he patronizes him, but he pets him, and reminds one of nothing so much as a fatherly friend saying a good word for a particularly naughty boy. In dealing with these two, the critic is in his element. In his former volume of essays, which is certainly the more substantial of the two, he had the advantage of treating only French subjects; for a critic is apt to write best of what he most appreciates, and it is the Gallic literary spirit which most attracts Mr. James. His critical work upon French literature, as a whole, is the best accessible to the English reader; and in the additions which he makes now by his papers upon Daudet and Maupassant he does not fall behind his earlier, and perhaps more laborious, essays upon the French poets and novelists, either in penetration, frankness, or breadth of treatment. There is, however, no change in one respect. He does not give the reader immediate and full grasp of the subject, but leaves one at the end somewhat in doubt what to think. He is in a sense inconclusive, and has given the impression that he means to be. His mind is inductive, and he prefers to gather together an array of facts about the temperament and art of whomever he is discussing and adds a number of remarks of his own, often acute and always felicitous; but just as one is expecting to find this material binding itself together into a coherent and orderly judgment, he is left to draw his own conclusions. Mr. James remarks somewhere in these essays upon

the fact that French writers deal largely with surfaces, and he goes on to justify them by saying that life itself is very largely a thing of surfaces. We do not quote the statement to agree with it, but to say that it applies very well to his own criticism. It is almost entirely concerned with surfaces. It lacks anatomy; and it is in the anatomy of the body that its unity is to be sought. Mr. James gives many aspects, reflections at all angles from all lights, innumerable details, of his perceptions; but his examination stops with the surface. The difficulty is further increased by his practice of taking up one novel after another *seriatim*, often of one character after another, until the reader, even if familiar with the world of Trollope for instance, becomes confused and perplexed. This is professional criticism, technical to an annoying degree. The genius of an author is not most simply set forth by a catalogue of his creations; but this is Mr. James's confirmed method. The vigor, the pleasant wit, and the constant alertness of mind which characterize these critiques *in petto* keep the interest alive; but it follows of necessity that one receives a blurred impression. Great detail and frequent change in the point of view are so much characteristics of Mr. James's method that they cannot go unmentioned. He evidently puts value upon them, but to us it seems undeniable that they are largely responsible for the disappointment which is sometimes complained of by those who read to find plain and substantial judgments.

If we allow Mr. James the benefit of a rule which he quotes from Guy de Maupassant to the effect that a literary work is to be judged subject to its author's intentions in writing it, the case is made somewhat easier. He does not favor, apparently, what is known as final criticism; rather, if he conveys an impression, which he acknowledges to be individual and possibly transitory, made

upon him by the artistic work of another, he considers his duty done. To fall in with this amounts to accepting his essays in the main as an expression of the personal preferences of his own temperament, which may or may not be valid in the case of others; and when read with this understanding all annoyance disappears, for Mr. James as a talker about books is one of the most excellent of literary companions. His knowledge is of the fullest, his resources of allusion and comparison are endless, his demarkation of different schools of literature is exact; an unfailing ease of expression and command of an admirably free conversational style add to his powers of entertainment; and he has the one talent of good intellectual fellowship, which is, not to take things too seriously.

A better example of his tact in criticism cannot be taken than the opening essay of this volume, the paper upon Emerson. His personal attitude toward the wise moralist of Concord is one that he himself thoroughly understands; he is familiar with his subject and entirely at ease in its presence, and the result is a cheerful and appreciative, but by no means idolatrous essay. He cannot resist the temptation to play a little, in his accustomed manner, with the society about Emerson. He feels an itching in his satirical fingers to "represent life" as it was in the transcendental community, with its clerical antecedents, its meagreness of amusement, its lyceum, its aberrations, its paucity and foibles and eccentricity; and he makes bold to regret that Emerson's biographer did not relieve the pale figure of the philosopher upon this background of poor human nature in ordinary mortals. It has always seemed to us a singular felicity of Mr. Cabot's biography that it so successfully avoided the details of the time and such personality the absence of which Mr. James regrets; it is better and more fitting that the character of Emerson

should stand out single and solitary, as he essentially was in his life, instead of being confused with those about him and to a certain extent parodied by them. Their memory is a very mortal one, and we do not in this instance feel the force of Mr. James's contention that a man of genius must be known by the society he kept; indeed, Emerson cannot be said to have had fellowship with any unless it were with such shadowy figures as Plotinus and the other ghosts of the intellect whose walking places he discovered. In this one respect, at least, the solitariness of his genius, he stands, as Arnold asserted, with Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus and the rest of the hermit names of literature. The humorous element the presence of which Mr. James misses is one to which he is very keenly sensitive, and he finds it in Emerson himself, though he hardly does more than betray his perception of it. Here was a critical test of what we have called his tact, and he bears it like pure gold. The reality and sincerity of his appreciation of Emerson is, under the circumstances, the most surprising thing in the essay, and vouches for the extraordinary openness and adaptability of his mind; for Mr. James, with many intellectual temptations to a more narrow admiration, has very unusual catholicity of taste. Less cannot be said for an appreciation that ranges from Stevenson to Trollope, and from George Eliot to the merry tales of Maupassant.

He keeps his best word for France. That country is intellectually his native heath. He is quite sensible of his different blood; he acknowledges that Daudet sometimes, in his confidences to his readers, writes in a way that he would not emulate if he could; but for all that it is the French who must stir his curiosity and appeal to the hospitality of his mind. The remarkably powerful reminiscences of Turgeneff, which are the gem of the volume, gain much by being set in a French ground, whose character-

istics harmonize with Mr. James's tastes and are a kind of home for them. It is, however, the twin essays upon Daudet and Maupassant, to which reference has already been made, that reveal the infatuation, if one may use so strong a word, of the author. He makes these essays, and particularly the last, an occasion not only for unwearied compliment, which the literary gifts of the two French story-tellers excuse if they do not entirely justify, but also for a skillful defense of the modern spirit in French fiction. He acknowledges plainly certain traits of Guy de Maupassant which need not be more directly alluded to, but he afterwards diminishes their disagreeableness to the Anglo-Saxon almost, if not quite, to the vanishing point; and one who does not lose his own powers of perception and decision in the maze of the sentences cannot but admire the literary finesse by which the art of Maupassant is substituted for his substance, as if there were no more morals in Paris than in Arcady or Patagonia. But this is the only essay in which the critic appears to have a case to defend; in the others he does lose the character of the observer, however friendly he may show himself and anxious to please and be pleased. In the justification of Maupassant, on the contrary, he may fairly be held to have exceeded the critic's charter and trespassed on the demesne of the partisan. It is more agreeable to turn back to the charming pages on Daudet, to see Mr. James in his best mood and spirit, using his powers of delicate perception most keenly and pleasurably, and praising without any afterthought or forethought that in which he finds an immediate and great delight. There is here, too, the double sense of mind and of culture in the writer, and a certain humaneness without any touch of satire, which gives charm to the style. Work of this sort is rare, and it is to be specially welcomed for its intellectual spirit, to the absence

of which in our current criticism we have alluded. This same spirit pervades the volume, and together with it one finds a copiousness, an art, and an amiability

which would of themselves distinguish the book and commend it, as few works of criticism ever commend themselves, to authors and readers alike.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Behind the **Eye.** NOTHING is seen until it is separated from its surroundings. A man looks at the landscape, but the tree standing in the middle of the landscape he does not see until, for the instant at least, he singles it out as the object of vision. Two men walk the same road: as far as the bystander can perceive, they have before them the same sights; but let them be questioned at the end of the journey, and it will appear that one man saw one set of objects, and his companion another; and the more diverse the intellectual training and habits of the two travelers, the greater will be the discrepancy between the two reports.

And what is true of any two men is equally true of any one man at two different times. To-day he is in a dreamy, reflective mood, — he has been reading Wordsworth, perhaps, — and when he takes his afternoon saunter he looks at the bushy hillside, or at the wayside cottage, or down into the loitering brook, and he sees in them all such pictures as they never showed him before. Or he is in a matter-of-fact mood, a kind of stock-market frame of mind; and he looks at everything through economical spectacles, — as if he had been set to appraise the acres of meadow or woodland through which he passes. At another time he may have been reading some book or magazine article written by Mr. John Burroughs; and although he knows nothing of birds, and can scarcely tell a crow from a robin (perhaps for this very reason), he is certain

to have tantalizing glimpses of some very strange and wonderful feathered specimens. They must be rarities, at least, if not absolute novelties; and likely enough, on getting home, he sits down and writes to Mr. Burroughs a letter full of gratitude and inquiry, — the gratitude very pleasant to receive, we may presume, and the inquiries quite impossible to answer.

Some men (not many, it is to be hoped) are specialists, and nothing else. They are absorbed in farming, or in shoemaking, in chemistry, or in Latin grammar, and have no thought for anything beyond or beside. Others of us, while there may be two or three subjects toward which we feel some special drawing, have nevertheless a general interest in whatever concerns humanity. We are different men on different days. There is a certain part of the year, say from April to July, when I am an ornithologist; for the time being, whenever I go out-of-doors, I have an eye for birds, and, comparatively speaking, for nothing else. Then comes a season during which my walks all take on a botanical complexion. I have had my turn at butterflies, also; for one or two summers I may be said to have seen little else but these winged blossoms of the air. I know, too, what it means to visit the seashore, and scarcely to notice the breaking waves because of the shells scattered along the beach. In short, if I see one thing, I am of necessity blind, or half-blind, to all beside. There are several men in me, and not more than one

or two of them are ever at the window at once. Formerly, my enjoyment of nature was altogether reflective, imaginative; in a passive, unproductive sense, poetical. I delighted in the woods and fields, the seashore and the lonely road, not for the birds or flowers to be found there, but for the "serene and blessed mood" into which I was put by such friendship. Later in life, it transpired, as much to my surprise as to anybody's else, that I had a bent toward natural history, as well as toward nature; an inclination to study, as well as to dream over, the beautiful world about me. I must know the birds apart, and the trees, and the flowers. A bit of country was no longer a mere landscape, a picture, but a museum as well. For a time the poet seemed to be dead within me; and happy as I found myself in my new pursuits, I had fits of bewailing my former condition. Science and fancy, it appeared, would not travel hand in hand; if a man must be a botanist, let him bid good-by to the Muse. Then I fled again to Emerson and Wordsworth, trying to read the naturalist asleep and reawaken the poet. Happy thought! The two men, the student and the lover, were still there, and there they remain to this day. Sometimes one is at the window, sometimes the other.

So it is, undoubtedly, with other people. My fellow-travelers, who hear me discoursing enthusiastically of vireos and warblers, thrushes and wrens, whilst they see never a bird, unless it be now and then an English sparrow or a robin, talk sometimes as if the difference between us were one of eyesight. They might as well lay it to the window-glass of our respective houses. It is not the eye that sees, but the man behind the eye.

As to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of such a division of interests as I have been describing, there may be room for two opinions. If distinction be all that the student hungers

for, perhaps he cannot limit himself too strictly; but for myself, I think I should soon tire of my own society if I were only one man, — a botanist or a chemist, an artist, or even a poet. I should soon tire of myself, I say; but I might have said, with equal truth, that I should soon tire of nature; for if I were only one man, I should see only one aspect of the natural world. This may explain why it is that some persons must be forever moving from place to place. If they travel the same road twice or thrice, or even to the hundredth time, they see only one set of objects. The same man is always at the window. No wonder they are restless and famished. For my own part, though I should delight to see new lands and new people, new birds and new plants, I am nevertheless pretty well contented where I am. If I take the same walks, I do not see the same things. The botanist spells the dreamer; and now and then the lover of beauty keeps the ornithologist in the background till he is thankful to come once more to the window, though it be only to look at a bluebird or a song sparrow.

How much influence has the will in determining which of these several tenants of a man's body shall have his turn at sight-seeing? It would be hard to answer definitely. As much, it may be, as a teacher has over his pupils, or a father over his children; something depends upon the strength of the governing will, and something upon the tractability of the pupil. In general, I assume to command. As I start on my ramble I give out word, as it were, which of the men shall have the front seat. But there are days when some one of them proves too much both for me and for his fellows. It is not the botanist's turn, perhaps; but he takes his seat at the window, notwithstanding, and the ornithologist and the dreamer must be content to peep at the landscape over his shoulders.

On such occasions, it may as well be

confessed, I make but a feeble remonstrance, and for the sufficient reason that I feel small confidence in my own wisdom. If the flower-lover or the poet must have the hour, then in all likelihood he ought to have it. So much I concede to the nature of things. A strong tendency is a strong argument, and of itself goes far to justify itself. I borrow no trouble on the score of such compulsions. On the contrary, my lamentations begin when nobody sues for the place of vision. Such days I have; blank days, days to be dropped from the calendar; when "those that look out of the windows be darkened." The fault is not with the world, nor with the eye. The old preacher had the right of it; it is not the windows that are darkened, but "those that look out of the windows."

Celtic Temperament.

—There are certain authors from whom I always get pleasure and profit, no matter what the subject they treat of. Our own Lowell is one of these, and in his different way John Morley is another; writers who, out of the fullness of their minds, have at all times something to give worth the having, in good measure, pressed down, and running over. Matthew Arnold, too, seldom fails to furnish me with entertainment. He is a crotchety thinker, and his style, in its excellences and defects, is mannered; but his thought and his expression are his own, and he interests me even when I do not by any means agree with him. In an essay on the literature of the Celts, he comes by natural course upon the question of the Celtic temperament, and of temperament in general as a factor in the literary product of different peoples. The theme is a fascinating one, and much of what the author says seems to me both true and very happily expressed. So far as human nature can be described in the lump, one feels that Mr. Arnold does not hit off badly the characteristic excellences and defects of the Teutonic,

the Norman, and Celtic races, out of which three elements the modern English race is compounded. The larger Teutonic element, modified by the mixture of Norman and Celtic blood in the English, is still more largely modified in us Americans by other influences, climatic, political, etc. The Celtic blood in the Englishman (the proportion of which is much greater, Arnold contends, than is commonly supposed) is undoubtedly the source in him of all that is fine in perception, quick in sensibility; and yet it is the clashing of the Celtic with the Germanic temperament that produces the Englishman's painful self-consciousness and awkwardness, all that makes the Frenchman speak of him as *empêtré*, hampered, embarrassed.

To the Celtic element is to be traced some of the finest qualities of English poetry, what Mr. Arnold calls its turn for style, so foreign to the Germans, and its turn for "natural magic," or the power to render the magic, the mystery, the sentiment, as well as the visible form of nature.

While the author's characterization of the Celt is no doubt just, on the whole, it seems to me too little is allowed for the Celtic element in the French of to-day, and too much for the Latin civilization, which may have modified without overlaying the original basis of the French nature. The excellences of the Celtic temperament Mr. Arnold appreciates and describes admirably, a proof of what culture has done to clear the mind of an Englishman of national prejudices and antagonisms. The Celt is quick to feel impressions, and feels them strongly; his is a lively personality, keenly sensitive to joy and sorrow, its essence being to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion. "Impressionable, soon up, soon down,—the more down because it is its nature to be up,—sociable, hospitable, eloquent, expansive, eager, a genius for good and for bad, more airy and unsubstantial than the

Teutonic, and if sensuous, not gross, not attracted so much by vulgar satisfactions as by emotion and excitement." It is easy enough to see the dangers of such a temperament, with its want of balance, measure, patience, "always ready to react against the despotism of fact." Speaking of the Celt's frequent want of success in material things, Mr. Arnold refers chiefly to the Celt in Great Britain, and here, I think, he puts all down to defect of temperament, and does not take into account, as he should, the fact of long-continued English oppression in Ireland. And the Gael in Scotland has had much to contend with in the barrenness and poverty of his native soil. The Celt in France has known how to "apply means to ends," and to create, from the time of Louis XI. onward, one of the most powerful and civilized states of Europe. Why assume that the capacity for affairs, shown in a thousand small things of every-day life as well as in greater matters, is wholly attributable to the influence upon the Gaul of Roman civilization? Mr. Arnold appears to regard the Latinized Celts of France as a people practically quite diverse from the Irish Celts or the Cymri of Wales and Brittany.

The good sides of the Celtic temperament Mr. Arnold appreciates more truly than many of his readers may do. Sentiment, he says, is the best term to take to describe the Celtic nature if we are to use but one term; and to many people sentiment does not seem a particularly valuable element of character. An impressionable, ardent, expansive, sensitive temperament appears one of weakness rather than strength. Yet, if we consider, these qualities imply fullness of life, and a life of the spiritual rather than the animal part in us. It is the Celt's sensibility and generous ardor that has made him "full of reverence for genius, learning, the things of the mind," enthusiastic for ideas, capable of disinterested devotion. Prudence is the last

virtue learned by generous souls, and if it is unwise to react too strongly against the "despotism of fact," on the other hand it is often base to yield to it, to lend one's self to upholding the tyranny of the hard, bare, coarse, commonplace reality over the noble, pure, and sweet ideality in the life of man. Sensibility, as Mr. Arnold rightly says, one cannot have too much of, if one can but keep its master, not its slave. "It is one of the prime constituents of genius; it is to the soul what keen senses are to the body; and if sometimes a source of weakness, a source, too, of power and of happiness." With all of which I heartily agree.

Of Books. — Time has brought about a striking change from the ancient days, when reading was a study, to these, when it is to most people merely an elevated and favorite form of amusement. Many books, the varied character of those books, and the spread of general culture alike contribute to the change, the diversity of our modern literature most of all. For we may each of us now discover some class of books which suits our individual taste without making such demand upon our intellectual powers as to place our reading beyond the limits of amusement. The ordinary reader looks no further than this; and of these ordinary readers there are enough in the world to keep authors fairly busy. Not that I would depreciate the special function of those writings that amuse. Can one be too grateful for the art that so often brings ease from sorrow, change of thought, forgetfulness of pain? An excellent but despotic nurse I know endeavors to control the reading of at least the submissive among her patients. I remember her telling me, upon one occasion, of a shocking frivolity displayed by the friend of a sufferer from a lingering illness. "She sent round a parcel of books for the invalid's reading, and when I opened it, why, I found they were all

paper-covered novels! So I just put them aside without saying a word about them, and let the poor thing have a few good religious books of my own instead. To think of sending novels to a person on what might be her death-bed!" The patient did die, certainly; but there has always remained a lingering doubt in my mind whether the change of books might not have been somewhat to blame.

The power of books is now being very completely illustrated by those replies to the query propounded to our distinguished men, which appear under the heading of "Books that have influenced me." Perhaps there are many of us who, without being in the least distinguished, might furnish something interesting and valuable in its degree in a candid reviewal of the books that have influenced us. To the *littérateur* such inquiry seems to have a singular charm. Naturally it takes somewhat the form of personal confessions. A man must inevitably show something of his own character, betray the workings of his inner self, merely in signifying his personal choice of books; still more in making clear the effect produced upon his life by them. But this may perhaps be only a further attraction. Men like to talk about themselves, and other men, as a rule, enjoy such talk. There is scarcely a literary man who has won more of real affection from thousands of unknown readers than has Oliver Wendell Holmes; and this warm feeling for the man is born, in spite of all intervening of distance, varying receptiveness of thought, or difference of time and place and circumstance, from his capacity for pleasant, pathetic, or gossip self-revelation. You remember how he heads one special chapter of the *Autocrat*, and adds that the sentence should have been saved for a motto on the title-page, — "Aquí está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcia." "Here lies buried the soul" might well be written on the title-page of many a book

which bears with it the conscious, or possibly unaware, utterances of soul-confession. The desk is the greatest of confessionals. There is expressed the yearning desire in the heart of man to be by others completely understood, — a vain longing, while as yet no man can attain to the fulfillment of that precept, "Know thyself;" but still he hopes, and those to whom the mighty gift of thought-expression comes still send out their messages, in trust that somewhere, even if but here and there, one solitary response from that "great unknown world of souls" may answer the spirit and understanding of these his fellow-men.

It is curious to think of the different place books occupy in the lives of different persons. To some they are a daily necessity; to others reading at all is merely an incidental embroidery upon life, pleasant in its way, but to be dispensed with quite easily if need be. However, the present movement is more and more in the direction of literary study. The sage of Erewhon advocated the extinction of machines upon the ground of their otherwise eventual supremacy over man. "How many men," he asked, "are now living in a state of bondage to machines? How many spend their lives from the cradle to the grave in tending them night and day? Is it not plain that the machines are gaining ground upon us when we reflect on the increasing number of those who are bound down to them as slaves, and of those who devote their whole souls to the advancement of the mechanical kingdom?" The sage might perhaps have feared for us the growing supremacy of books. Each year now sees a further broadening of the literary kingdom, an increase in the number of those who devote their lives to literary effort. It is to be hoped the world will never think it needful to resort to such strong measures for man's defense as those adopted at Erewhon, in the wholesale destruction of machines. Imagine the empti-

ness of life when there remained no familiar book-shelves, no libraries where the distrusted volumes might gather to conspire against the place of human-kind; the woe of authors who found their occupation gone, and of devoted readers left forlorn in a world devoid of books and writers, poets, novelists, and — essayists!

*The Egotism
of Love.*

— Emerson says that all the world loves a lover, which fact may be taken to account for the toleration accorded that somewhat uncomfortable individual who, in novels and poems, if not in actual life, has ridden roughshod over the average common-sense judgments of mankind. Even in these later days of realism one would hardly dare to call in question the moral sanity of so interesting a social figure, did not the cause of truth demand the sacrifice.

As yet we have not advanced beyond the mythological idea of love, which looks upon it as a spell, — a wholly unreasoning impulse, which is never to be closely examined, lest something of its delicate potency be lost, but which is always to be implicitly trusted and obeyed. The legend of a blind Cupid is sufficient authority for putting the whole matter into the hands of that beneficent Chance which is supposed to watch over the fortunes of the human heart. In any unguarded moment the young man is taught that he may be liable to one of those sudden attacks of fancy or passion which alone entitle him to think of marriage. This may come early or late, but can be neither hastened nor delayed. It is a sort of fatalism, discredited elsewhere, but here in the sphere of the affections accepted without a doubt.

Take as a concrete example the hero of George MacDonald's novel, Robert Falconer. He never marries, because in his youth he had nursed a sentiment — the feeling was not near and robust enough to merit a stronger term — for

one whom he had not known at all as it would seem necessary to know in order to love, and whom he only worshipped afar, as young men and boys in their teens worship a woman who is ten years older than themselves. A nobler figure than Falconer makes in the story cannot anywhere be found. He is manly and unselfish. And yet his notion of love and marriage is no higher than that of the average novelist, which makes it consist of a blissful dream, a perfect self-gratification or nothing. It is common enough to forget that men have a duty here, and that the higher side of the marriage relation is the opportunity it offers for serving another; but that a man like Falconer should have forgotten it seems incredible. Because a man has been disappointed in love, and no longer expects absolute felicity, does that absolve him from any further duties and obligations in the matter? Nature seems to have intended something when she gave man the larger share of strength, endurance, and practical talent. And although woman is every day demonstrating that she can in a measure supply these under pressure of necessity, she does so at a distinct loss in womanly function, which is a loss equally to herself and to the world. Nor does her partial success in this direction in the least excuse man from attempting that part which Nature evidently meant him to play. Smarting under the memory of his thwarted hopes, he may lay out a career of independence for himself, but every struggling woman is a rebuke to his selfishness. The least that he can do as a man is to see that the means of subsistence are provided for some one of these women by his coarser strength and readier contact with the world. And then if he will look at marriage, not merely as a pleasure to seek, but as a duty to perform, he will come to see that the chances of ultimate happiness are fully as great with him who deliberates and acts under an en-

lightened sense of human responsibility as with him who, in the language of the Spanish proverb touching those about to marry, closes his eyes and commits his soul to God.

Instead of bringing up a boy to dwell upon the remote possibility of his one day being startled out of his selfish indifference by some vision of feminine loveliness, he should be made to feel the partialness of old-bachelorhood, not necessarily because it is less pleasant, but because it is less manly, brave, and true. Nor would the need of love between husband and wife become any the less apparent by demonstrating to his mind that such a sentiment is as much the effect of an approximating cause as gravitation or electricity. Mere passion aside, if there is to be any dignity in the nobler word, it must mean that he who loves does so because of the discovery of actual qualities adequate to produce the feeling. The question would then be simply as to the method of the discovery, whether it should depend upon blind impulse or respectful observation and study. A man would then

be unwilling to stake his hopes of happiness upon superficial acquaintance and all that world of imaginary claims to admiration known only to the subtle workings of a young lover's brain, while thoughtful women would be first to deplore such a false, misleading basis for a possible union between the sexes.

Singularly enough, however, it is precisely here that the first obstacle to improvement is encountered. Women do object, even women otherwise sensible and intelligent, to anything like a deliberate approach to their charms, and demand that a man shall have no choice when he confesses an attachment. Women seem to be constitutionally fond of a victim, and the man who addresses himself to their understanding of what constitutes a groundwork for happy marriage does not in the least appeal to their imagination. When women welcome frankness in men, and appreciate that they can receive no greater compliment than the offer of a life based on a reverent study of their character and tendencies, then alone will there be likelihood of progress in this direction.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Sociology and Political Economy. The Ethics of Freethought, by Karl Pearson (Scribner & Welford, New York), is a volume of lectures, the most important of which concern sociology. The writer aims to square society with freethought, to reconstruct the world upon a logical basis. He begins with the postulate that Christianity is dead, and by an easy exclusion of all forces but those which seem to reside in sensationalism reaches results which appear to be very remote from experience. He impresses one as a somewhat arrogant and confused thinker. — Large Fortunes, or Christianity and the Labor Problem, by Charles Richardson. (Lippincott.) The outcome of this small book is that the teachings of Christ are aimed definitely at the accumulators of wealth, and that the personal duty of every

one who would be a Christian is to be a producer, and not merely a consumer. — The Ethics of Marriage, by H. S. Pomeroy. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A rambling, discursive attack upon the abuse of the marriage relation. Like many books on intemperance, it is all true, but what good will it do? Disease so deep is not checked by local applications; the whole system must be renewed. — Power and Liberty, by Count Leo Tolstói, translated by Huntington Smith. (Crowell.) "The object of history is to grasp and define the laws of human movement." So announces Tolstói, and he spends his strength in asserting that as the old historians erred in making history a mere record of dynasties, so the new historians err in making it the record of a few picked leaders; he would appear to substitute the patient study

of a vast number of particulars, all to be resolved into general laws. But is he saying anything more than that all our study of humanity constantly swings between persons and laws? It is just as unphilosophical to deny the force of leaders as it is to overlook the movements of the led. — Civilization in the United States, first and last impressions of America, by Matthew Arnold. (Cupples & Hurd.) A convenient collection of Arnold's papers on Grant, A Word about America, A Word more about America, and Civilization in the United States. It is a pity the publishers did not date these essays. Now that Arnold cannot answer our criticisms, perhaps we shall take his judgments more generously and not too seriously; that is, grant his limitations, but also his clearness of sight within those limitations. A study of Arnold's words on America in their chronological order will, we think, confirm one's impression that he was a sincere man, for he had the manliness to disregard mere consistency. — The National Revenues, a collection of papers by American Economists, edited by Albert Shaw. (McClurg.) An interesting and valuable symposium, with a clear-headed man at the head of the table. — Is Protection a Benefit? A Plea for the Negative, by Edward Taylor. (McClurg.) A somewhat too rhetorical presentation of the subject, and we think the author underestimates the national argument. In any discussion of the subject, trade must be held subordinate to national well-being in every regard, and it is entirely right to take the fact of national integrity as the fundamental basis upon which some agreement must be found. — The Social Influence of Christianity, by D. J. Hill. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) A volume of lectures, treating of contemporary problems, as labor, wealth, marriage, education, legislation. The writer makes liberal use of the comments of other writers, and draws also from his own observation in travel. The book is somewhat conventional in its treatment of the fundamental subjects involved. — The American Public Health Association (Concord, N. H.) has issued some prize essays in separate pamphlets, on Healthy Homes and Foods for the Working Classes, Disinfection and Individual Prophylaxis against infectious disease and the preventable causes of disease, injury and death in American manufacturing and work-shops, and the best means and appliances for preventing and avoiding them. — Taxation in American States and Cities, by Richard T. Ely, assisted by John H. Finley. (Crowell.) Dr. Ely expresses the hope that this book may serve to bring the great subject of which it treats within the field of school work. After a general introduction, he gives a sketch of taxation as it is, and then

proceeds to develop his scheme for more equitable taxation, closing with a compact presentation of constitutional provisions and statistics. The book is a straw to show which way the wind blows. Every day the old idea of a government over the people by a set of experts fades into the distance, and an administration of affairs by agents of the people who are informed, not only of the character of their agents, but of the business which they intrust to them, rises into view.

Text-Books and Education. Practical Lessons in the Use of English, for Grammar Schools, by Mary F. Hyde. (Heath.) The third part of a work which we have previously commended. The author proceeds upon the inductive plan, and with apparently a clear perception of how far it can be followed in such work. — Wordsworth's Prelude, with notes, by A. J. George. (Heath.) It is pleasant to find such a book offered to schools, and Mr. George seems to have done his work with care so far as the notes are concerned. The introduction is of little value, save as it contains a cento of judgments by scholars.

Humor and Sports. Mark Twain's Library of Humor (Webster) is a stout octavo of over seven hundred pages, in which American humor in its varieties is fairly exhibited. It must be said that the more refined variety is less conspicuous, but there is also a commendable absence of the gross. Those who like their humor thick will find it here, and there is an astonishing amount of really funny stuff, tried by any standard. Nevertheless, humor and fun suffer more when given in bulk than any other species of literary exercise. The illustrations by E. W. Kemble make one think that most of them were good when drawn. — Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, by John Boyle O'Reilly. (Ticknor.) Mr. O'Reilly has made a book full of varied and interesting material, drawn from his own experience and observation and from history. His hearty love of manly sport makes him a good advocate, but the importance attached to rules restraining brutality in boxing leads one to think that boxers should be trained in self-respect before they study boxing; that boxing itself is not a very good training-school in morals. — Befe' de War, Echoes in Negro Dialect, by A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) A small volume of verse, mostly humorous, but sometimes with the obverse pathos. We are not quite sure of the use of the term "echo," but we may take it as indicating that the writers claim no originality for their themes or forms; only that they have rendered familiar themes in negro language. It strikes us that there is not very much of the negro himself in the book, but only his speech; in fact,

that we are treated to a negro minstrel quite as much as to a real plantation dinky. The test of dialect poetry is in evaporating the dialect; if when that element disappears, the poetry is left, all is well. This book hardly stands the test. — *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast*, told in the Vernacular, by Charles C. Jones, Jr. (Houghton.) This little book might properly stand in a division of folk-lore, but to the general reader it will be entertaining by reason of its matter. Colonel Jones has plainly taken great pains to make his recital a strict reproduction of actual stories. There is no apparatus, as in *Uncle Remus*, and the book thus has not the literary flavor and charm of Mr. Harris's classic; but one is all the more impressed, for this reason, with the fidelity of the transcript. A very little practice enables one to translate the soft dialect into intelligible English, and the stories have a delicious drollery. — *The Laws of Euchre*, as adopted by the Somerset Club of Boston, March 1, 1888, with some suggestions about the play, by H. C. Leeds and James Dwight. (Ticknor.) A little book of less than eighty pages, worthy to take rank with *Field's International Code*.

Science and Art. *Hand-Book of the Lick Observatory of the University of California*, by Edward S. Holden. (The Bancroft Co., San Francisco.) The fact of this book is the most interesting thing about it. Here is a great academic observatory, and the head of it actually prepares a book, with close attention to particulars, for the use and encouragement of visitors. The candor of the hospitality is remarkable. Instead of "No admittance," the motto seems to be "Walk in." The book contains a great deal of curious information, which will answer many questions likely to be put by visitors. — *Ten O'Clock*, by J. A. M. Whistler. (Houghton.) A sermon on art. It is singular that a preacher who has so high a conception of the serenity of art should make his sermon a succession of gasps. — *Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought*, delivered at the Royal Institution, London, by F. Max Müller. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) In effect an introduction to the author's larger work on the Science of Thought. An appendix contains an interesting correspondence on thought without words, held between Galton, Romanes, Argyll, and Müller, reprinted from *Nature*. — The fifty-eighth volume of the *International Scientific Series* (Appleton) is on *Weather*; a *Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day*, by Ralph Abercromby. The author aims to bring into one volume a popular account of all the principal results which have been discovered in recent years by means

of synoptic charts. — *Trees and Tree Planting*, by Gen. James S. Brisbin, U. S. A. (Harpers.) The somewhat florid introduction to this volume scarcely prepares one for finding it a practical detailed work, with observations on a great variety of trees and their adaptation to various soils. — *Sunlight*, by the author of *The Interior of the Earth*. (Trübner, London.) "The present school of physics and cosmic action," says the author, H. P. Malet, "is on its trial. All that is wanted is a true beginning; and in the confusion now existing there is ample room for the serious consideration of my simple suggestion, that *light* was the first cause of the creation of this earth, acting on a nebulous mass that held in it gases or material sensitive to, absorptive, and retentive of that light."

Manners. *Good Form in England*, by an American resident in the United Kingdom. (Appleton.) An instructive and entertaining book. Besides an abundance of compact information on the government, universities, railways, and the like, there is a great deal more about those things, ignorance of which makes a man or a woman flush. One may be indifferent to the comparative rank of Balliol, but he is covered with confusion if he mispronounces the word, and most English proper names appear to be capable of mispronunciation. The unwritten codes of society, correspondence, and language are here reduced to some sort of order, and the book becomes a *vade mecum* to the American, not only when about to travel in England, but when engaged in fireside travels in contemporary fictitious literature. — *The Principles of the Art of Conversation*, by J. P. Mahaffy (Putnam's), we have already commented on in its English form. Its main value is in calling attention to the subject. — The ingenious little *Don't* (Appleton) has passed to its two hundred thousandth, and the writer, in bringing out a boudoir edition, adds a section for young people. It is a kind of do-do to the earlier part, with specific reference to the needs of the young animal.

Literature and Criticism. *Richard Wagner's Poem, The Ring of the Nibelung*, explained and in part translated by George Theodore Dippold. (Holt.) Dr. Dippold pays little attention to the Wagnerian music, but occupies himself with a study of the myths which have taken form in Wagner's poem, and of the poem itself. By means of parallel columns he aids the student greatly, enabling him, as he does, to see the German original side by side with the translation. It is an interesting feature of our current intellectual life that art, music, and literature combine in the construction of high imaginative forms.